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MAY
1942

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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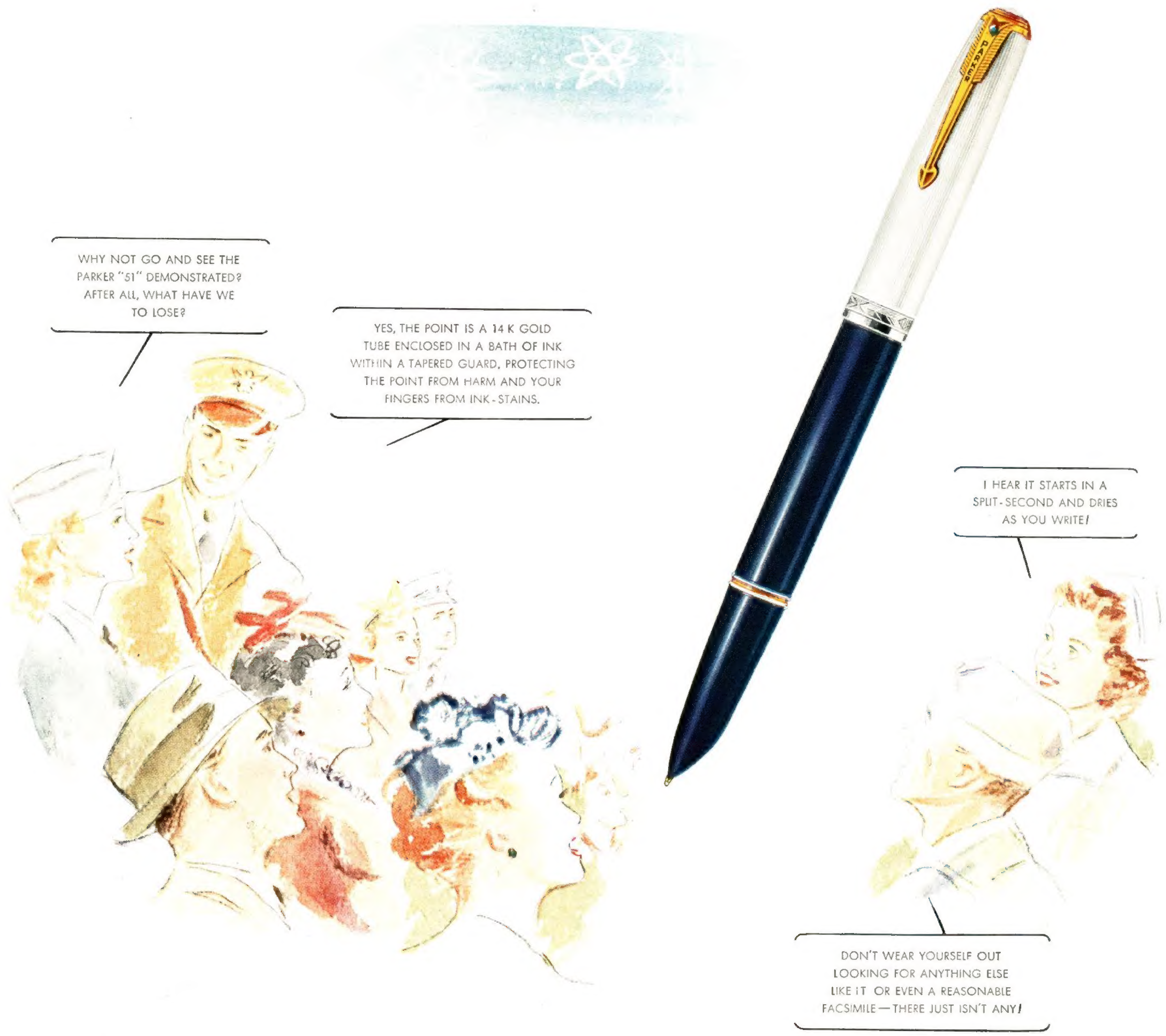
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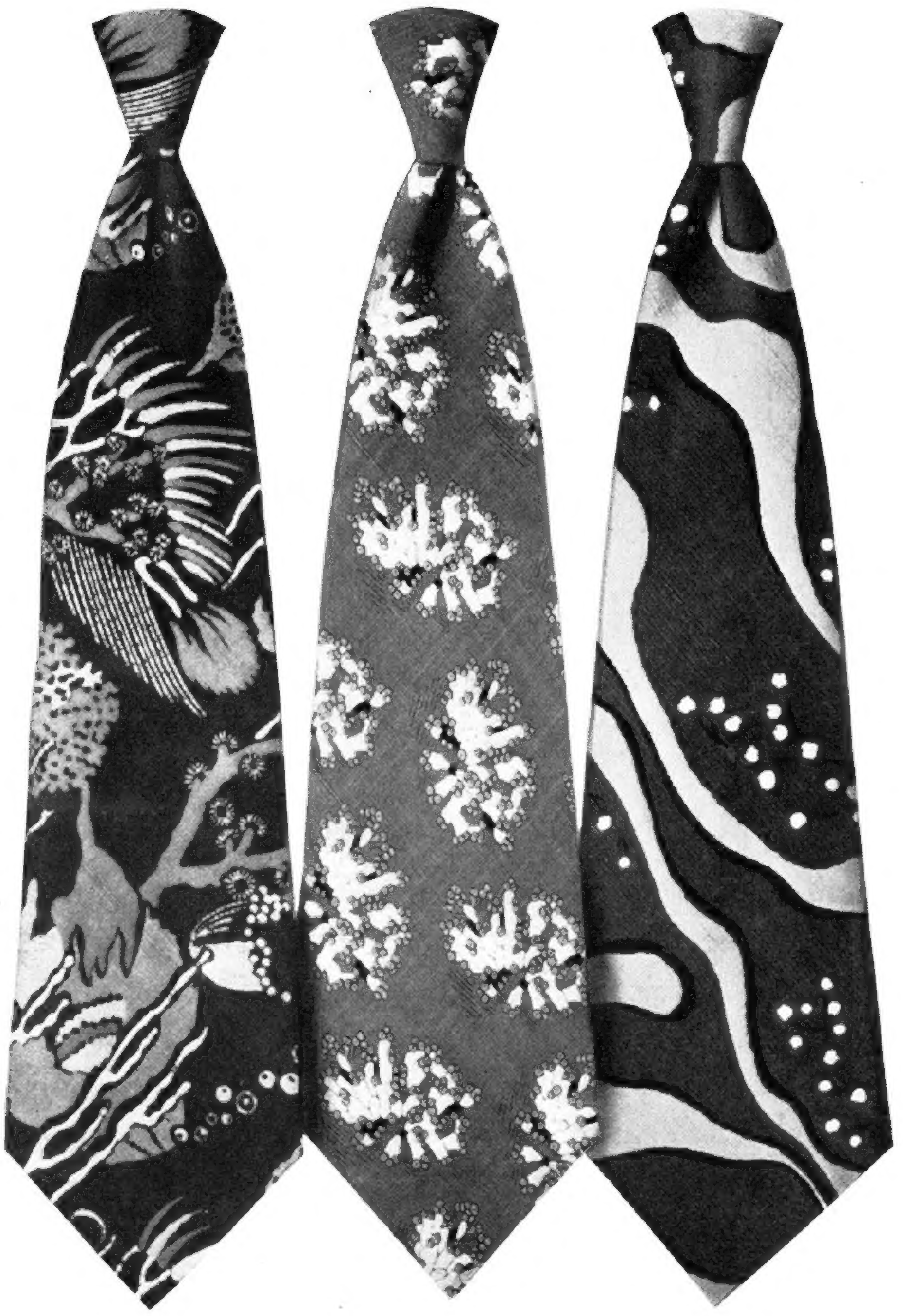

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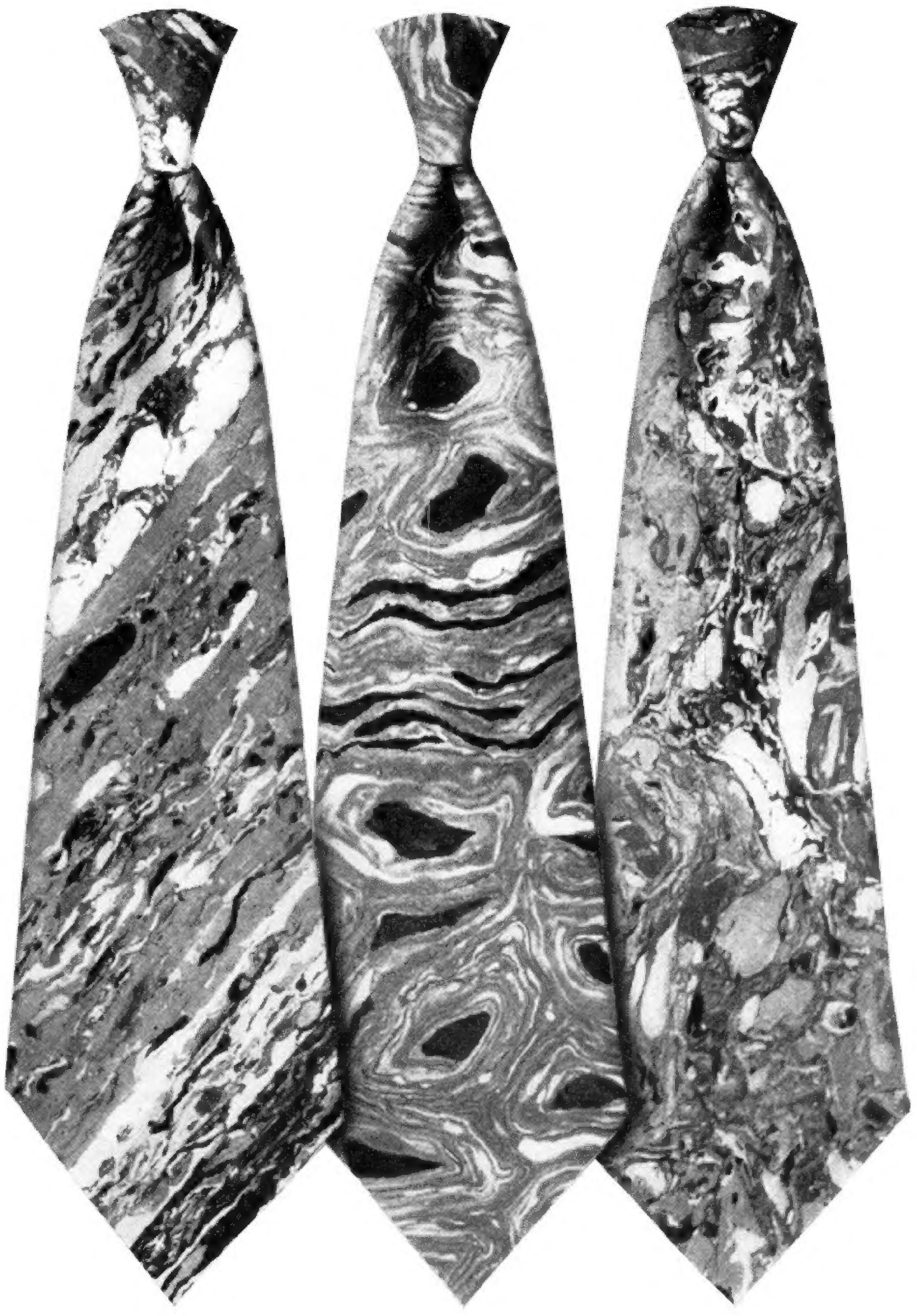

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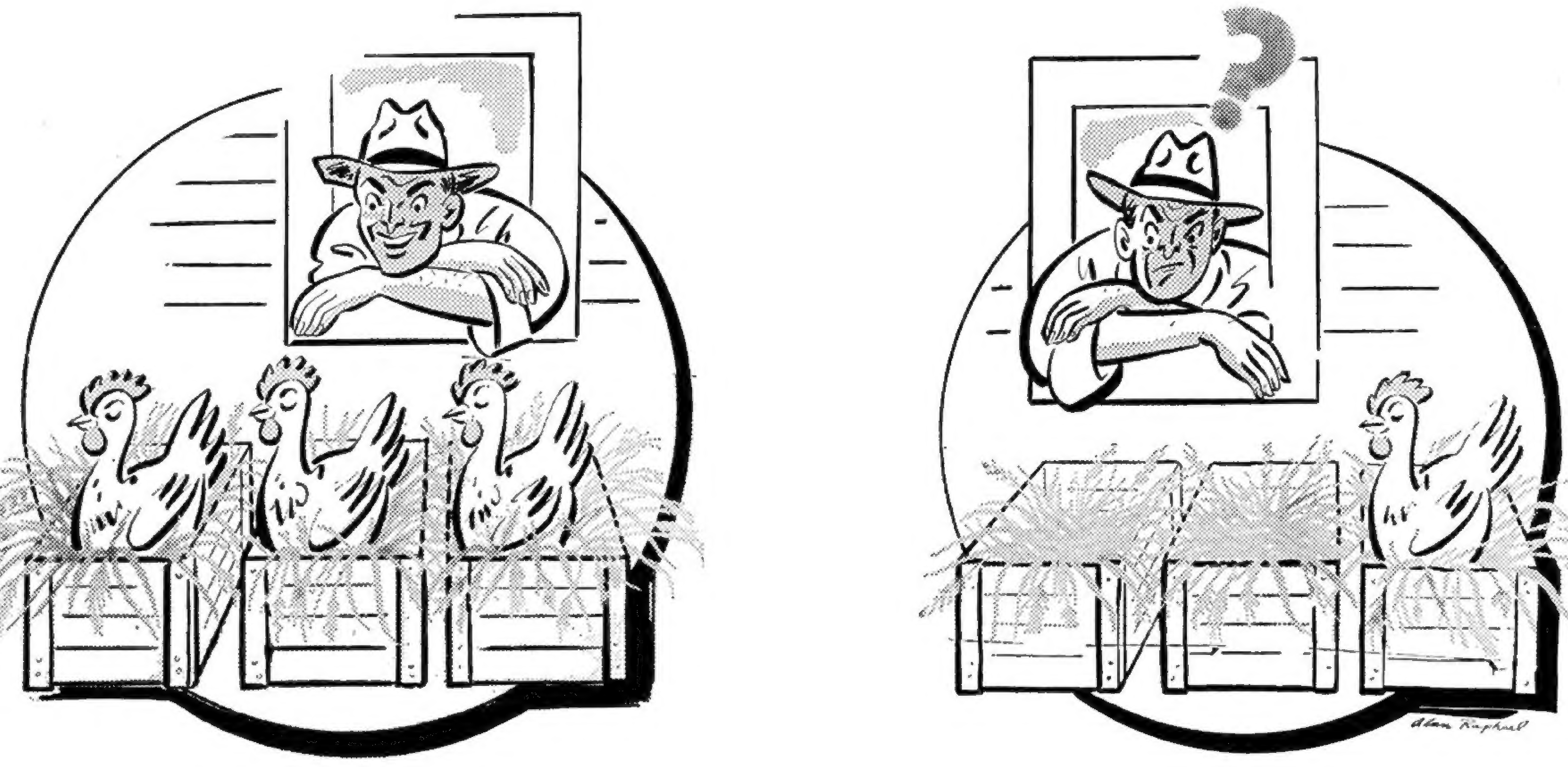

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
May, 1942
Vol. XVII, No. 5
Whole No. 102

T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: What are you saying to make Goebbels grin?

THERE are many things that the best intentioned of us say every day that add inches to the grin of Goebbels. They are things that we say without thinking them through, things that we would never say if we realized, for a moment, that they are precisely the things that he would like to hear us say.

If we would think through these many things we find ourselves saying, we would realize that they all are at bottom one and the same thing. The words may differ, but the melody is always the same, and it's Hitler's Tune. And when we say these things we are all playing Goebbels' game, and saying just what Hitler wants to hear.

First let's find the melody, then see how many of our words it fits.

• • •

You know, of course, that in The New Barbarism's bag of tricks the oldest and most sure-fire gag they've got is this: *Create a diversion.* Or, in another phrase for the same rule: *Divide and conquer.* They've won half the world with that simple formula, and they're hell-bent on winning the other half with it too. And if we continue to fall for it, they will.

The way they work it, the way they've always worked it for almost twenty years, is simplicity itself. *They get their victims arguing among themselves.* Thus they can pick them off, one by one, as easy as shooting sitting birds.

We all thought, the day after Pearl Harbor, that the stupid Jap had spoiled the wily Goebbels' game at last. Gone, overnight, were all the outward signs of division among us. Taken down for the duration were those old fighting labels of Isolationist and Interventionist. The Jap, we thought, had done us a great service; he had at last United these States.

But nothing as simple as that could wipe off, for long, the grin of Goebbels. And we, poor pathetic patriots that we think we are and mean to be, are all helping to widen that grin every day.

We do it with every single "versus" we indulge in, and for a people as naturally argumentative as we are, there's another "versus" to trick our tongues for every hour of the day. Each "versus" is a diversion, and some of them seem innocent enough. You wouldn't think, at first blush, that they had anything to do with the war effort. But that's why they're prime, as diversions. We can get all tangled up in them, without realizing that our patriotism is in any way at stake. And Goebbels grins, with reason, when we do, for the Nazis can ask no greater service of their agents over here than to serve them as diversionists.

If we touch with our tongues one single "versus" on the list that follows (and who among us doesn't, now and then?) then for just that long we are serving as diversionists, hence serving, of all masters, Goebbels and Hitler!

• • •

I *Wet versus Dry, or Volstead Rides Again*

This one, because it seems so far fetched, is the Nazi favorite of them all. They know that nothing ever made us hate each other more effectively than Prohibition. If they can only get us started chasing each other up that blind alley again, it will be worth more to them than the fall of France and the capture of Singapore combined. And although our dictionaries were stretched with new words added to our language during Prohibition and most of them were new names for the Prohibitionists, still nobody has yet thought of calling a Prohibitionist a Nazi. That's why the Drys are Goebbels' darlings, because they will do his work without acquiring his odor. What better agent could be found! And whose patriotism could appear safer from impugnment than that of the old ladies of both sexes who urge the taking away of liquor from all Army and Defense areas? That this is a slick way of putting over Prohibition on a national scale, with an immediate revival of all its national ills, because there are Army and Defense areas from one end of the country to the other now, seems a churlish point to raise! So, every time a Prohibitionist opens his mouth, Goebbels grins.

II *Hirohito vs. Hitler, or Who is our Main Enemy?*

This is the one we fell for first of all, yet it's the most obvious of the lot. What could be sweeter for them both than to get us into an initial delay, while we argue which kind of production should take precedence over the other, that for Slapping the Jap or that for Nicking the Nazi. That we should ever have taken time out to waste a single breath on this phony argument now seems beyond belief. But didn't you, ever, during the first weeks after Pearl Harbor?

III *Defense vs. Attack or New Wine in Old Bottles*

This one should fool nobody. Yet there are moments when it fools us all. We should be able to see through it for what it is, just a return engagement, under new billing, of the old *Isolationism vs. Interventionism* all over again. But who among us hasn't stopped to listen, and to debate the merits, of this empty argument? And as long as they can keep us arguing, keep us thinking in terms of How Shall We Go About It? instead of in terms of Let's Get Going!—just that long we'll keep them happy. And, of course, if they should ultimately succeed, as a result of clamor for coast protection and air raid shelters and other purely defensive armament, in getting us to lie down and wait our turn, then their joy would be boundless. But in the meantime, the very fact that we will take any time out to debate it is a generous assist, on our part, to their cause.

IV *Communism vs. Capitalism, or the Old Red Herring*

This one belongs in the booby hatch, to which the Tory Winston Churchill promptly consigned it within the day after the beginning of the German attack on Russia. Yet there are a few Copperheads who still ask, of the amiable nitwits who will still listen, "But who will stop Russia?" As if that were a fit question for anybody but Hitler to ask, in the Spring of '42!

V *Complacency vs. Hysteria or The Two Fighting Words*

If there's anything any American can stand even less than to be told that he lacks a sense of humor, it's to be told that he's either (a) Complacent or (b) Hysterical. So just tell the man who is shaking his head over the sinking of another American tanker that he's hysterical, or the man who is enjoying an item about the sinking of a Jap warship that he's complacent, and you will have done Goebbels your good turn for the day. Better still, if you can introduce the two, and get them to call each other those two words, you will deserve an Iron Cross, for if this can be kept up long enough all Americans will be so mad at each other they'll have no time left to feel any fury toward anybody else.

VI *Russians vs. British or Libel of our Allies*

Because we all like to side with a winner, we have all been guilty, at one time or another during this winter of our discontent, 1941-42, of talking down the British while talking up the Russians. This is fine for the Axis, who relish every word to that effect. If they can get us to blame each other for our miseries, just by that much less will we blame them. All honor and gratitude to the Russians for this past winter, but not at the expense of the British for failing to make or maintain a second front. A short course in memory-jogging should be enough to cure any really patriotic Americans of any present tendency to feel bitter toward the British. For instance, ask yourself what you were saying about the Russians when the British needed a second front (or any front) after Dunkirk? And what made you think Churchill was such a hero *then* for standing steadfast and talking in terms of far-off victory, if you didn't like his taking the same stand after Singapore? And (this is supposed to be the finisher in the memory course): Do you, by any chance, ever recall saying anything about "little Finland"? Now that you've remembered it, let's forget it. In other words, we of the United Nations are now all in this together or we're all out of it together, and the only ones who want to hear you say anything different are in the enemy camp.

VII *Pessimism vs. Optimism or Watching the Scoreboard*

Can't we even be pessimists or optimists? This is still a free country, isn't it? Yes, but that may be one of the worst things wrong with it for the purposes of waging modern war. Actually, there may not be room for any "isms" in America at War, not even pessimism or optimism, for both distort the truth which, as Lincoln long ago said, alone will make us safe. The homely truth is that this is no longer a free country. Our freedom has been in hock since the day after Pearl Harbor, and we must work to earn it back. This will be a free country again the day after the armistice. Until then it can't afford to be. Until then it can only be one more country fighting for freedom. There is a great difference.

France was a free country, with room for pessimism, in time of war. It had room for the pessimism of Weygand, dashing up from Syria only to declare that "militarily the situation was untenable"; a verdict he could just as well have delivered, long distance, from Syria.

But Russia, at a time when its situation, *militarily,* was no more tenable, had no room for such pessimism, no ear for such a fatally unfortunate expression of opinion. And Russia stands today, after ten times the blows that felled France.

But look at us. What happened at Pearl Harbor? Of such matters we have no right to know any more than we are told. But how many versions have you heard, from how many wise guys, along with intimations that "things are much worse than anybody dares admit"? (And Goebbels grins, every time.)

Right now, on the heels of a flock of defeats, it is the fashion, among Pullman strategists, to talk in terms of how long this war is bound to be. You will hear them sagely saying that it will go anywhere from five to forty years, and looking askance at anyone who still says eighteen months, balefully regarding him as not merely a frivolous fellow but also somehow vaguely unpatriotic. Probably, "complacent" is their word for him. But what could be more complacent than their own supine acceptance of the idea of long years of protracted suffering ahead? And what could better fit them, and their fellows, to entertain the temptation of a "negotiated" peace? No wonder Goebbels grins.

Our trouble, as a nation of self-styled sportsmen, is that we've come to pay too much attention to the scoreboard. We always have one eye there, instead of both eyes on the ball. We always want to know who's ahead. We're always either cheering or groaning. "Oh boy, that's marvelous" alternates with "Oh-oh, that's bad."

As long as we were spectators, that habit couldn't be fatal. But now that we're in the game, with the play coming our way, it could be.

We ought to try the Russian style of play. They never knew what the score was. If they had, they might have quit. But they keep their heads down and their muscles taut. They don't think of what has been or what may be. They think only of what is, right now. That's the mental set of a winner.

We could do worse than try it. Until we try their game, we're apt to be playing the Other Guy's.

And right now, at least, it's only when he thinks of Russia that Dr. Goebbels doesn't grin!

and so to bed!

...but a little wiser than before!

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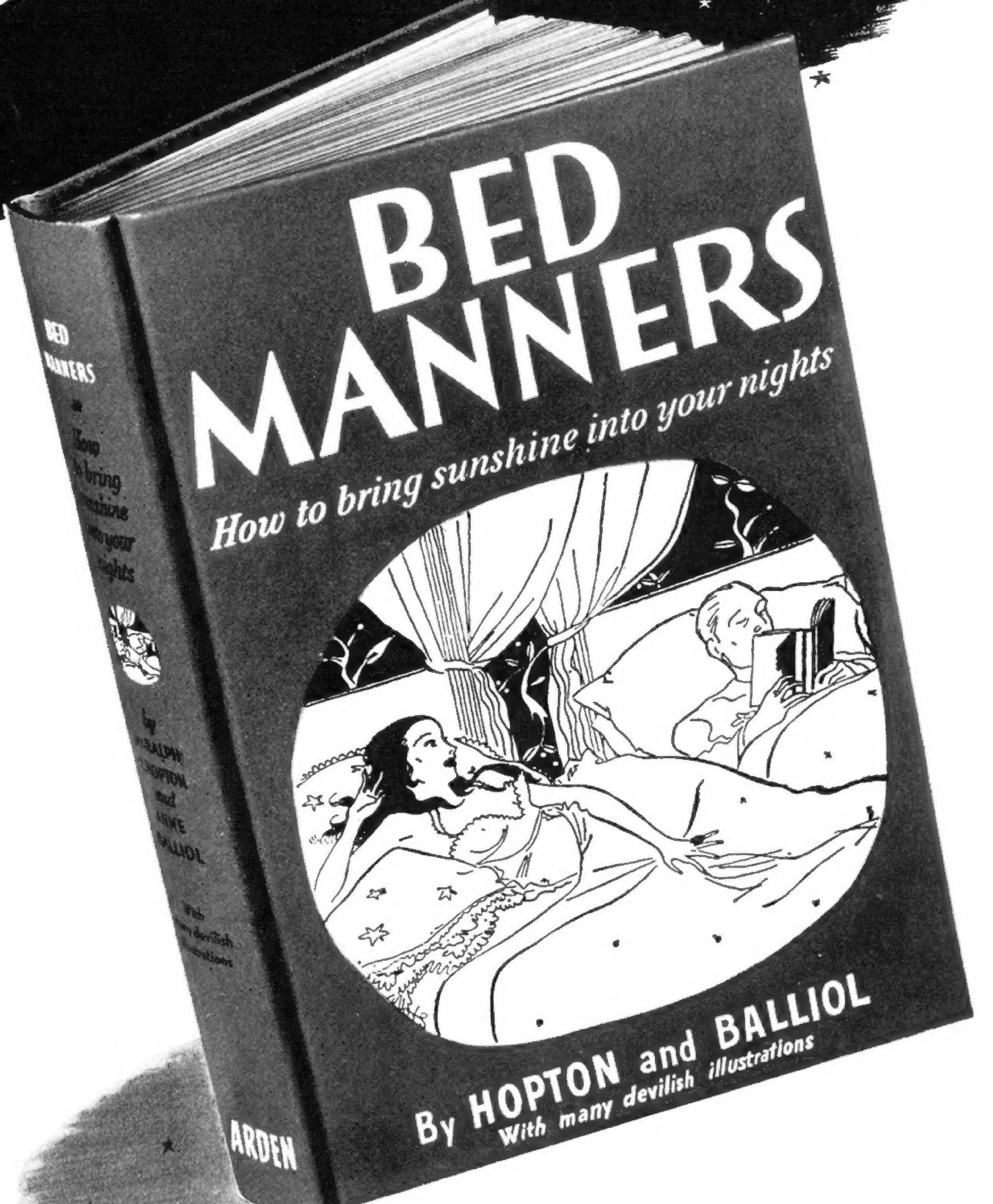
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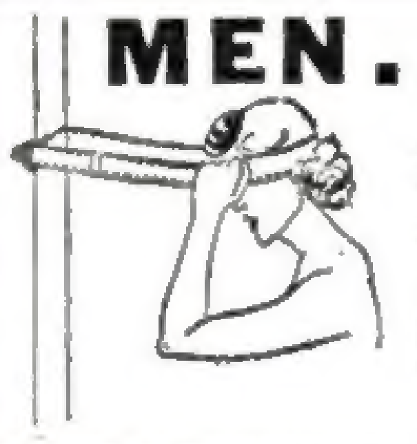
MEN...WOMEN



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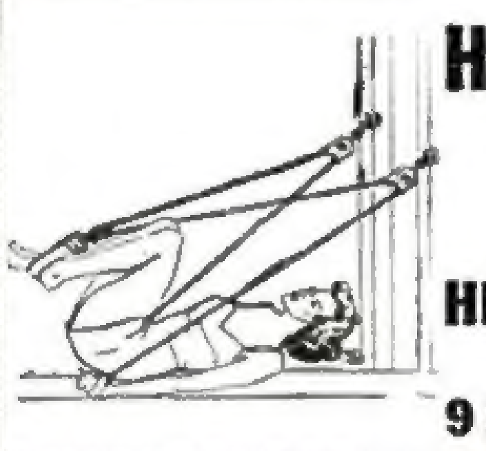

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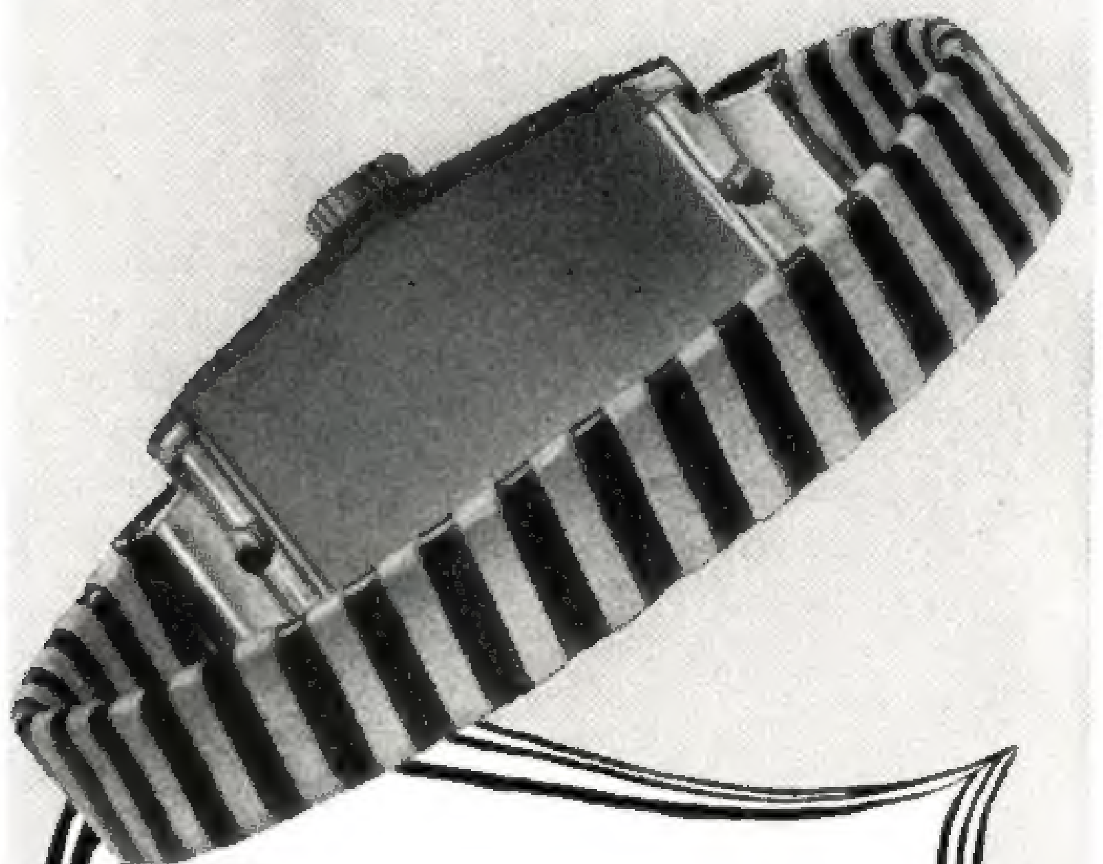

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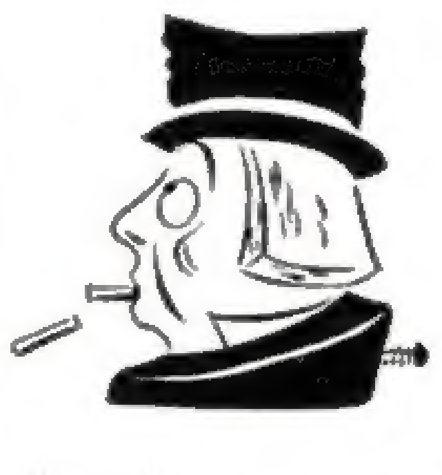
Talking Shop with Esquire

FOR SALAD DAYS. If you fancy yourself as a handy guy with a salad bowl, try spraying dressing on to the concoction instead of pouring it. This makes for more even saturation and does away with the inevitable dripping that candidates the tablecloth to the laundry before its time. In its own special bottle, a shapely affair, goes a red plastic tube related to an atomizer. A flick of the thumb is all that's needed to make it work. Look out that the little woman doesn't borrow it for clothes sprinkling.

SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES? Not the kind that send you off to the oculist, but the ones you get on your vest when you slipped with the gravy—or the spots on your shoes, automobile upholstery, fur, and even glassware; the gamut, in a word, of spot-catching materials. In the interests of spot-removing, there's a product that you might find it handy to keep on your closet shelf. We've tried it out on various substances and it worked swell, without the common aftermath of splotchy rings where there was only a stain before. This cleaner is non-explosive and reasonably priced.

BILL OR BILLET DOUX? Give the front door of your house a little uplift to welcome the advent of spring, which can't be far behind. Uplifting is a mailbox of lucite, transparent as a woman's motives, which saves you the strain of having to open the thing up, after the postman rings, to find out if your letter's from the finance company. The box is of a size to hold a great sheaf of mail, if you're that popular, and an "arm" under the bottom holds newspapers.

LAUGH AT GLOOM. Good for a laugh, and therefore good for the bar, is the current gag cigarette dispenser. This one's in the shape of a head whose features resemble those of the worst killjoy you know, complete with raised eyebrows, aghast eyes, and a mouth that was probably all set to say "Horrors!" at the time it was incorporated in plaster. Cigarettes dropped into his undertaker's tall hat come out through his mouth when a spring at the back is pressed.



Ranger

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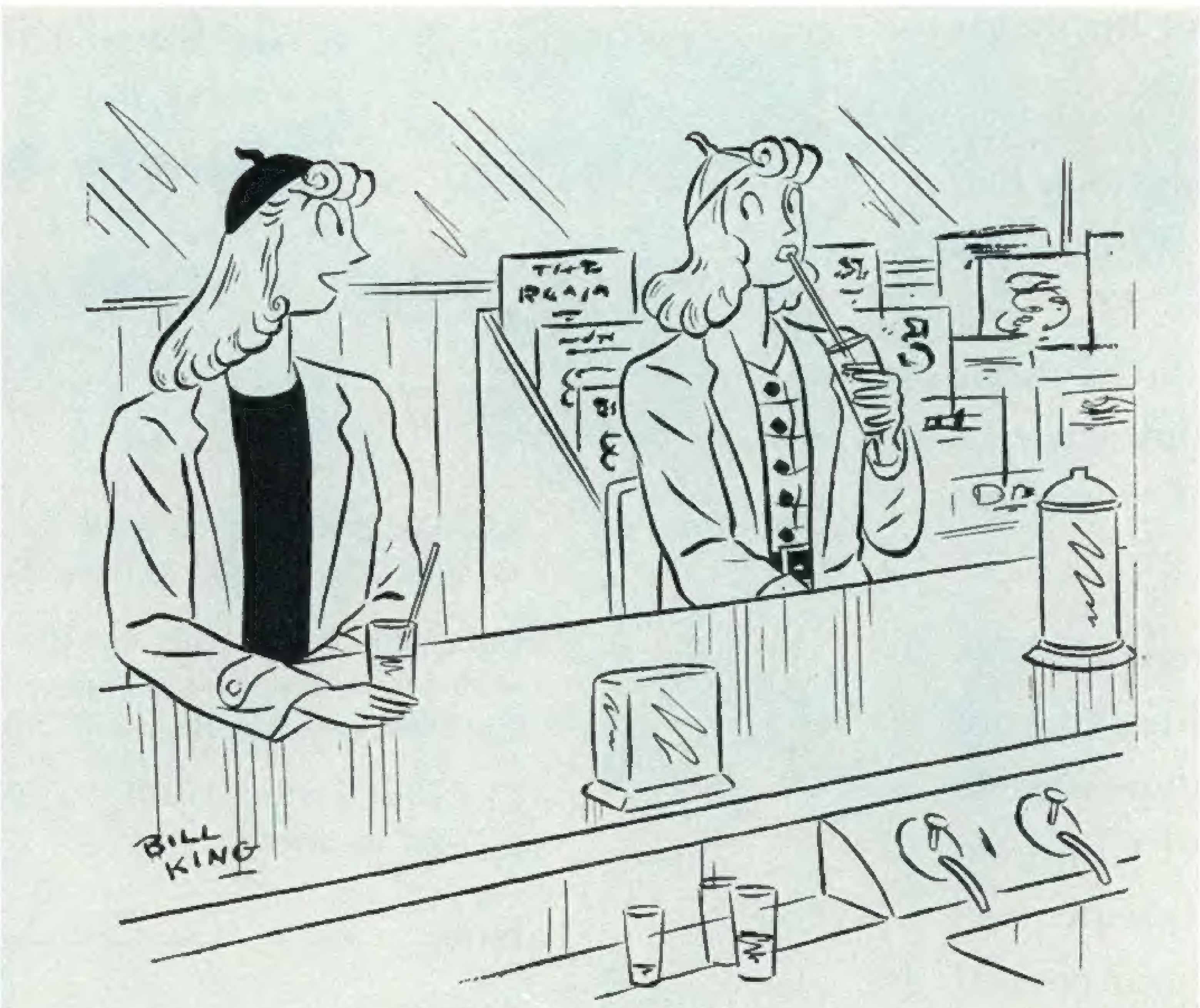

"I wonder what Barbara Stanwyck would say if she knew I dreamt I was out with Robert Taylor last night!"

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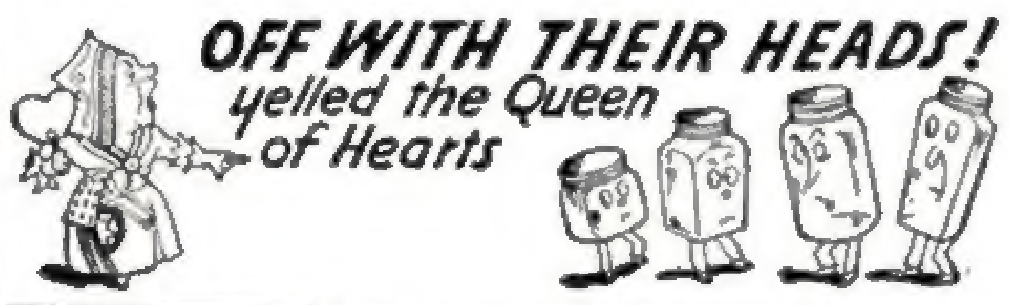

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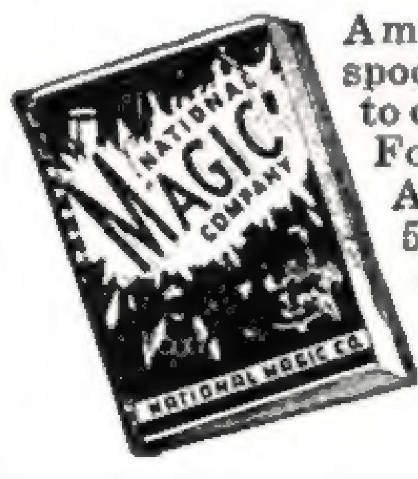

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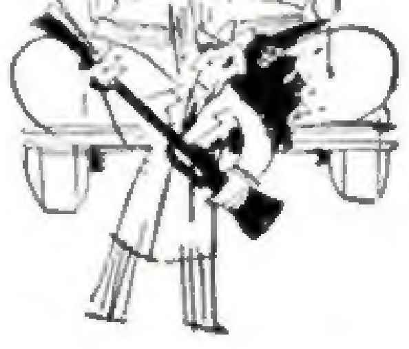
Talking Shop with Esquire

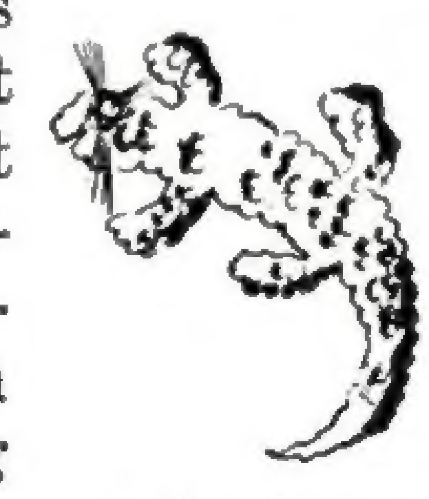
LOCK AND KEY. With automobile tires almost as precious as yea, fine gold, it would behoove you to be on the lookout for Light-Fingered Louies who covet same. Since you can't be on guard all the time with a shotgun and a vigilant look in your eye, the next best thing (maybe better, even) is a set of tire locks that make theft of tires well-nigh impossible. One part of the lock fits over any one of the wheel studs, the other part fits over it, and a turn of the key makes things very difficult for Louie.



THE WELL-DRESSED ICE CUBE. Priorities or no priorities, man's ingenuity comes to the fore with a new kind of ice cube tray. Plastics are the essential ingredients. Ice is frozen in individual transparent plastic cups, which can be easily and individually removed from the black enameled tray that holds them. Cubes drop from the cups without having to be diluted under the faucet. The trays come in two sizes, adapted for use in all but a very few refrigerator models.

PRETTY PICTURES. Let children do things for themselves and they grow up more efficiently. An example is for them to be able to pick out their own favorite phonograph records from the rack, even before they're able to read. It's the simple but clever idea of the record labels being illustrated with amusing drawings that sum up the general idea of the record selection. *Humpty Dumpty, Baa Baa Black Sheep,* and *Mary Had a Little Lamb* are only a few of the many well-recorded children's songs in the group, and the combination of visual and auditory appeal makes them natural gifts for your own particular toddler.

FLASHING EYES. The results of our intermittent lapel gadget survey among Esquire's distaff side are very good this month. What causes this great wave of covetousness is a menagerie series in leather, among them a penguin, a spirited steed, and a lizard. Concealed inside each of them are pocket-sized flashlights, which can be snapped on and off to make the animal's eyes light up with a compelling gleam. The pins are nicely made, so as to be worthy of admiring comment even when the lighting feature is not in use.



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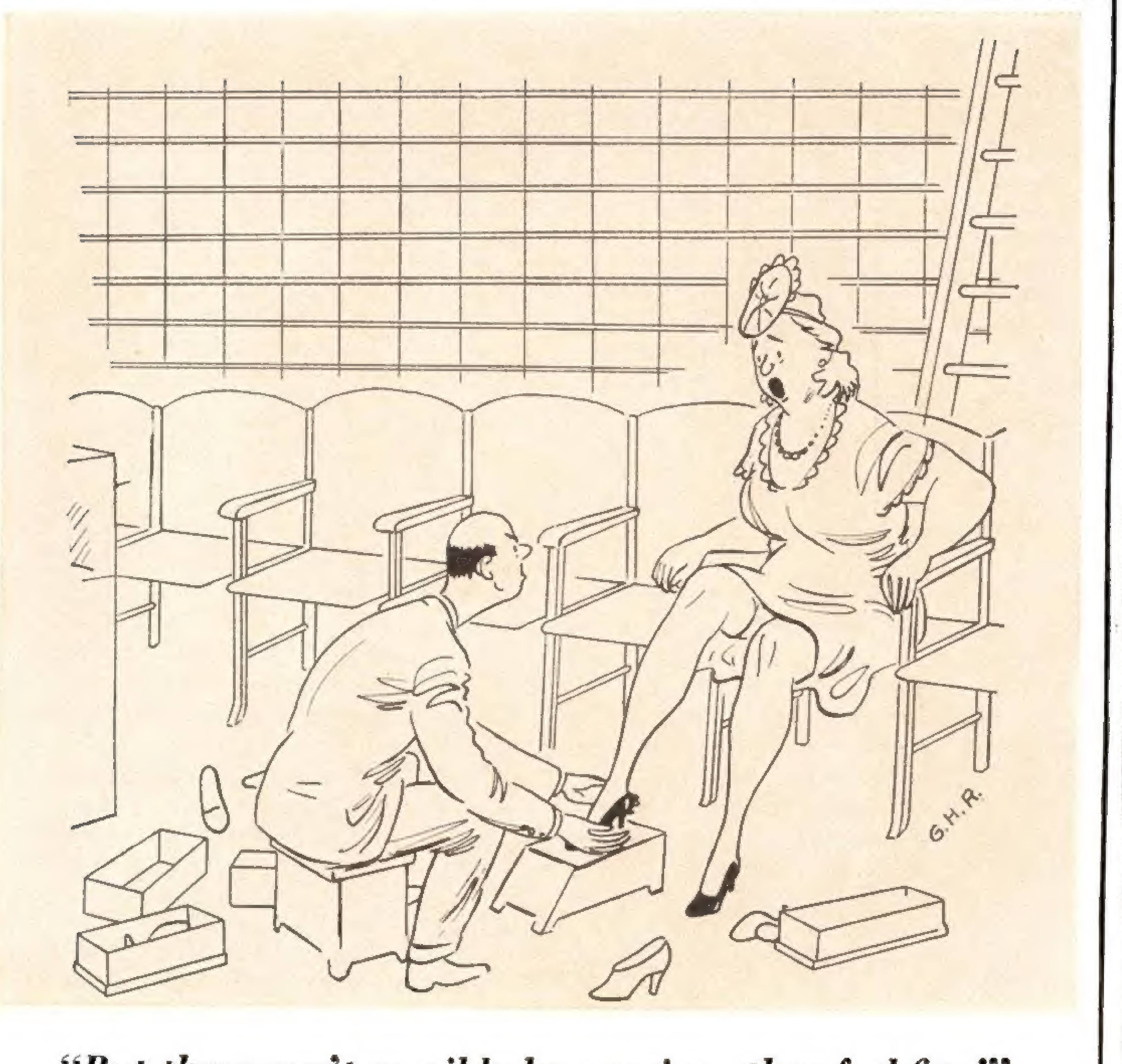

"But those can't possibly be my size—they feel fine!"

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

TO THE TUNE OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN

I was very much interested in your recent editorial on the defunct magazine with a staff which seemed to be able to hit the nail on the head with their predictions.

At the time of the first issue (to my knowledge) of April, 1938, I was so astounded by their revelations on the Panama situation and our American do-nothingness, that I preserved this copy. When I saw your editorial it seemed that some of the material was very familiar but for a few days I could not recollect where it was from. Well I have read many of the stories in *Ken* you mentioned briefly, and wonder if you couldn't run them very briefly in a series of several months to remind Americans that we should have been on the alert and preparing for this years ago.

I am an ex-service man and along with many others have always advocated preparedness and training, since the last time we were called on to save the world from doom, instead of boondoggling away our billions on quackery. May we hear more along this line.

Very truly yours,
Cincinnati, Ohio L. E. Pachoud

OUR FAVORITE ANONYMOUS

Who is responsible for this innovation, these numerous witticisms and poemettes which have been so liberally scattered over the pages of your March issue? I say—"Let his name be emblazoned upon the sky and go down in the annals of history as one who accomplished the impossible," for he has added even more spice to your previously pungent publication.

One of your cover-to-cover readers.
Haverford College, John A. Clark
Haverford, Pa.

ESQ ABROAD

For some time now I have been a regular subscriber to Esquire and have always found it to be the best magazine on the market, especially for men.

In peace-time Esquire used to make its appearance regularly on the bookstalls, but when hostilities broke out copies arriving in this country were very few and far between. However, as I had a standing order placed with a news agent in Edinburgh, I was fortunate in being able to still procure copies despite the war.

During August last, I received my papers and was called up for service with the Royal Air Force and posted quite a distance from home and also to a very remote spot where British papers and periodicals are difficult to obtain let alone American. My copy is, therefore, forwarded each month and is eagerly looked forward to by all the boys in the billet. I can assure you that your periodical is thoroughly read from cover to cover (including the advertisements) and all agree that there is nothing to beat it.

Only yesterday, the Christmas number arrived and really I don't know how you can publish it for only 50c—believe me, it's worth twice that amount. As you state in the Editorial, it must have been sad to part with after weeks of preparation.

I might also add that whilst on my last leave, I managed to buy a copy of *The Bedside Esquire* which is now a best-seller in this country and it too has helped considerably to pass the long winter evenings.

I do hope this little letter will prove that even over here, where magazines, etc., are gradually disappearing from the stands owing to paper shortage, Esquire is still to the fore, with Esky bringing smiles from all directions.

In conclusion, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you again for endless hours of enjoyment through your magnificent publication.

Very sincerely yours,
Royal Air Force, Harry Shaw
Thurso, Scotland

STRANGE URGE

It seems that lately I have had the urge to write to *Sound & Fury* each time I read an issue of your magazine. This time it concerns *Martians Like It Dry* by J. W. Campbell in your March issue.

The writer says that because of the fact that there is little light available in the study of the solar system an instantaneous or moving picture is impossible.

I would like to make this suggestion:

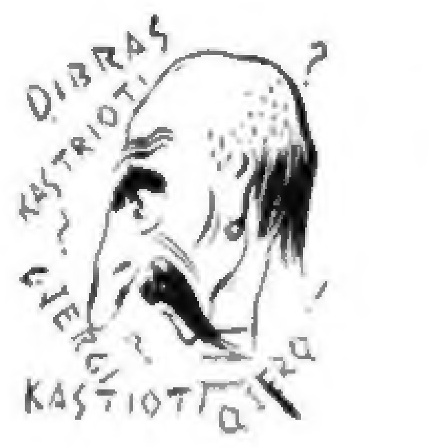
Why not amplify the available light by means of television or telephotography.

We do it with radio waves—otherwise crystal sets would be the vogue and surely television is advanced enough for this.

Field, B. C., Canada Jim Johnston

FOR GJERGI READ GJERQ

I am appalled, even shocked, by an error which no doubt has aroused the other 17 Albanian speaking people of our country, most of whom sell peanuts, except Mr. Drizzari, who probably still is teaching the tongue at Columbia.



I refer to the spelling of the name of the National Hero of the Sons of the Eagle, in Mr. Bercovici's *Pledge of the Dibras*, to wit, GJERGI KASTIOTI, which of right should be spelled GJERQ KASTRIOTI. Let us hope it is a mere Gabim shtypi, or to put it in Gjuha Inglishte, a typographical error. The spelling of the first name is perhaps an improvement; the original looks too much like "Jerk," but the lost R of the last name is very sad. The poor gent's name has suffered enough with time—his final Turkish appellation of "Iskander Bey," the Lord Alexander, having been twisted into Skanderberg, which looks Swedish. Poor George of Kastria! He is called almost everything, and he a valiant Janizary. The other liberties taken with the Shqipetar tongue are not bad—Bessa approximates the pronunciation of Bese quite closely, and the phrase for I swear, to wit, Jap besen, sound too much like an Oriental washtub to be used. I approve of Mr. Bercovici's version—I approve of the whole story, except for that R which aren't.

Turning to the side of brightness, I have a new use for old copies of Esquire, under my current subscription. The Venerable ———, Archdeacon of a certain obscure British colony, has asked me to send him "copies of American papers of the better class, such as Esquire." I hope he doesn't just want to look at the pictures.

Respectfully yours,
Francis B. Perry
San Francisco, Calif.

UPLIFT VIA VARGA CARDS

The special Varga playing cards which I ordered were delivered to me today.

In one way, they may have a desirable influence on players of bridge.

The holder of a hand will probably focus his eyes on the backs of the cards held by his partner sitting across the table, and will be less inclined to stretch his neck for a peek at an opponent's hand.

Nevertheless, a peek is still worth two finesses.

Very truly yours,
George H. Hyslop, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

REPORT OF A WRECK

Boys, boys, can't you give Esquire the pulmotor before it's too late? For years it's been succumbing to dry rot or leprosy or something slow and deadly and don't quote your circulation figures to me, either. If the kids who read Esquire now could see what they have missed in the years past they would feel like I do. And do you know who to blame? I do — Hemingway! Fishing is one sport I can well do without so I don't miss him personally but when he left he took some of the spark and wallop of Esquire with him and it's been slipping ever since. William Phelps meditatively chews his ancient cud under the heading of a book review; Varga's girls get more artificial (Varga had the right idea when he put them on a calendar); the cartoons gradually are sterilized until, where once one good cartoon occupied an effective page, we have seven or eight pigmies in size and idea that belong in "Super Comics"; the editorials reverse the field, getting bigger and windier; the articles are gradually adulterated until they reach a level low enough to permit interviews with movie stars, which promptly appear; the *Sound and Fury* (and here is a barometer of public interest if there ever was one) shrinks from a healthy three or four pages to a piddling page full of nothing; and, for the final straw, pithy (sic) little epigrams and poems sprinkled through the latest issues just like they do in the *Ladies Home Journal!* This is Esquire today!

ESKY
DIED
1941

Never mind, though, boys I still buy it but mostly because I have a complete file and hate to break the chain lest misfortune and ill luck befall me. And I still know how to enjoy the magazine. I get down all my old issues and bask in the days of Hemingway, Hoff, Walter Brooks and Gilbert Bundy.

Houghton, Mich. Jack Frimodig

P. S.—One ray of sunshine—The full-page reproductions of paintings are fine!

PRIVATE REGRETS

Congratulations on that fine editorial concerning *Ken* Magazine.

I read each issue from cover to cover. From the time of its birth to its unexpected death. Yes, I agree it was too bad the advertisers could not see "eye to eye" with *Ken's* staff. I believed it to such an extent that to this day I still possess the majority of the issues of *Ken*. As I check the events of the past two years and then glance at a *Ken*, I realize that it was a magazine that was too good to last.

May it rest in peace.

Sincerely,
Private First Class
David Gottlieb
Randolph Field, Texas

TWO CENTS VERSUS FIFTEEN MINUTES

So now I gotta stick my two cents in. Please forward the following info to Mr. Benjamin Graham, Re: *The Morse Code in One Morsel*, as appeared in March Esky.

If Mr. Graham will consult the latest information, as published by the Federal Communications Commission, he will find that he is living in the past. And, as all of us know, living in the past isn't healthy these days. Mr. Graham states that in the International Morse code a period goes thusly: "•• •• ••" and with a little more pounding one makes a comma: "•– •– •–" (.) I believe the FCC and a few hep "brass pounders" will agree that the latest version of a period and comma are as follows: Period •– •– •–, Comma – – • • – – (.)

And while we are on the subject I might add that Mr. Graham is doing a bit of wishful thinking or else has been "packing too many boxes with five dozen liquor jugs." And wishful thinking isn't healthy these days—they say. I, personally, will eat an Esky for every intelligible word that Mr. Graham, or any other layman, can send in Morse, using either the hand key or bug, after 15 minutes of study. I will also make a small wager with Mr. Graham that after he has thoroughly digested the code, tooth and nail, for a period of 15 days, I can send my name faster than he can send his name, and I will use my foot •– •– •– (.)

Respectfully,
Rockford, Ill. Lowell D. Blanton

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SGT. SMOOT

Imagine spending 50c monthly for Esquire just to read the humorous stories of Sgt. Smoot!

Well, as usual, I invested my 50c for the March issue and lo and behold to my disappointment found no Sgt. Smoot. It isn't right to take your best as well as your funniest story out. It makes me feel closer to my soldier.

I wish to tell of a fine friend I've made through Esquire, a soldier from the Canal Zone, a Sgt. George Russel. We correspond regularly now.

But still he can't take the place of Sgt. Smoot. Bring him back to Esquire.

Sincerely,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Margie Leonardo

THE CLUE IS K——

You seem to have gone a little daffy lately. That magazine did NOT say too much too soon. It had many avid fans among whom I am proud to count myself. I bought every issue and what is more, I STILL HAVE THEM, including three copies of the original issue.

The failure was not the fault of the magazine but of the advertising which did not get over to the public the real importance of its contents. When it was circulating I constituted myself a committee of one to spread the gospel of K——, and not a person I talked to had any idea that it was anything but another cheesecake mag.

Why not incorporate material of this nature in Eskie? I mean K—— stuff, not cheesecake.

That's off my "mind."

Chicago, Ill. F. R. Walton

CROWDING THE AMEN CORNER

Thanks, many thanks for your fine editorial on page 6 of the March issue of the Esquire.

I remember very well "that magazine" *Ken* which I read always with great delight and was wondering even at that time why so many Americans were still sleeping, blissfully unaware of what was going on in the rest of the world at that time. I had an extended subscription to "that magazine" and was quite unpleasantly surprised to be notified that the magazine was to be discontinued, perhaps for lack of support and had to transfer my subscription to another of your publications.

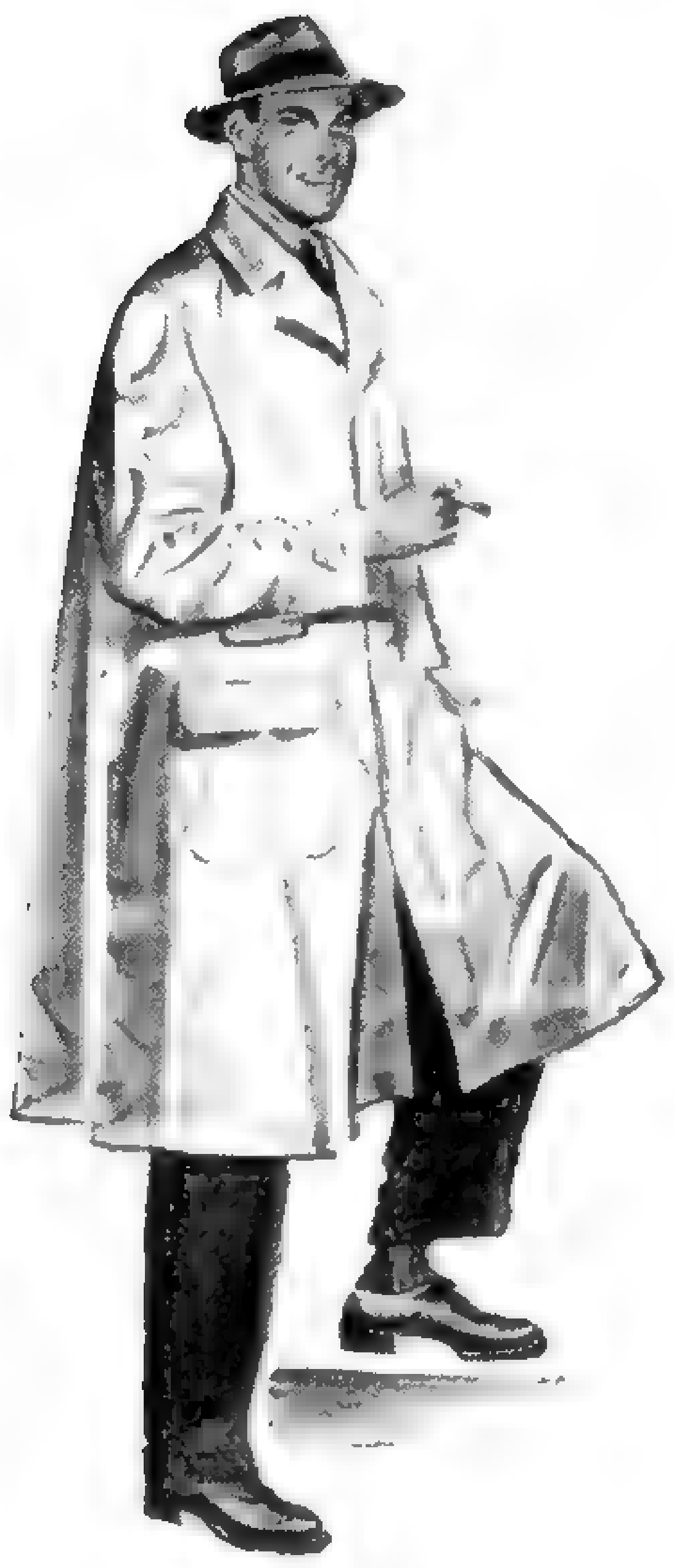
It certainly would have been cheaper to subscribe for "that magazine" instead of learning lesson or lessons for the price of an attack on Pearl Harbor. And even now there are many people in this country who still live in an unreal world of the Sunday comic supplements. I am looking for a Paul Revere to ride and tell the people that we are in war.

Yours very truly,
Marysville Cal. L. Stolfa, M. D.

Almanac
MAY
1942

Weather Reports or No Weather Reports . . .

IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



The famous Coacher, by Alligator. In water repellent Galecloth, $18.75, Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $15.50.

Play Safe . . . Stay Smart and Dry in an ALLIGATOR!

Today, with weather forecasts not forthcoming, your Alligator's own smart dependability means more to you than ever before. You now face the dark clouds with total indifference. Come rain, or damp chill day, you *know* you'll always be dry and correctly dressed—your suit protected beneath the authentically styled and skillfully tailored Alligator you're wearing. Get *your* Alligator now! The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo., New York, Los Angeles.

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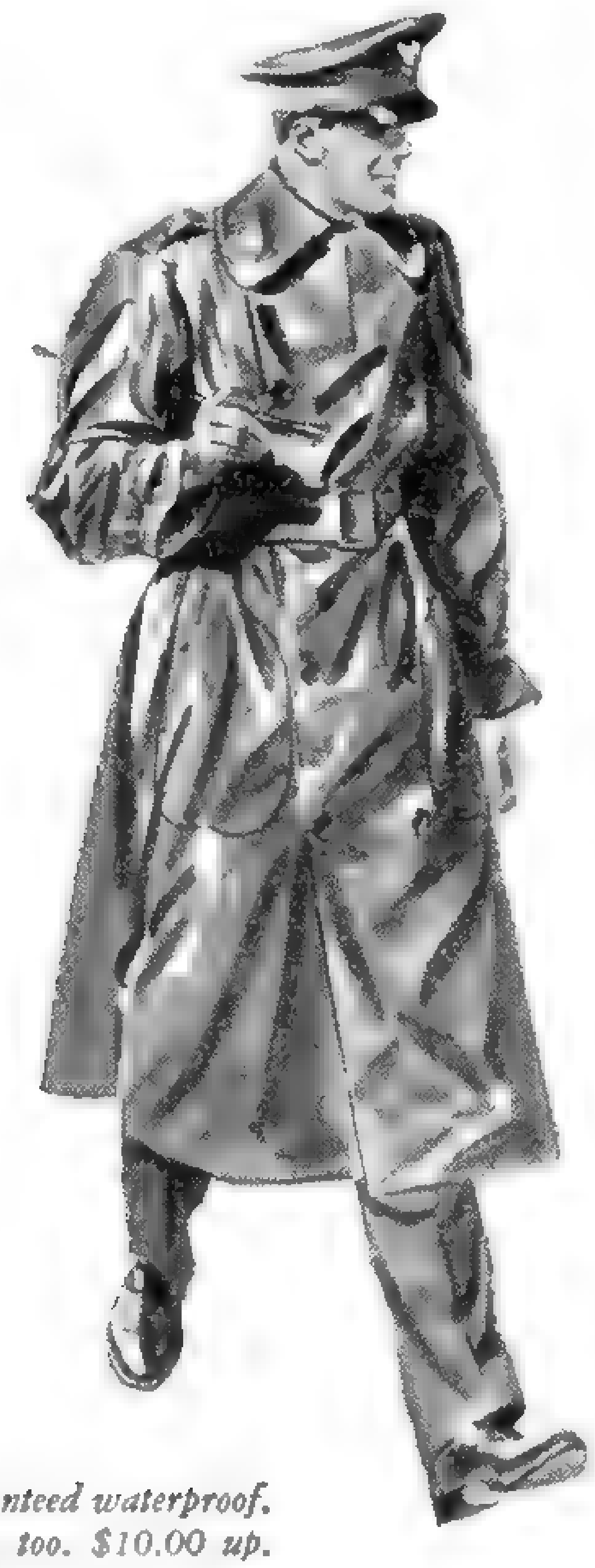
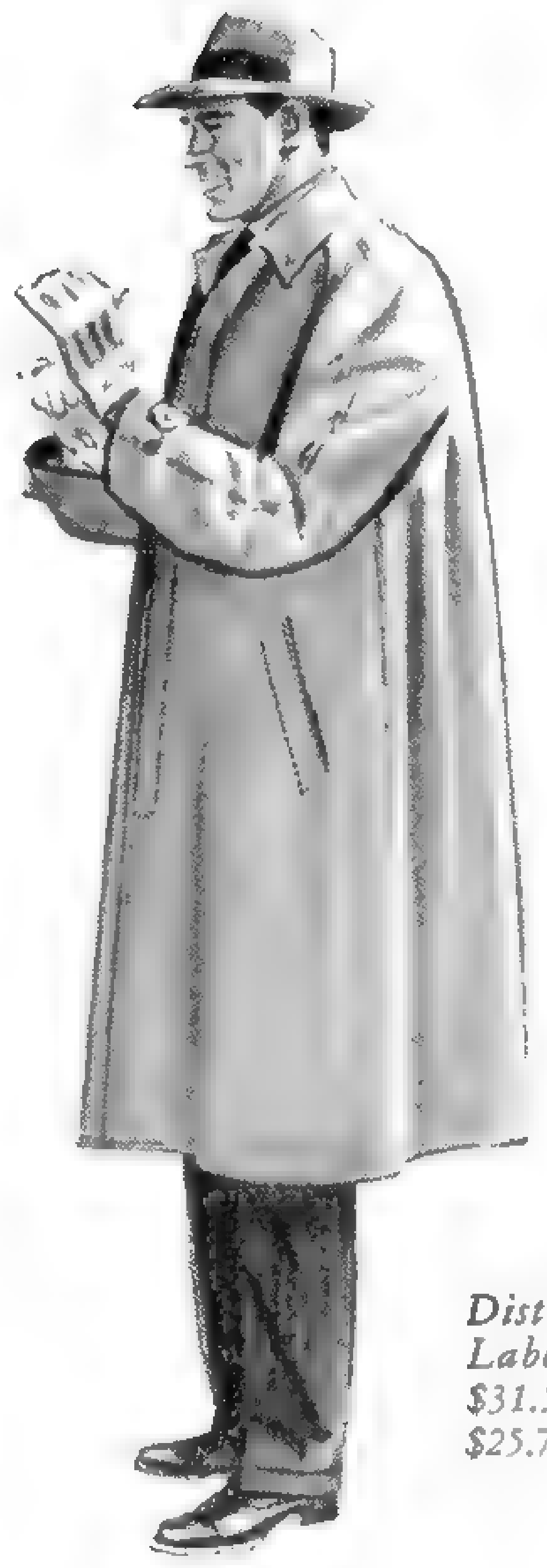
Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



Military Model. Guaranteed waterproof. Favorite with civilians, too. $10.00 up. In water repellent fabrics, $13.50 up.



Distinguished Gold Label by Alligator, $31.50. Weatherstyle, $25.75. Surain, $21.75.

Painting the Town with Esquire

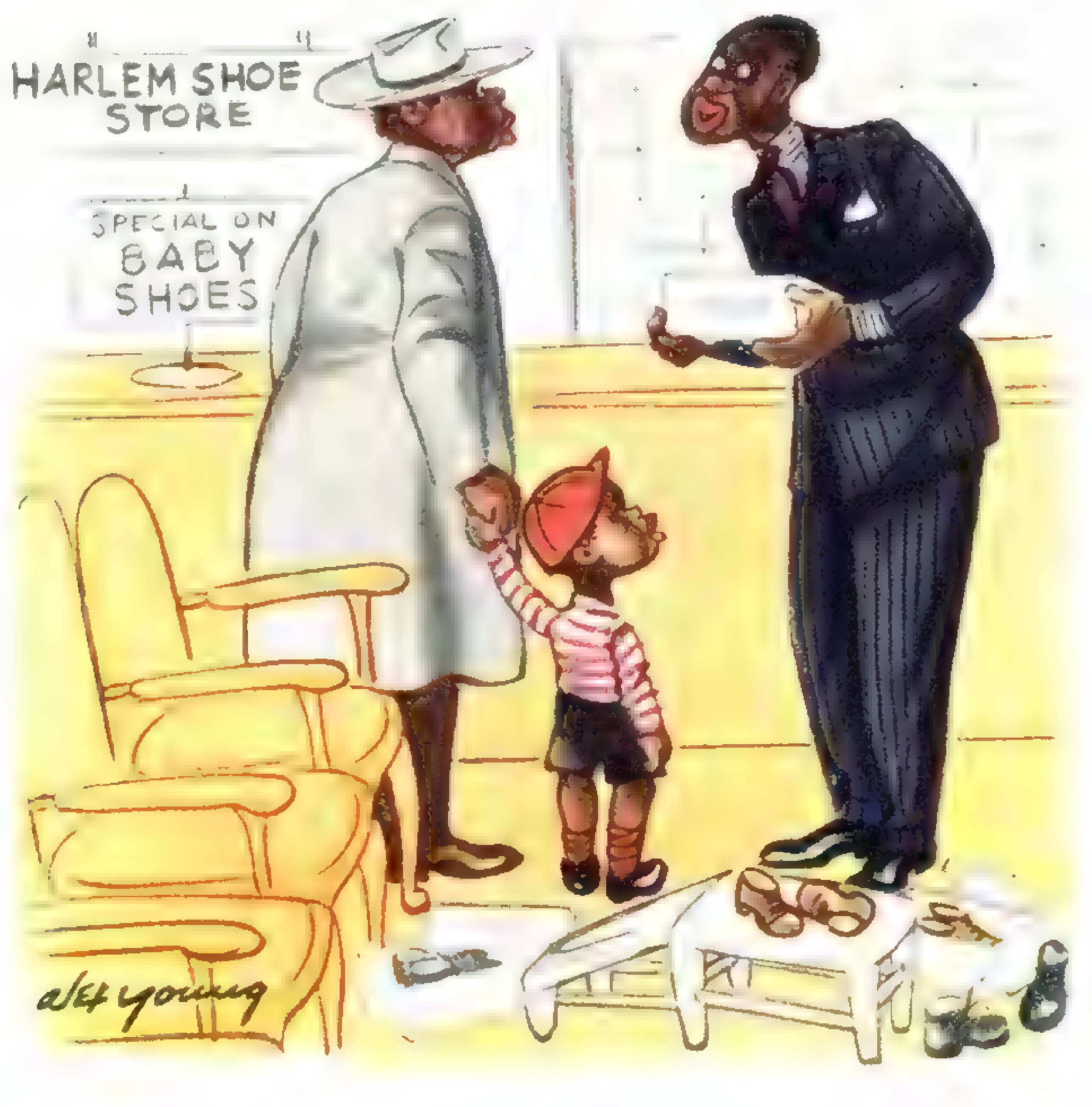
WHEN DUE to popularity a restaurant has got to go bigger, it's got to go bigger, and that was the plight of Parisian-Viennese-cuisined Rumpelmayer's, non-dancing dining division of the Hotel St. Moritz. No chance to stretch westward—it would have run into a mob of people trying to get into this hotel's giddy Café de la Paix—so eastward it had to be, crashing through into next door territory. Result: a zizzy new photo-muraled East Room, color-schemed by Zareh Sourian who ideaed the Café de la Paix so ideally. Hors d'oeuvre and pastry mobilizations are now even more toothsomely ostentatious.

WE'D LIKE to borrow one of Jack Kriendler's sombreros to doff it to the Trio Mixteco—two lads and a gal—now cavorting spoofishly at El Chico, 80 Grove Street (they've got style and they've got nonsense of an original sort). The balance of show, maestroed by Olivero Del Duca, is also snazzose, particularly that singing babe from Brazil, Rita Bahia.

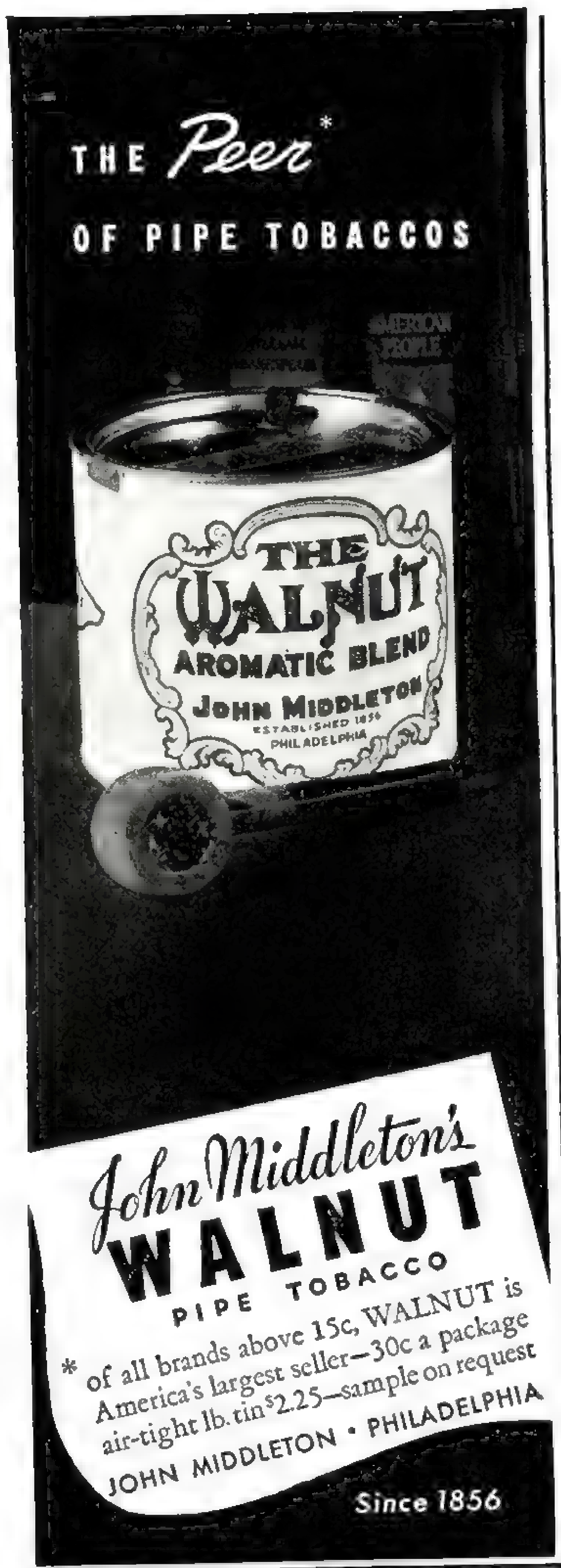
BERMUDA as it is Terraced at the tremendous Hotel St. George in Brooklyn has been a popular resort this season, what with the continuing activity of artful sepian piano-maestro Dave Martin and his men, plus expert mikess Dee Williams—not to mention the general charm of the place and ye excellent chow, headwaitered by Otto.

WHEN WORLD upheavals seem hard to digest, there's solace and sanity to be had impressively in the time honored Hotel Plaza's Oak Room, affectionately known as the "Back Room"—changeless citadel of social and financial aristocracy. Noons, it's males only; evenings, both genders. Bald-headed Cesar either knows your food preferences lo these many years or can guess them by benignant wizardry.

LOWER 3RD AVENUE'S quaint curio, historic Scheffel Hall of the era of O. Henry and now Irish Joe King's Rathskeller, draws the same college crowd that has been flocking to it for roast beef, song and strudel, but now they're mostly in Uncle Sam's uniform, making furloughs fly. Rafter ringing is the order of the evening . . . Shad roe and bacon attain happy heights at Billy the Oysterman, noted clam-baker of 10 West 47th Street . . . Among Park Avenue institutions, one of our favorites is white-haired receptionist Jerome at Sherry's. Asked how long he has been at that duty, he says with gentle pride, "A little over fifty years, Sir." And that explains Sherry's almost as much as the Dorothy Drapered Bar and such like.



"Will this be credit, cash, or craps, sir?"



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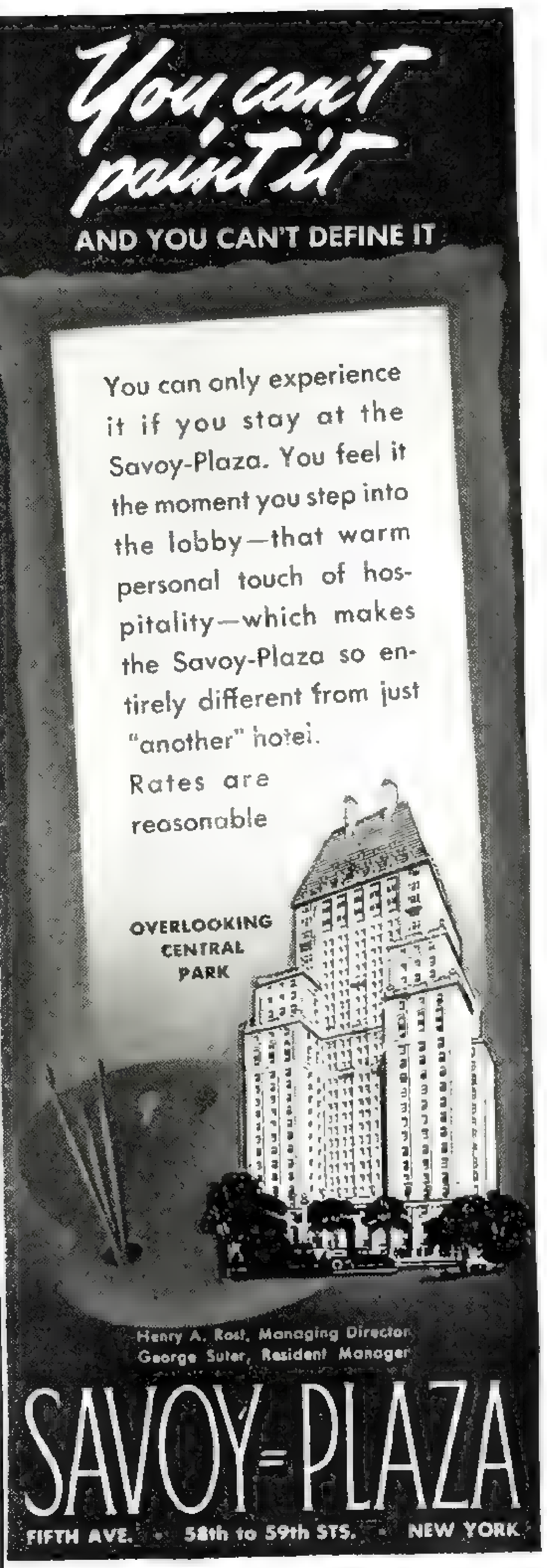

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CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

TAXES
WAR TO

The most important Father's Day yet!

. . . will be—mark this—June 21, 1942!

This year families are closer than they've ever been . . . affection is on the up . . . and giving has reached a new high! (Remember what a Christmas it was?)

This year The New York Sun is taking the lead in making Father's Day not only a greater day for dad . . . but for advertisers as well!

Again The Sun's annual competition with an award of $500 in U. S. Defense Bonds for the best Father's Day campaign is stirring up nation-wide interest . . . Again entries are pouring in from the country's top-ranking copywriters and artists!

Soon the winning campaign will appear in The Sun and cooperating newspapers (nearly 100 last year) the entire week before Father's Day . . . stirring up more interest.

And here's something you'll want to know all about. Hand in hand with the winning campaign goes one of the biggest selling programs The Sun has ever developed!

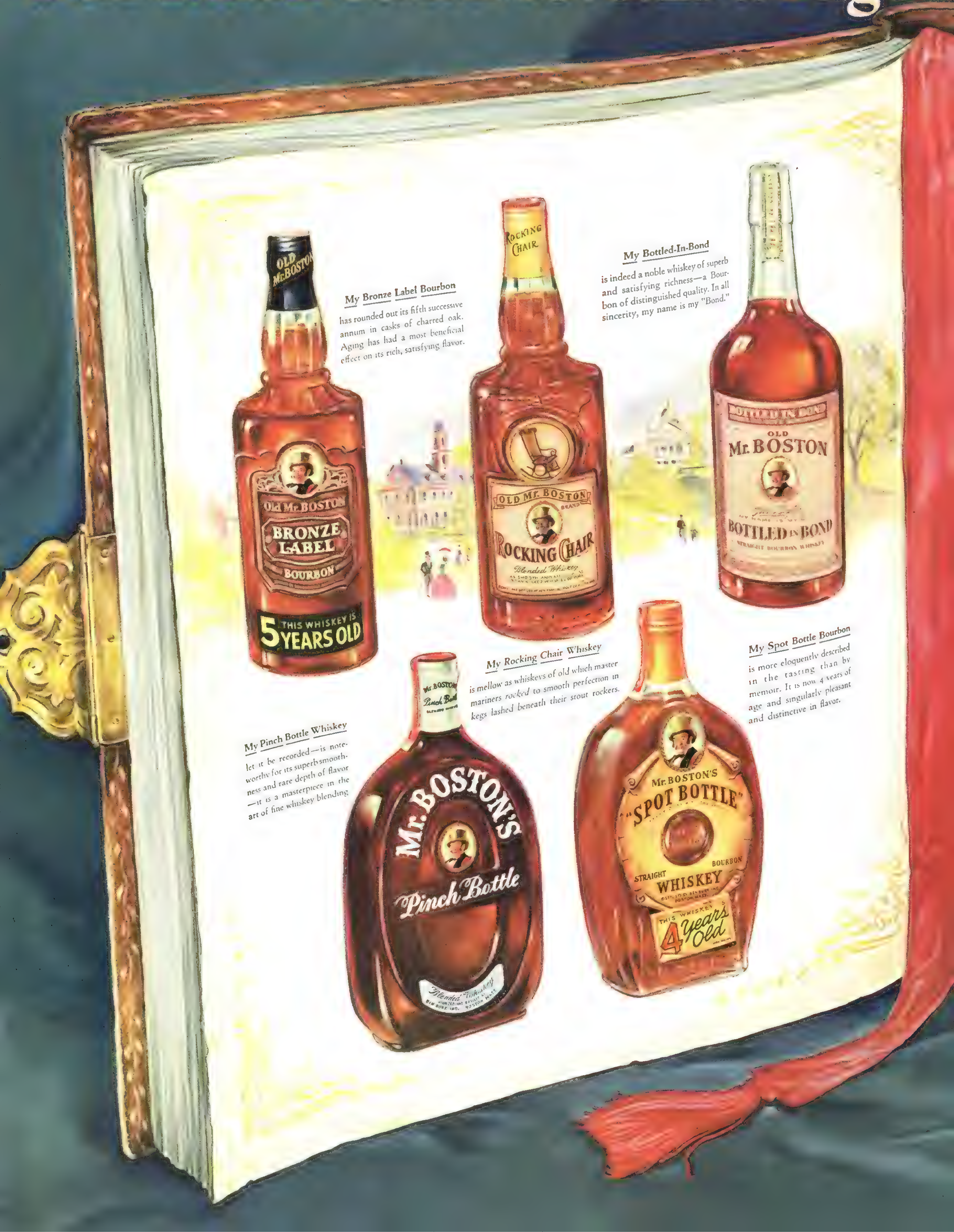
It guarantees Sun advertisers Father's Day consciousness among top quarter families in the world's greatest market. For 5 days it focuses their attention steadily and persuasively on Father's Day gift buying!

Remember . . . the biggest of all Father's Day markets . . . and the most important Father's Day yet!

The Sun

NEW YORK

Old Mr. Boston reveals a Page


OLD Mr. BOSTON
Old Mr. BOSTON
BRONZE LABEL
BOURBON
5 THIS WHISKEY IS YEARS OLD
ROCKING CHAIR
OLD Mr. BOSTON
BRAND
ROCKING CHAIR
Blended Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
BOTTLED IN BOND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Mr. BOSTON'S
Pinch Bottle
Blended Whiskey
Mr. BOSTON'S
"SPOT BOTTLE"
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY
THIS WHISKEY IS 4 Years Old

My Bronze Label Bourbon

has rounded out its fifth successive annum in casks of charred oak. Aging has had a most beneficial effect on its rich, satisfying flavor.

My Bottled-In-Bond

is indeed a noble whiskey of superb and satisfying richness—a Bourbon of distinguished quality. In all sincerity, my name is my "Bond."

My Rocking Chair Whiskey

is mellow as whiskeys of old which master mariners *rocked* to smooth perfection in kegs lashed beneath their stout rockers.

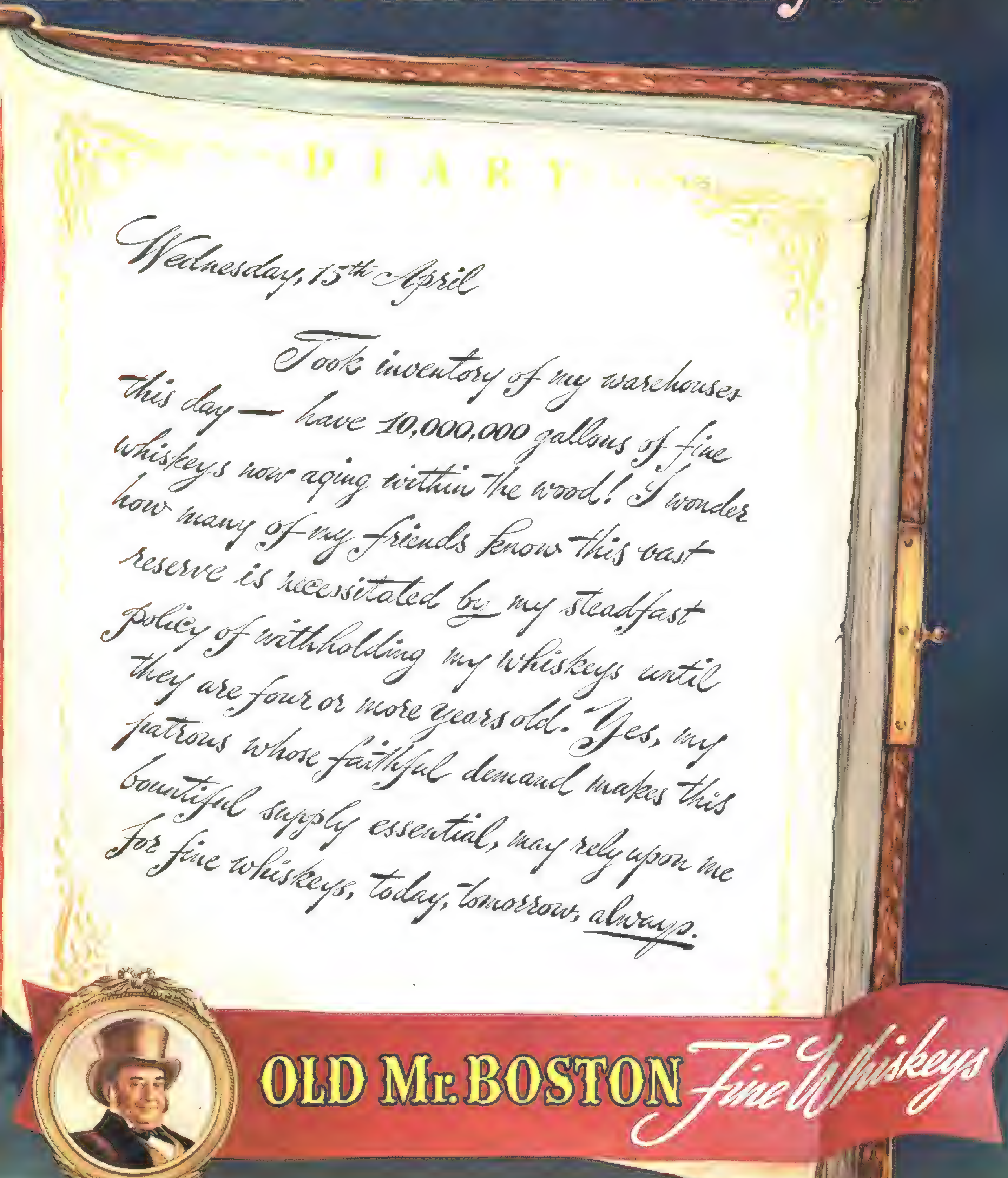
My Spot Bottle Bourbon

is more eloquently described in the tasting than by memoir. It is now 4 years of age and singularly pleasant and distinctive in flavor.

My Pinch Bottle Whiskey

let it be recorded—is noteworthy for its superb smoothness and rare depth of flavor—it is a masterpiece in the art of fine whiskey blending

from his Personal Diary...



Wednesday, 15th April

Took inventory of my warehouses this day — have 10,000,000 gallons of fine whiskeys now aging within the wood! I wonder how many of my friends know this vast reserve is necessitated by my steadfast policy of withholding my whiskeys until they are four or more years old. Yes, my patrons whose faithful demand makes this bountiful supply essential, may rely upon me for fine whiskeys, today, tomorrow, always.

Old Mr. Boston Bronze Label Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 proof. Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey, 85 proof; the straight whiskeys in this product are 4 years or more old, 25% straight whiskeys, 75% grain neutral spirits. Bottled-In-Bond Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 100 proof. Pinch Bottle Blended Whiskey, 86 proof; the straight whiskeys in this product are 5 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskey, 72½% grain neutral spirits; 22½% straight whiskeys 5 years old, 5% straight whiskeys 6 years old. Spot Bottle Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 85 proof.

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BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
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LORDS
Britain still delivers the world's finest
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100% GRAIN
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Le Restaurant Par Excellence
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THERE IS a solidity about the St. Regis—a physical sturdiness, and a sturdiness of time, tradition, principle and character. Today the St. Regis gives you, as always, service that has distinguished it in the minds of thousands of people . . . and offers you, almost at its doorstep, New York as thrilling and entertaining as ever.

THE St. Regis Fifth Avenue at 55th Street
Booklet on Request

"Where the Best Continental Cuisine is served most reasonably!"
CAVIAR
RESTAURANT
18 EAST 49th ST.
New York

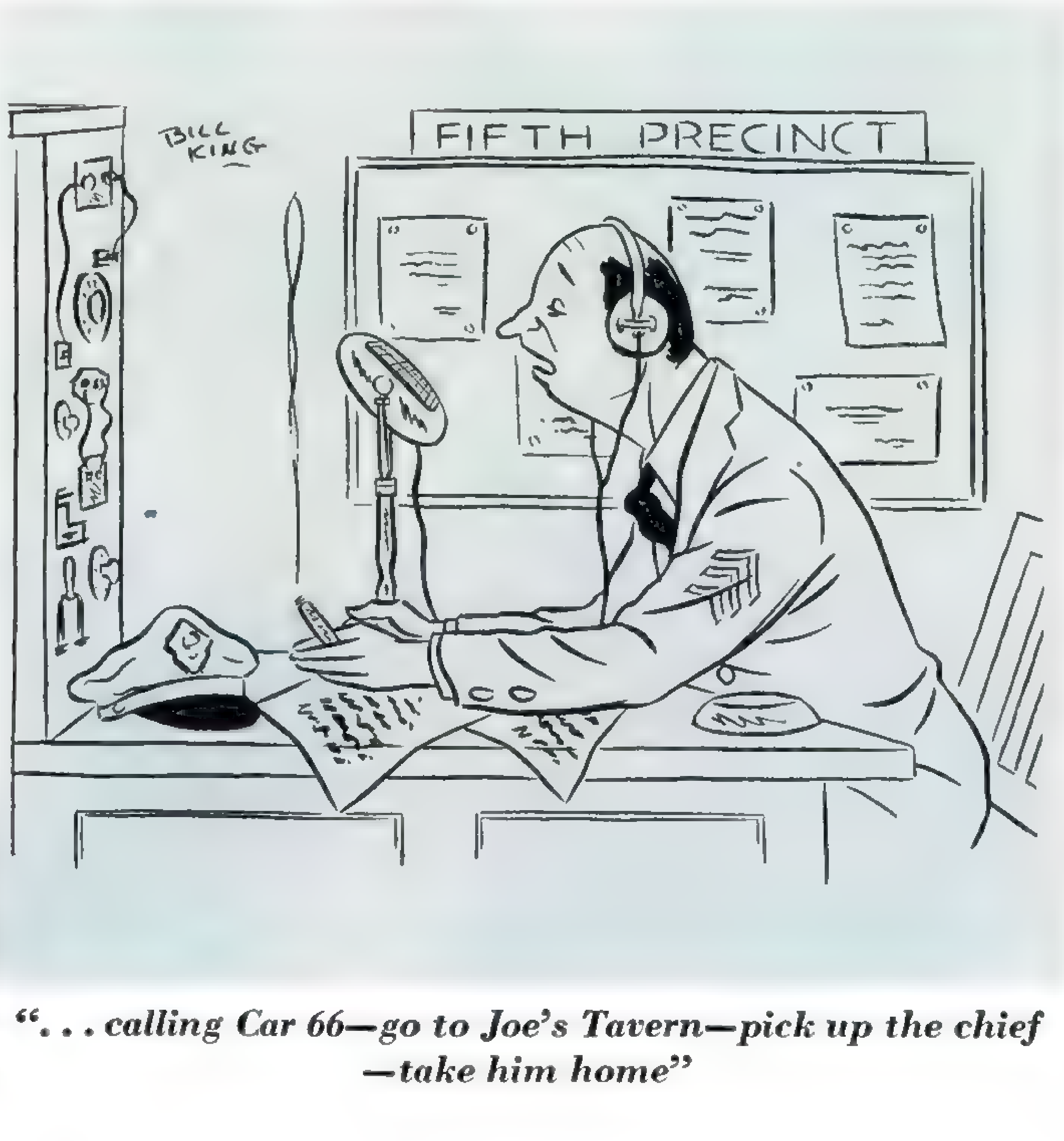
Painting the Town with Esquire

THE RUG-CUTTING industry appears to hold an impassioned priority on the Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania where Jimmy Dorsey is director of rhythm production, setting up one week's record only to bust it the next. A peculiar thing about this room is that headwaiter John's minions bring you your food hot and it tastes as though you were the only patron on the chef's mind.

ENCORE is the apt title of a gladsome spot which Dick Leibert, organist of Radio City Music Hall, has opened at 9 East 48th Street as a profitable hobby, and "Encore" is the watch-cry of his guests to the waiters. An open fireplace of hickory logs adds to the friendliness, and at midnight, a mysterious honey-haired damsel bobs in from the great outdoors and sings without revealing her name. Miss Yehudi, possibly? . . . As we hunched when it opened, the small but cheery Bagatelle (106 East 52nd) of Jimmy Savini has made a niche for itself in the regards of intime diners and steppers . . . Swiss independence at its folksiest is discoverable upstairs at 32 West 37th, where genial codger Hermann Bryner chefs and hosts to a crowd of his compatriots who were ambitious young immigrants when he first fed them in a funny little old hotel downtown 30 years ago. After the tables have been cleared the Swiss card game *jass* is played and if anybody pulls an extra good gag, he rings a goat-bell in appreciation.

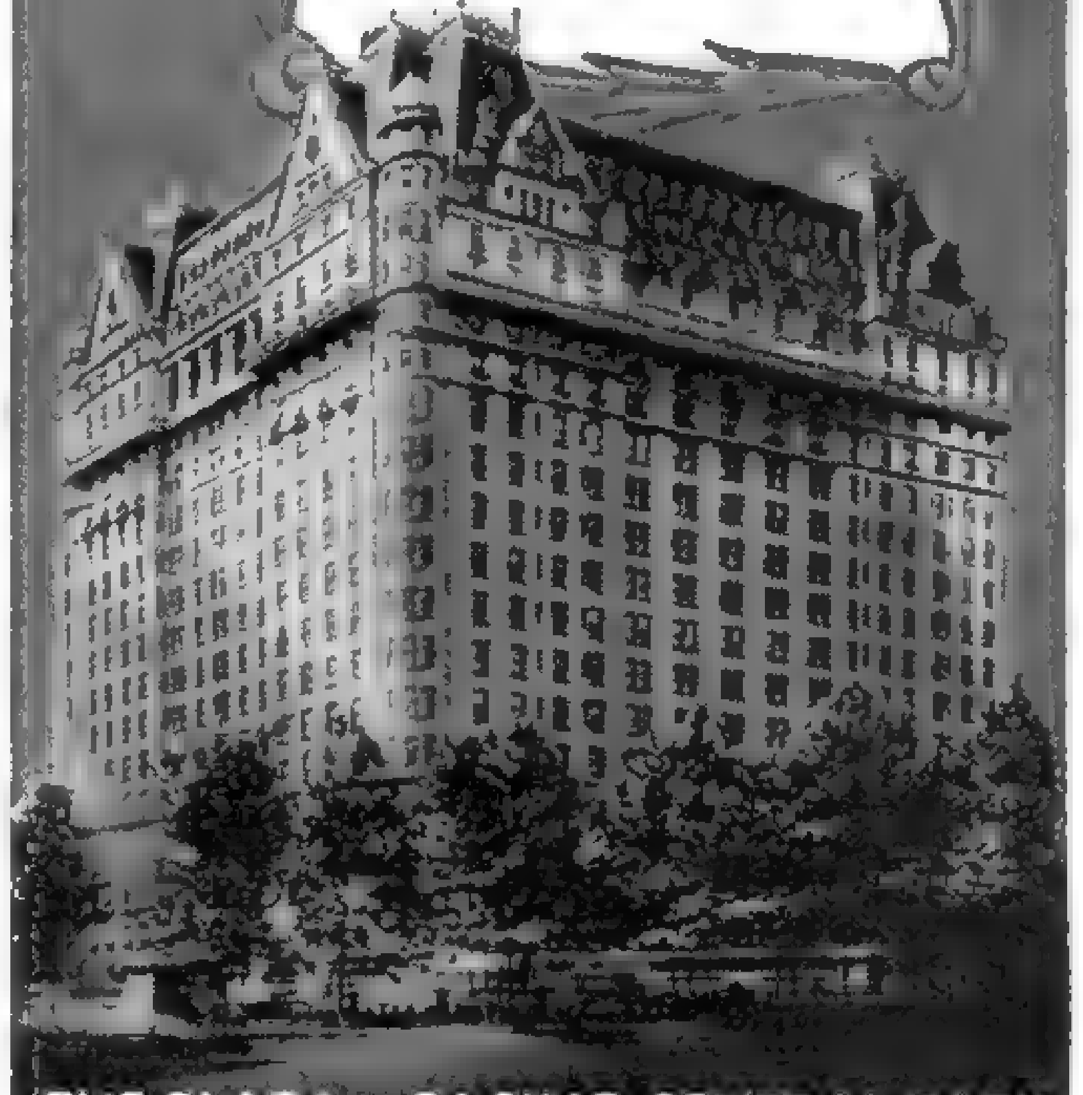
NOCTURNAL numerologists trace the name "1-2-3 Club" to its soft-gray-toned, floral-carpeted lair at 123 East 54th, dedicated to smart gag-festivity, ultra-ultra cuisine, incidental drinking, and incidental melodies lightly ripped off the ivories by host Roger Stearns who can always spare a hand from Cole Porter or Kern to shake yours, without skipping a bar. Atmosphere is serene, sophisticated, well-groomed, with glamorites of the theatre *banquetted* about. Don't be overwhelmed if Monty Woolley comes bearding in.

THE METROPOLIS is indebted to Café Society Downtown (Sheridan Square) for a distinctive outburst of wackiness in the person of one Zero Mostel, dug up from nowhere by host impresario Barney Josephson. This pale-faced item is a bonus atop the regular program of boogie-woogie and hoof rhythms. Veteran headwaiter Frank, who dates from the old Knickerbocker and lush days of Saratoga, is a calm note amid the uproar and gleefully gaga murals.



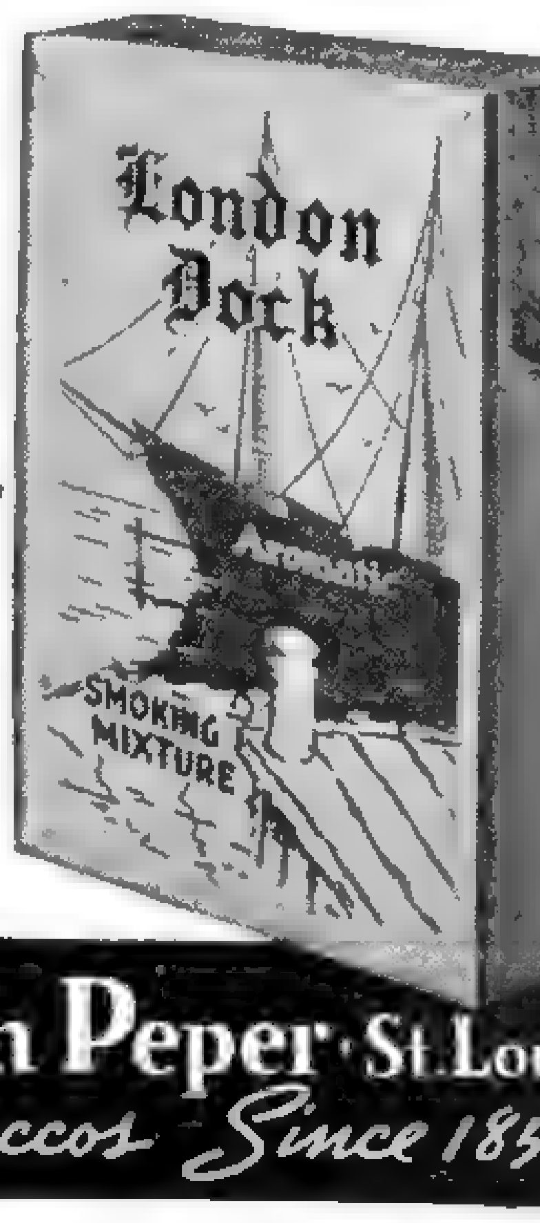
". . . calling Car 66—go to Joe's Tavern—pick up the chief —take him home"

The Plaza
NEW YORK
The repose and privacy of a charmingly styled home with the convenience of a hotel renowned for its personalized service. When you come to New York it will cost you no more to stop at the Plaza than at any other hotel of comparable standing.
Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director
THE PLAZA · FACING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH ST.



IF YOU DETECT LONDON DOCK TOBACCO BE ON THE ALERT - THAT WILL BE THE COLONEL

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC
2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to London Dock Div. 128 Delmar Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.



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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Jarman
JUNE
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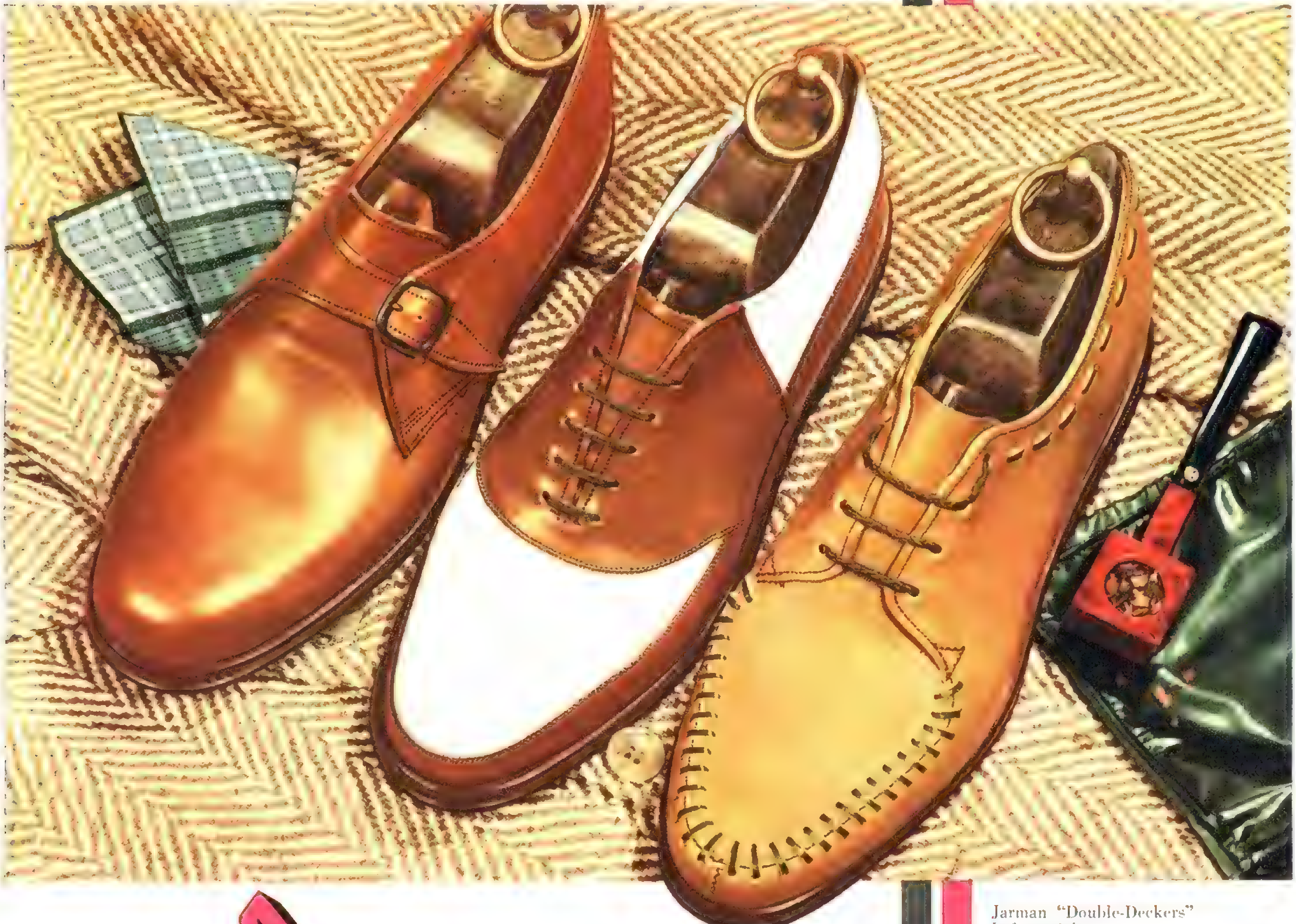
★ THE JARMAN STYLE CLOCK POINTS TO MAY AND OFFERS THE JARMAN "DOUBLE DECKER" FOR YOUR CASUAL WEAR

In the merry, merry month of May . . . are many days for play. And for your casual wear on "play" days the Jarman Style Clock, split-second guide to authentic shoe styling, recommends the new "Double Decker." Distinguishing feature of carefree "Double Deckers" is the double platform sole, a smart new contribution to leisure type footwear. They're styled for good times, built for comfort . . . light in weight, glove-soft leathers, flexible "no-breaking-in" construction. Your Jarman dealer has these and other "Double Decker" styles now on display. $5.85 to $8.85 MOST STYLES

THE Jarman STYLE CLOCK

Your Jarman dealer has on display a copy of this source-book of authentic 1942 shoe styling. The newest Jarman styles are recommended for each month of the Spring and Summer season. See it before you make your selection.



Jarman "Double-Deckers"
Left to right:
No. 2-1592, No. 2-1591, No. 2-1593

Jarman Shoe Co.
Nashville, Tenn.

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

Division of General
Shoe Corporation

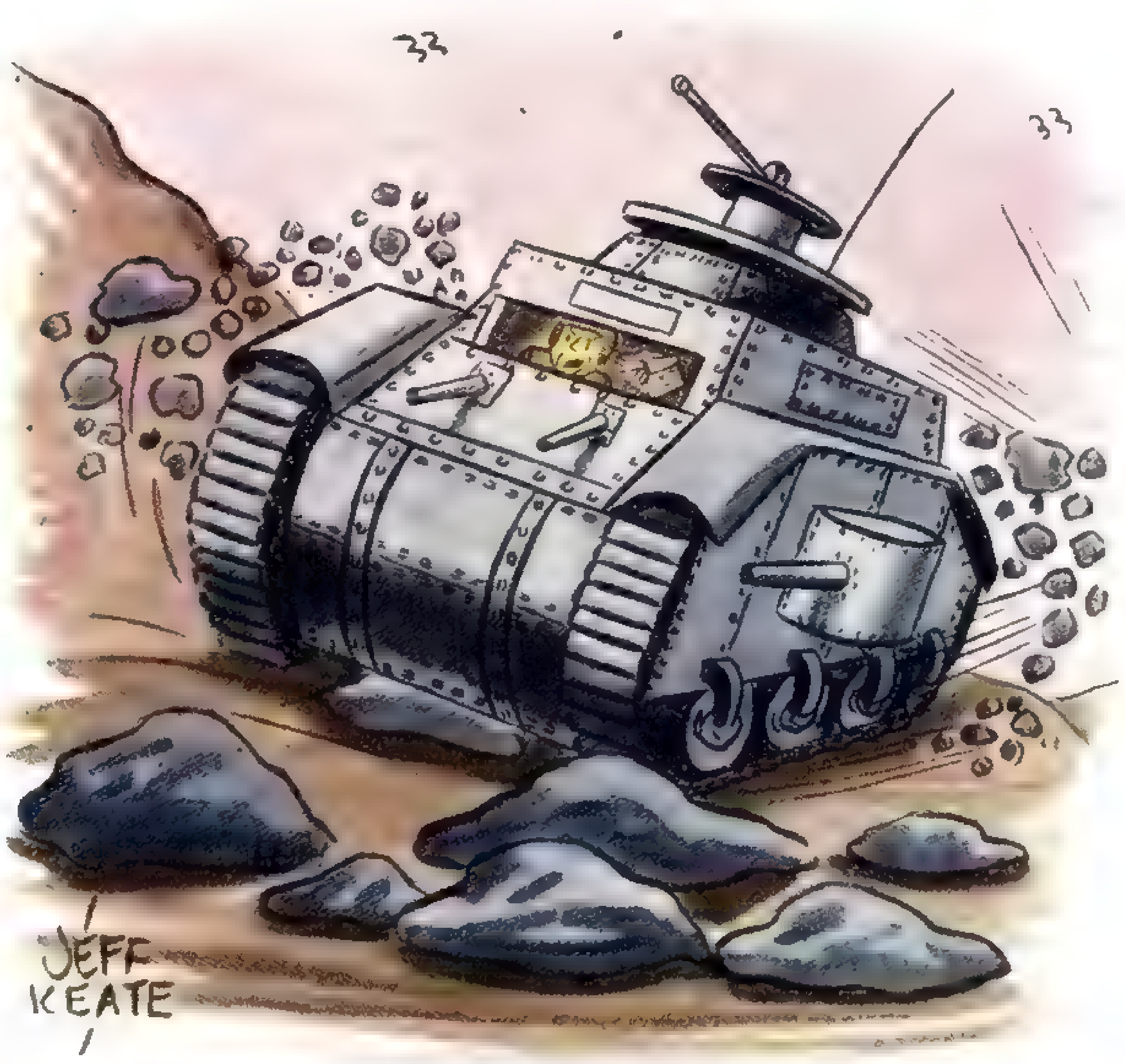
Going Places with Esquire

WHILE Commander Vincent Astor, U.S.N., is away in the service of Uncle Sam, his superb St. Regis Hotel, so ably directed by Gaston Lauryssen, remains a shining exemplar of hospitality at its most glamorous, most fastidious. Nowanights the Iridium Room is the social focal point, with maître John Kroll on the quarter-deck and Paul Sparr on the podium, and seraphic viands on the fire.

GIRL MEETS BORSCHT, with vodka on the side, at Peter Nemiroff's Russian Kretchma, 244 East 14th (that blonde lady at the desk is Mrs. N.) a hard place to steer away from if you are in the mood for Slavic enthusiasm of a leaping, lilty sort. Gypsy violinist Coldoban wrings throbs out of his fiddle, and slices of Russian life are dished . . . Songstresses around town comprise quite a gallery of modern hair-do art, don't they? . . . It was no bull in a china shop, picking Freddy concerto-tosser Martin as maestro of the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room. Gone so enormous, they are holding him there till Starlight Roof season, which he'll open . . . Swell, and typical, of restaurateur Arnold Reuben to free-feed the A.W.V.S. at the time the *Normandie* burned . . . Much party was had th'other evening in the Mission Row (cowls, candles and what not) at the House of Cribari in honor of the launching of *The American Wine Cook Book* by Fred Hatch. Found ourselves lost in an impenetrable forest of vats, all smelling lovely.

SLY MUSICAL MESMERIST Leo Reisman is wanding the gliding at the luscious Rainbow Room, where François bows welcome and Auguste dangles the Phi Beta Kappa key to the cellar. Three-alarm ballerina Tamiris, flanked by two assistants, dances to authentic songs of 1776, and negro spirituals, with a pair of vocalists chorusing on the sidelines. Dainty debbie Eleanor French styles apt numbers. And, hurrah, ribster Billy de Wolfe has bounced back with a new repertoire.

THE CRY, "Hey, Waiter!" is never uttered in the sacro-smart atmosphere of the Baroque (14 East 53rd)—else partners Frank and Joseph would fall upon their carving knives, such fanatical perfectionists they are, sixth-sensing any yen that occurs to your stomach's mind. Their chef deals in sauces which glorify natural flavor instead of competing with it, and service is meticulous without recourse to hocus-pocus, satisfaction being the sole end. It is no surprise to find that American wine offerings have been selected sagaciously from vintners of irreproachable prestige.



"Well, hell! I'll just give up trying to read!"

For an appetizing cocktail

USE THIS DARK JAMAICA RUM

When you make your Cocktails with Myers's Rum you have the drink that is both handsome in colour and matchless in taste. For that wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be MYERS'S
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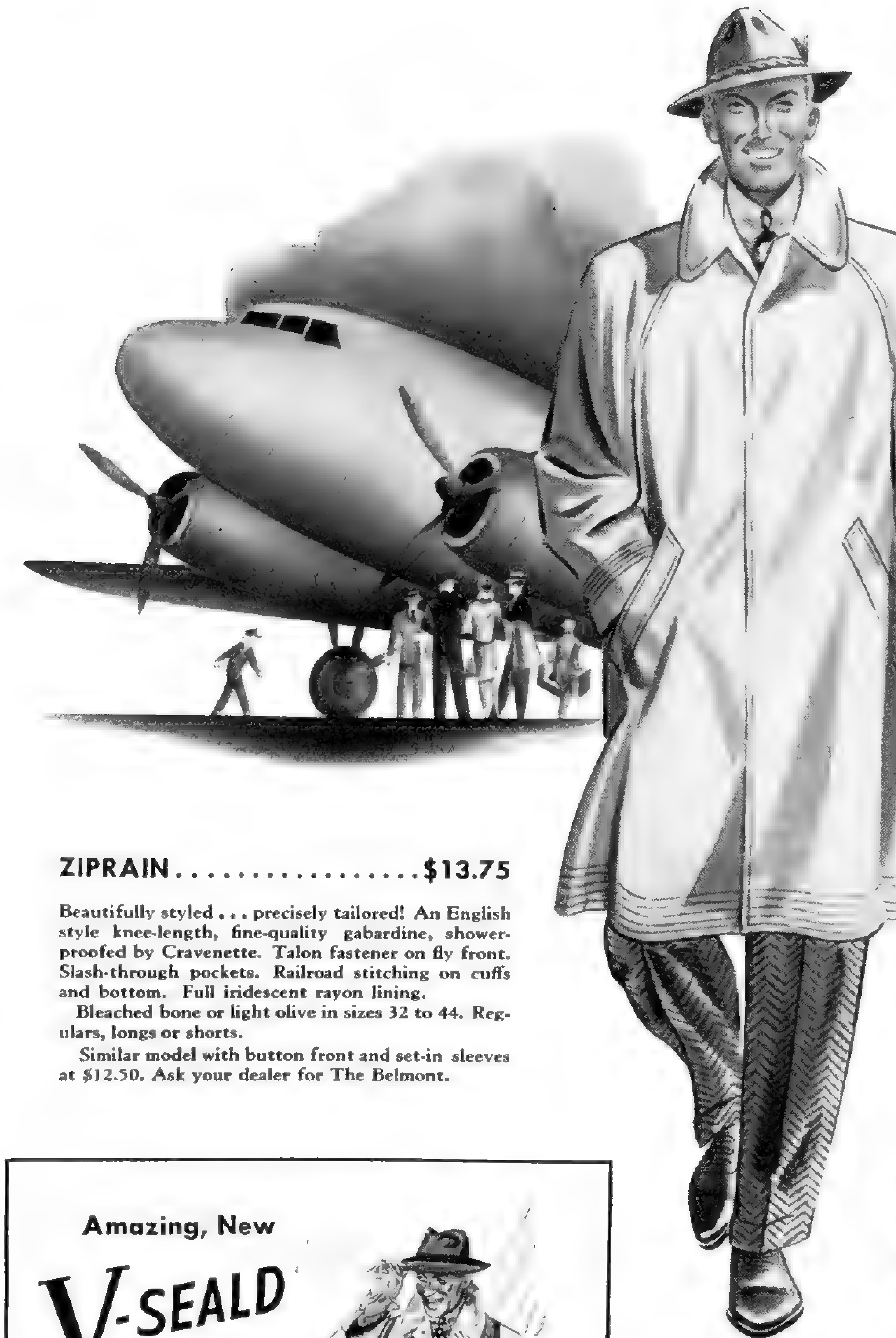
in the year's best storm coat models . . . by Rainfair



ZIPRAIN $13.75

Beautifully styled . . . precisely tailored! An English style knee-length, fine-quality gabardine, showerproofed by Cravenette. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash-through pockets. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Full iridescent rayon lining.

Bleached bone or light olive in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars, longs or shorts.

Similar model with button front and set-in sleeves at $12.50. Ask your dealer for The Belmont.

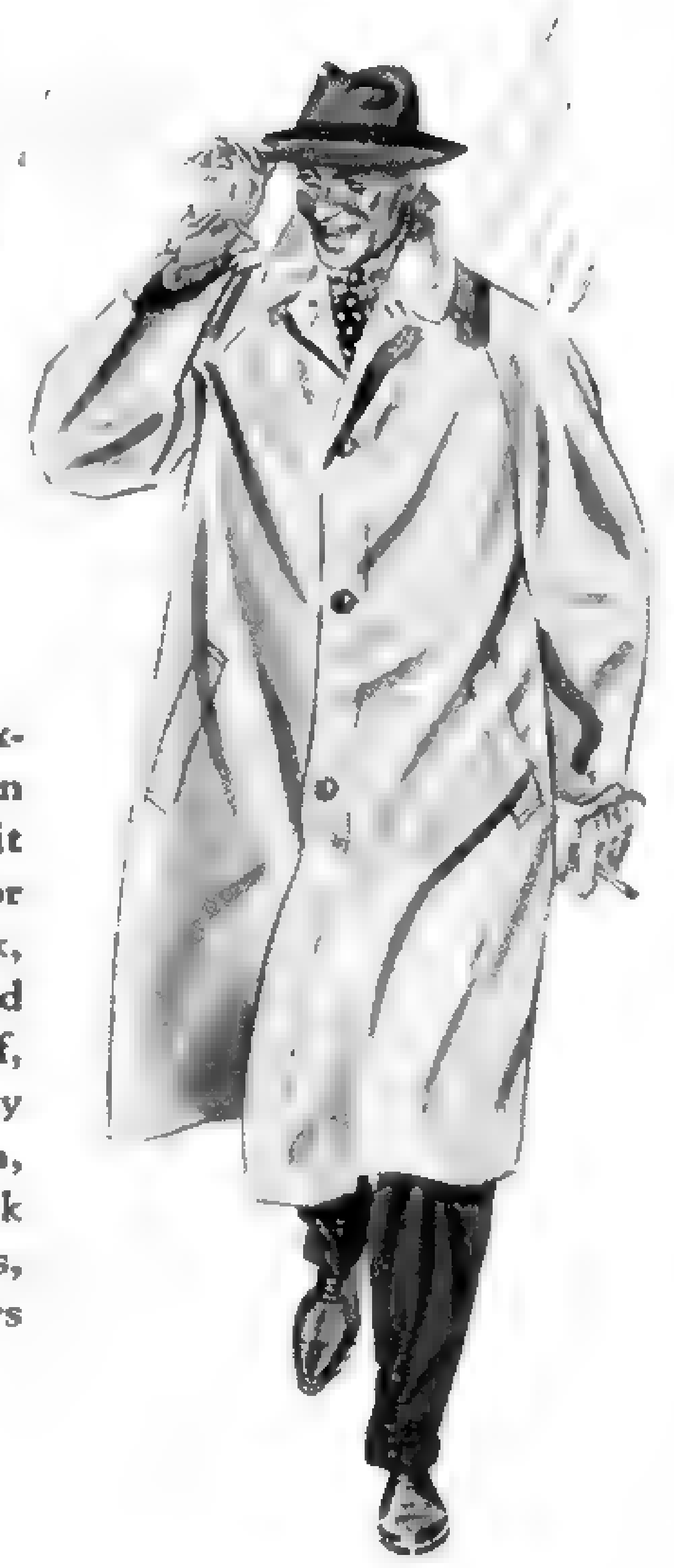
Amazing, New

V-SEALD

RAINCOAT

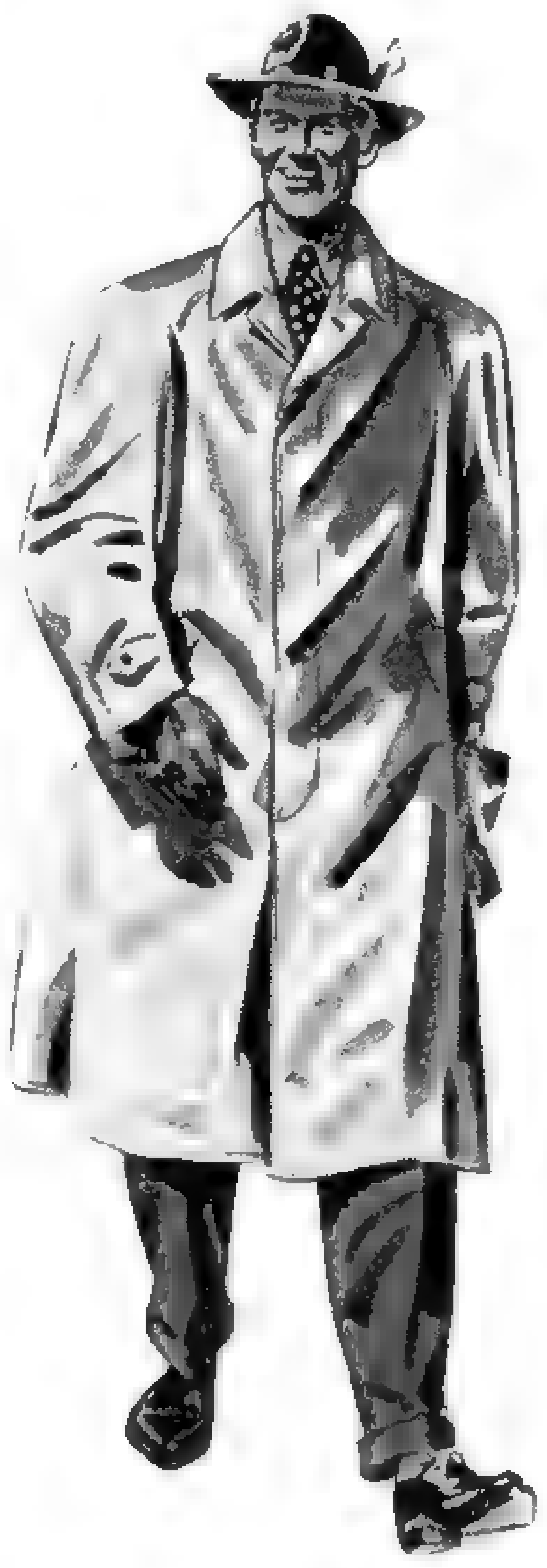
100% Waterproof

$6.50



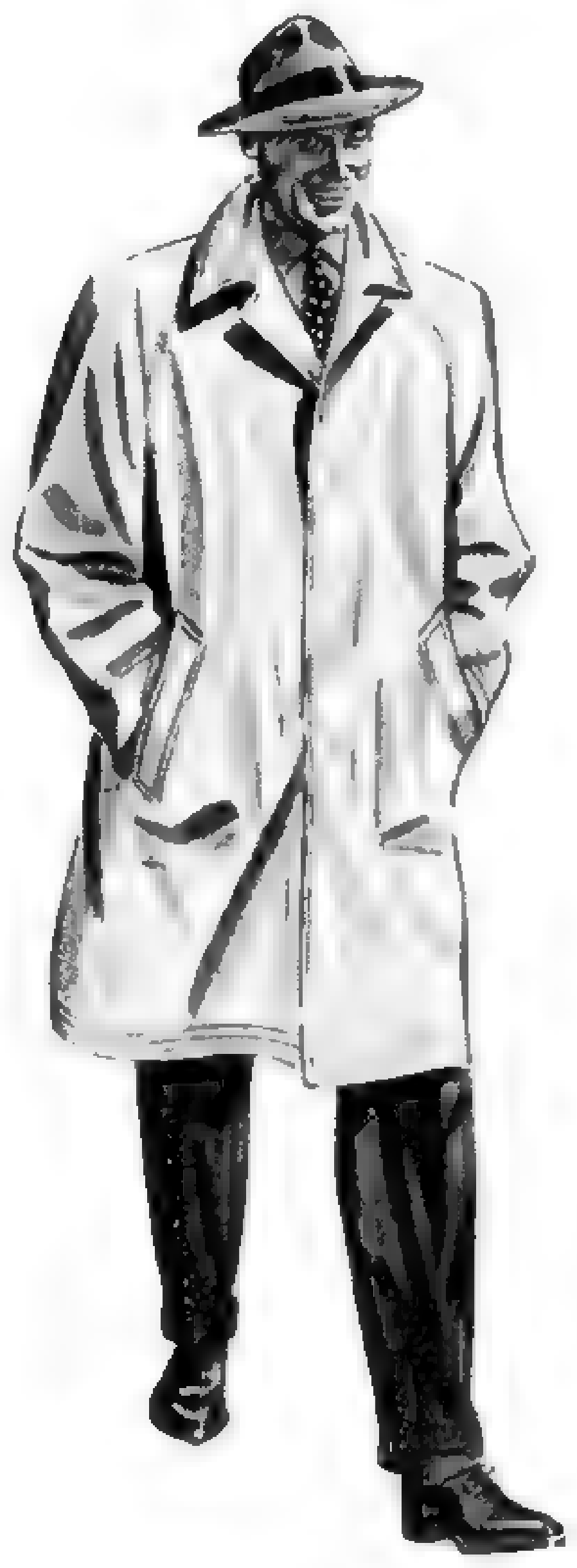
The Raincoat you never expected to find! Made by an *exclusive* Rainfair process, it contains neither rubber nor oil. Guaranteed not to stick, stiffen or crack. Guaranteed to be sunproof, greaseproof, stain-proof. It's absolutely odorless. In small, medium, large, extra large sizes. Black and green in regulars, longs, and shorts. Beige in regulars or longs.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies



GRAFTON $11.50

Ideal for general or business wear! One of Rainfair's most popular gabardine Storm Coats for men of all ages! Showerproofed by Cravenette. Balmacaan style coat with fly front. Expertly tailored. Deep yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous long-life rayon. Fawn, light olive, taupe, green, or bleached bone in sizes 34 to 46. Regulars, longs, shorts.



TACKLE TWILL $16.75

Made water repellent by famous Long-Life Cravenette process. Keeps its water-repellent qualities when dry cleaned!

Expertly styled by Rainfair into a knee-length Storm Coat that's in a class by itself! Raglan shoulders. Railroad stitching on cuffs and bottom. Deep yoke and sleeve linings of lustrous rayon. In eggshell or tan. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.

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Danville—Deutsch Bros.
Decatur—Blakeney & Plum
Elgin—Chas. M. Danner Co.
Galesburg—The Continental
Jacksonville—Myers Bros.
Joliet—Dinet & Co.
Kankakee—Vanderwater Clo. Co.
Peoria—Schradzki's
Rockford—Ed. Carlson's
Springfield—Myers Bros.
Waukegan—Durkin & Durkin

INDIANA
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Fort Wayne—Wolf & Dessauer
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Michigan City—Fred Stern
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South Bend—Max Adler
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Kalamazoo—G. W. Taylor Co.
Lansing—Brooks Clothes
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Greenville—Ed Cornell's, Inc.
Sandusky—Manhattan Clo. Co.
Toledo—B. R. Baker

PENNSYLVANIA
Butler—Benson Stores
Erie—P. A. Meyer Co.
Homestead—Ray Friedman
Indiana—Moorhead's
Johnstown—Penn Traffic Co.
Lancaster—Frank F. Filling
McKeesport—Henry B. Klein
New Kensington—Alex Sloan
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Jos. Horne Co.
Pottsville-Bohorad's, Inc.
Uniontown—Benson's
Washington—Jack Hart
Wilkes-Barre—The Hub

VIRGINIA
Alexandria—Cohen's Quality Shop
Arlington—The Quality Shop
Charlottesville—Kaufman Sons, Inc.
Lexington—Ed. Deaver & Sons
Lynchburg—J. E. Wood & Bros., Inc.
Newport News—Mirmelstein's
Norfolk—Shulman & Co.
Portsmouth—Barney Boys' Shop
Richmond—Miller & Rhoads
Roanoke—Glenn Minnich Co.
Staunton—Blackburn's

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston—A. W. Cox Dept. Store
Clarksburg—Will Melet Co.
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley & Son

WISCONSIN
Appleton—Wm. Peterson Clo. Store
Beloit—Reitler Clo. Co.
Fond du Lac—T. E. Ahern
Ft. Atkinson—Jensen & Jones
Green Bay—Stiefel's
Kenosha—Isermann Bros.
La Crosse—Peter Newburg Clo. Co
Madison—F. W. Karstens Co.
Manitowoc—Schuette Bros. Co.
Marinette—Lauerman Bros. Co.
Menasha—Bevers & Schmalz
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Benny Leonard

Benny Leonard grew up on New York's lower East Side where one had to fight, he says, to survive. At fifteen he started fighting in the prize ring and won the Lightweight Championship of the world May 28, 1917, by knocking out Freddie Welch of England in the 9th round. Two weeks later this country was at war and he went into the Army as boxing director and toured the country instructing soldiers in boxing and bayonet fighting. He continued defending his championship until 1925, when he retired undefeated. He has made some motion pictures and played show business for a number of years. At present he is Advertising Manager for the Champ Hat Company, and referees boxing contests.

•

Ernest Noyes, who wrote *So You're Going to Study Spanish* is a linguistics expert who was for years in the Middle America Research Department at Tulane University. He has spent a lot of time in Central and South America and made some native records in Honduras last fall.

•

William A. Krauss spent four restful years at the University of Virginia and five restless years on a newspaper; then sailed south to take up residence in Haiti which is, he says, the loveliest island in any sea. With his wife he lives in what was once the plantation house of an experimental rubber estate.

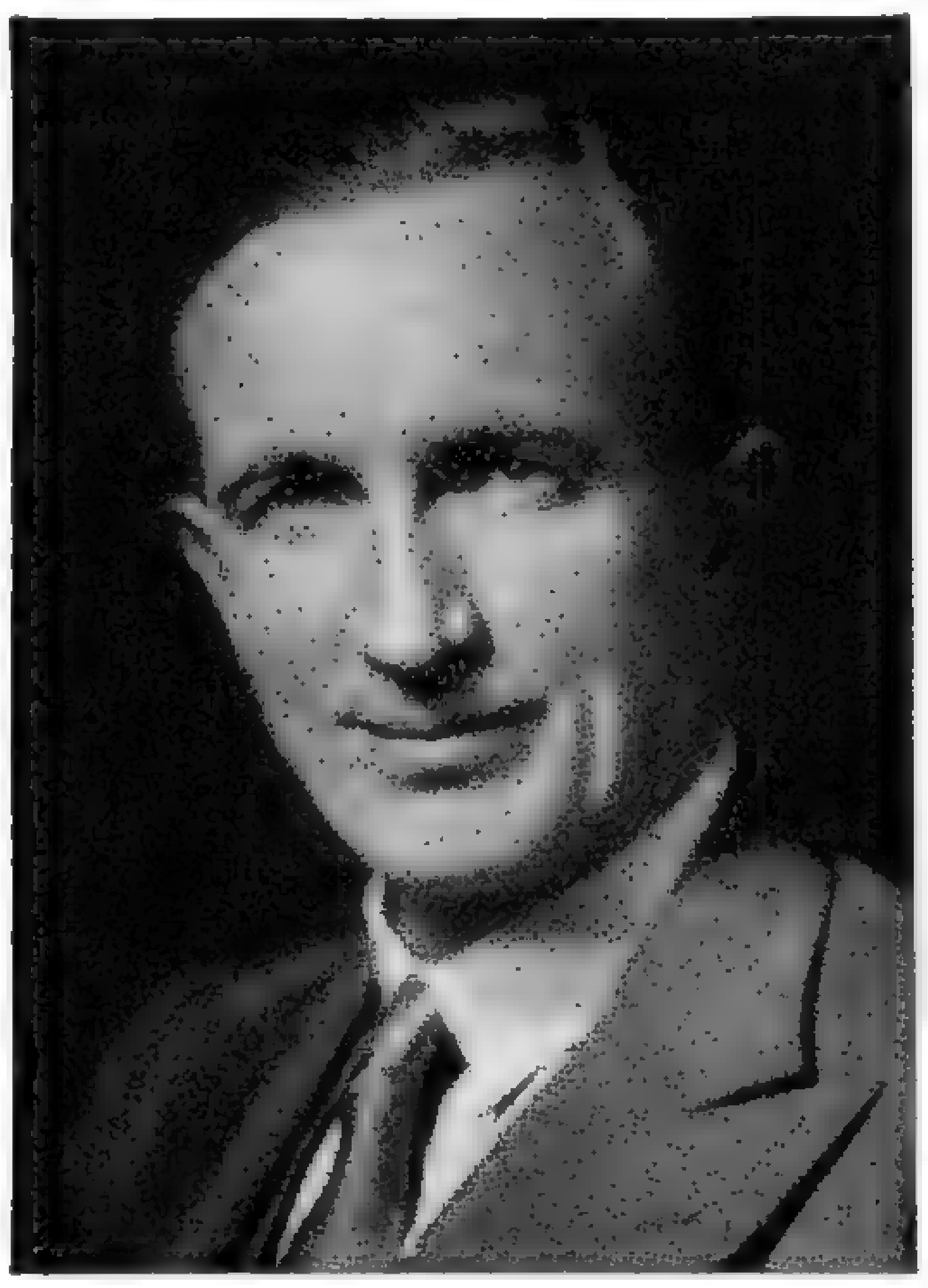
William A. Krauss

•

J. E. Lobner was born in Colfax, California and "grew up in the alternately green and tawny foothills of the Sierra Nevadas with a story-telling grandfather," has taught school in Auburn and Oakland, California, published verse in little poetry magazines and coached dramatics.

•

Roscoe Fleming has always been a newspaperman, barring a hitch in the Army during the First World War. He was in on the birth of two newspapers—the *Minnesota Daily Star* and the *Baltimore Post*. Since 1923 he has been with Scripps-Howard. Five years ago he went to Colorado for his health which resulted in his acquaintanceship with Nininger (the subject of his article), and many other interesting people. He is married and has two children.



Liam O'Flaherty

Liam O'Flaherty was born in 1896 in the Aran Islands where Synge wrote his *Playboy of the Western World*. He was educated in the Jesuit College, where he studied for the priesthood and later at University College, Dublin. When the War started he joined the Irish Guards under an assumed name. After a year he was shell-shocked and returned to Ireland in time to join the Irish Revolution, organizing ex-soldiers in Dublin and conducting a comic-opera war of his own. When life grew too calm in Ireland he shipped to South America, chopped logs in Canada and engaged himself in some mysterious business in Asia Minor at the time the Turks were driving out the Greeks. He visited America, earning his living by working in restaurants and print shops or soap-boxing for the Labor party. His first among many novels was *Thy Neighbor's Wife*.

•

Donald Barr Chidsey has worked on newspapers from Honolulu to Paris, quitting whenever he got enough money together to go some other place. He has been among other things a bartender, bridge teacher, and ship yard worker; once he ran a tearoom in Bermuda; and then again, he ran a poker game in Waikiki. He calls Tahiti home but he has visited almost every Polynesian group and most of the Melanesian groups as well, usually in small sailing boats. He disappears for months and comes back, grinning, with a lot of manuscripts and new jokes.

•

Harold E. Lewis, contributor of *The New Fishing Technique*, is a big outdoor writer, having been employed by the forestry bureau of the New York State Conservation Department, Firearms Editor of the *New York State Sportsman*, Outdoor Editor of the *Saratoga Star* and the *Ballston Spa* (N. Y.) *Daily Journal*. His stuff has also appeared in *Hunting & Fishing*, *Fur-Fish-Game*, *National Humane Review*, *Modern Taxidermist* and *Our Dumb Animals*.

Robert C. McCormick

When Robert C. McCormick was sixteen he crashed a President Hoover press conference and talked him into issuing a brief inaugural message as honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America. After that coup he was made a cub reporter on the *Troy Record* in Saratoga Springs. It was there he first became interested in thoroughbred horses. Six years ago he joined The Associated Press staff. His stories have been in *Collier's*, *Turf and Sport Digest*, *Sport Story Magazine* and *Who*. He's twenty-nine, married, with a seven-year-old son, and lives in Albany, New York. And here's his tip on the Kentucky Derby: "Don't go too heavy on Alsab, Col. Ed Bradley has a three-year-old who'll probably beat Alsab two out of three times this year: Bless Me."

•

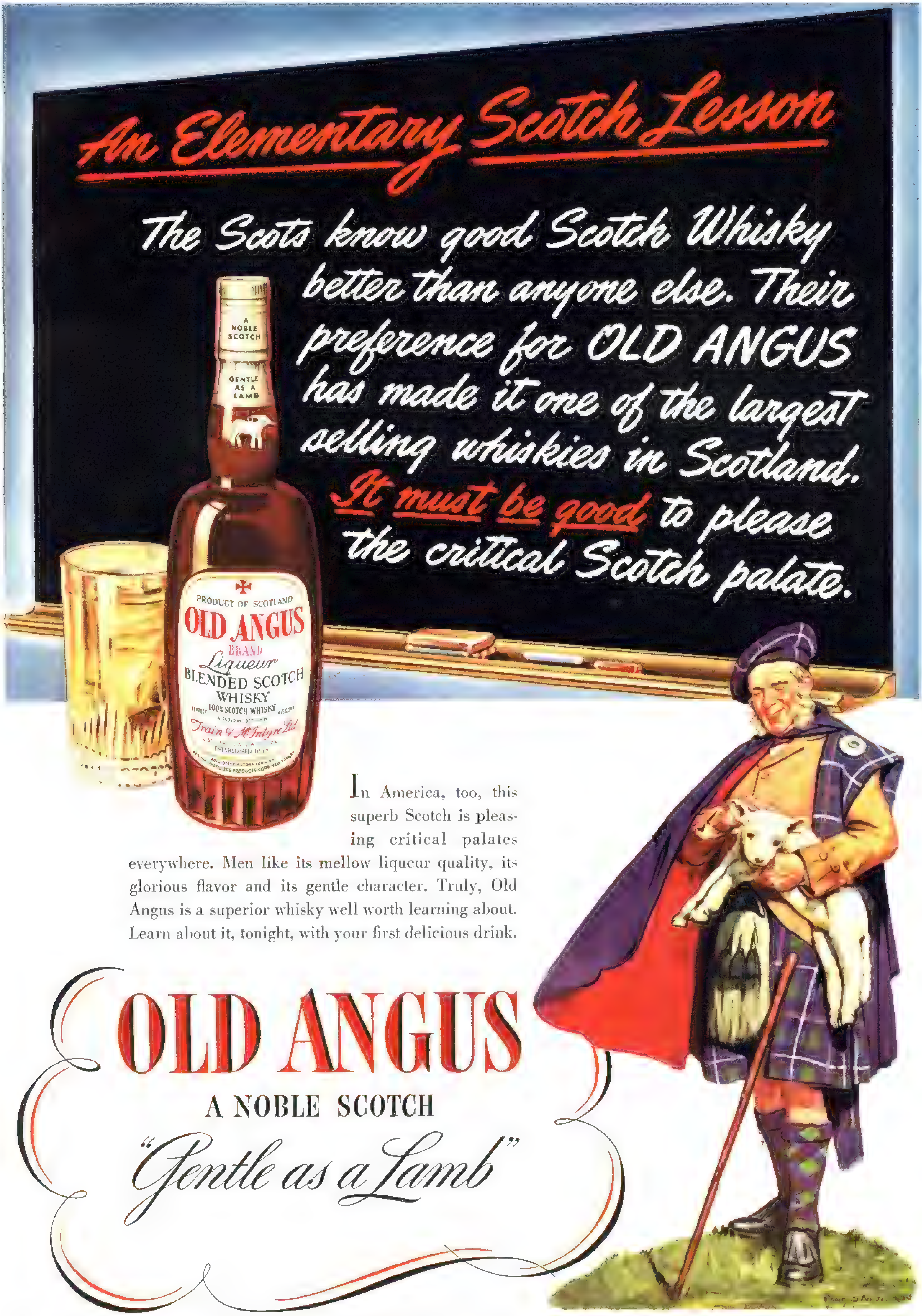
H. V. Kaltenborn is the Dean of Radio Commentators, having recently celebrated his 20th anniversary of his first appearance on the air. He was a newspaper reporter and editor for a quarter-century before becoming a commentator. He served as soldier and correspondent during the Spanish War of 1898. Soldiering developed his wanderlust and for two years after his discharge he wandered over the United States and Europe, earning his way by selling stereoscopes and foreign correspondence. On returning to America he worked as a reporter on the *Brooklyn Eagle* and then decided he needed a Harvard education which he secured, winning a Phi Beta Kappa key into the bargain. He has become a topflight attraction on the lecture platform and since 1938, when he had the whole world listening to the 102 broadcasts he did in seventeen days during the Munich crisis, he has regularly won public-opinion polls as America's favorite news analyst.

H. V. Kaltenborn

•

Manuel Komroff's new book, *In the Years of Our Lord*, comprising the New Testament stories which have been running in these pages, is scheduled for publication by Harper's this month. During the past year Mr. Komroff has been teaching a course in the English department of Columbia University in The Technique of the Novel. He says the pupils may not have learned much but it has certainly cleared his own mind about many problems.

Manuel Komroff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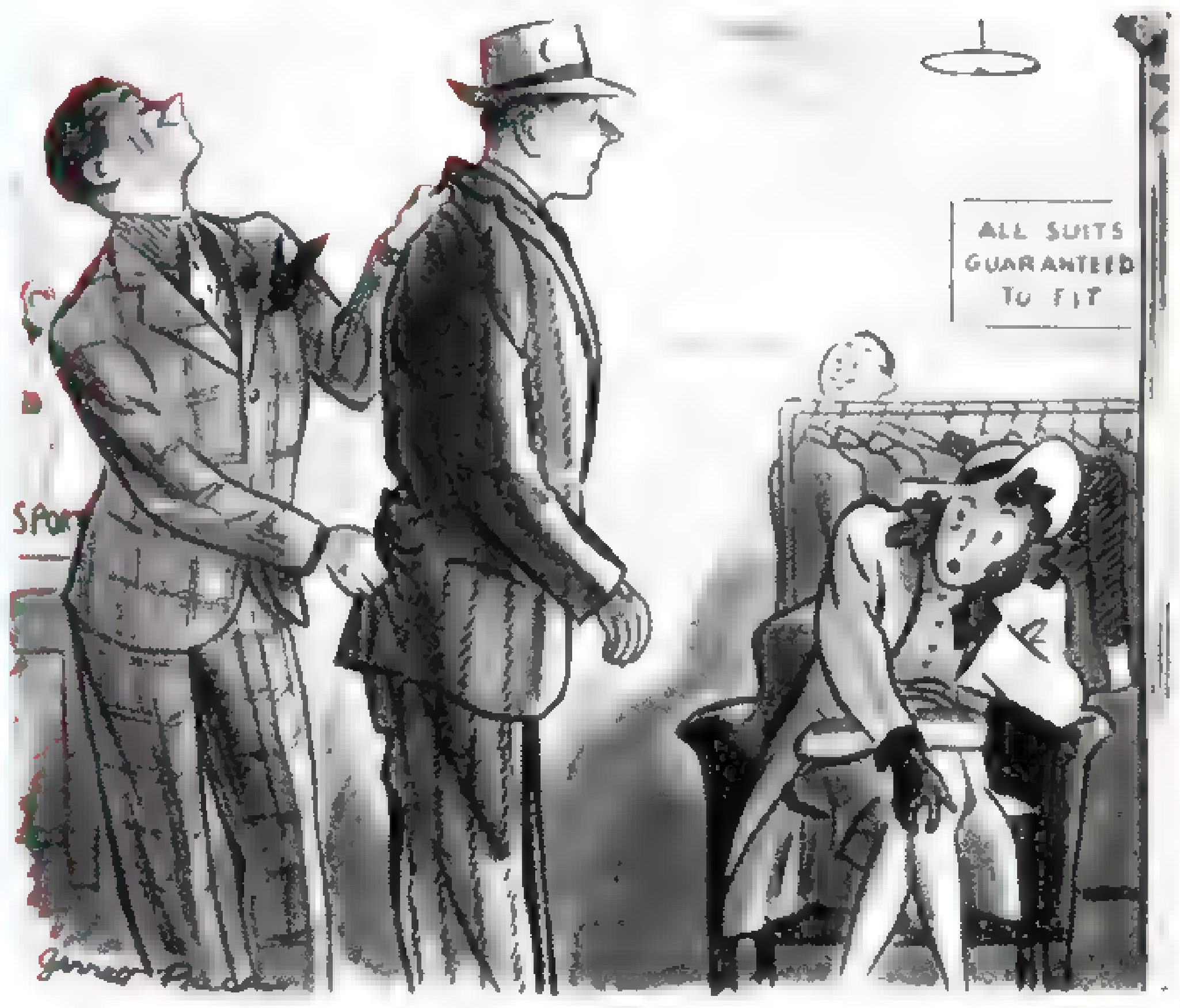
got a blitz fit, brother?


ALL SUITS GUARANTEED TO FIT

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AND AFTER A FEW MONTHS of wear, when the suit shows its true colors, you're apt to find you have bought something that has a front with no morale, a pincher movement every time you move, an exposed rear, maybe.

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GOOD EXAMPLE is the Gulfweight suit, shown here. Read about it—then see it, at your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's this week.

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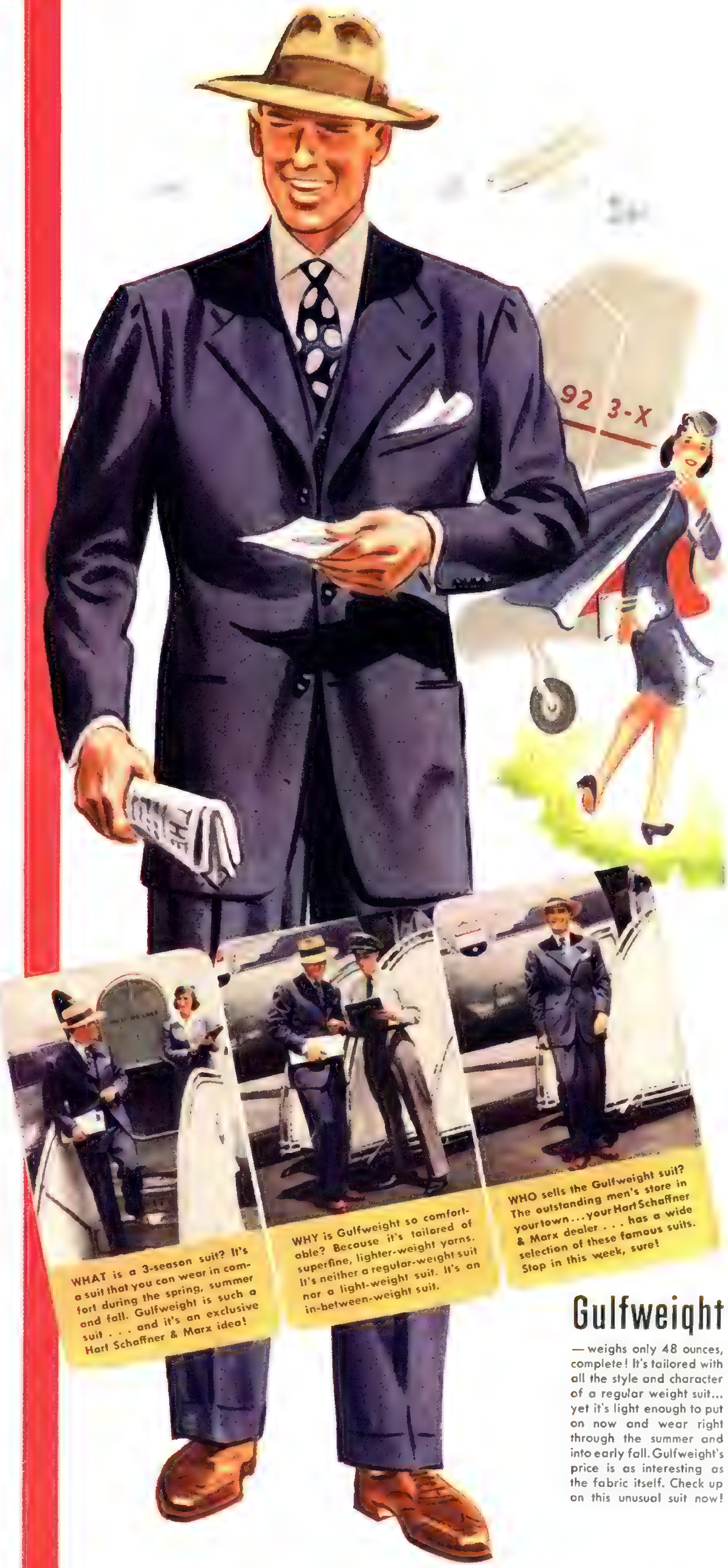

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Good Soldiers Play Safe

Uniformed civilians and professional army men disagree plenty about duty, the enemy, advancing and retreating

by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

• ARTICLE •

My hair almost stands on end nowadays, when I read about the sordid and melancholy manner in which this war is conducted. Believe it or not, the soldiers engaged in this war really hate the enemy. It is waged by rival armies of fanatics. And the most strange aspect of the whole affair is that the professional soldier is treated with extreme suspicion by every country engaged in the conflict. There is the rub. That is why the war is sordid and melancholy. It is being waged and directed by savage and uncivilized civilians, rather than by professional soldiers.

The last great war, in which I had the honor to take part, began as a very fine and well conducted contest. Towards the end, it degenerated into a free-for-all affair. So to speak, the spectators broke onto the playing field and ruined the game. However, I belonged to a unit that remained uncorrupted by the process of degeneration. Even though I cannot claim to be a professional soldier, my service in His Britannic Majesty's Brigade of Guards enables me to appreciate the great difference between the morale of a professional soldier and that of a uniformed civilian.

The civilian's conception of morale is a barbarous one. He hates war because it forces him to sacrifice his comfort and possibly his life. In return for his sacrifice, the most he can expect is the doubtful and barren pleasure of making the enemy suffer more than himself. For that reason, he wants to annihilate the enemy as quickly as possible. He thinks that a high morale is synonymous with hatred of the enemy and eagerness to destroy him. The professional soldier, on the other hand, has no such attitude towards war or towards the enemy. He knows that war is the ultimate purpose of his profession and that an enemy is necessary for the conduct of the affair.

An incident occurred during the Boer War, which illustrates the peculiar attitude of the professional soldier towards the enemy. As an army transport approached the pier of Cape Town, a sergeant cried: "Three cheers for Paul Kruger." All the other soldiers, assembled on the ship's deck, responded gallantly and gave three rousing cheers for the heroic leader of the enemy army. One of them, being reprimanded afterwards at Cape Town by an angry civilian for this seeming exhibition of disloyalty to the British cause, answered indignantly: "And why shouldn't we cheer Kruger? Were it not for him there wouldn't be a war."

Today it would be difficult to find in the allied countries a body of soldiers who would cheer Adolf Hitler for similar reasons of professional etiquette. If they did cheer him, they would probably be executed at once as fifth columnists. And yet, a few weeks before the outbreak of this war, I met by accident an old gentleman who was a blood brother of the sergeant at Cape Town. He truly belonged to the almost extinct type of soldier that regarded war as a noble art.

It was at a small fishing hotel near the town of Galway. The old gentleman, a former cavalry colonel and veteran of four wars, was a fanatical fisherman and did not even spare time to read the newspapers except on a day it was impossible to fish. One bad morning after breakfast, he gloomily opened the papers that had been mailed to him from his London club. Discovering that a war seemed imminent he became very excited. In a long and learned article, illustrated by a world map, the military correspondent of *The Times* was attempting to forecast the strategy of the German war lord. The article and the map fascinated the old colonel. He called me over and pointed out to me on the map the important points, Gibraltar, Suez, the Caucasus, Singapore. He explained to me the brilliance with which the German high command had prepared for the strangulation of the British Empire. Then he struck the map with his fist and cried in an exalted fashion: "Brilliant, sir! Brilliant! This fellow is going to put us on our mettle. He is easily the best since Napoleon." He talked exultantly for some time about the coming struggle to master this "noteworthy opponent." Then his boatman appeared to say that the weather had suddenly cleared. The old gentleman sighed, took a last look at the map and went away to fish. (Old age compelled him to hunt lesser game.)

Only once during my service in the Guards did I come across an instance of a narrow-minded attitude towards the enemy. It was during the Summer of 1917, about the time when the First World War began to degenerate into an unseemly row between rival masses of uniformed conscripts. A group of these conscripts had been drafted to our battalion, which was then at rest. One of them startled and shocked us in the canteen on the evening of his arrival by making a sort of political speech. He proclaimed that he had come to France in order to hang the Kaiser and to make the world safe for democracy. He went further and said that he was engaged in a war to end war. He accused the enemy of committing the most unspeakable atrocities, including the use of babies as a meat ration and making high explosive from those killed in action. Finally, he swore that he was anxious to get into action, in order to win a decoration for valor.

He was only a recruit with four months' training and yet we all thought on hearing the fellow: "My God! It looks bad when they are sending us impossible idiots like this." Instinctively, we knew the fellow was a coward and an impostor. All this nonsense

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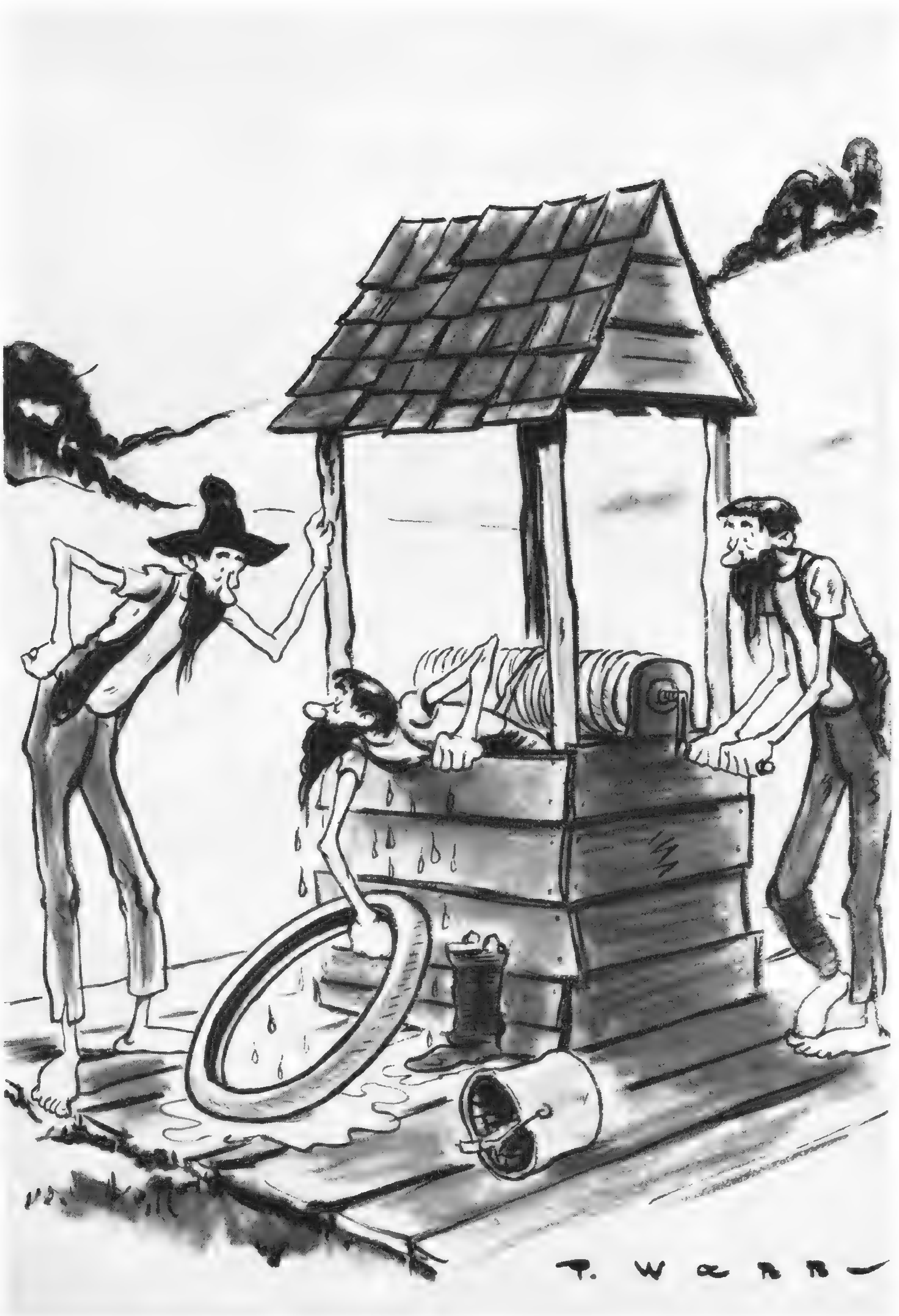
"Are you sure, Mrs. Thorndike, that you're adhering to the policies of the U. S. O.?"



"Good thing Ah remembered 'bout Paw gittin' mad an' tossin' it down thar last summer—dang water oughta taste better now, too"

What Do You Hear From Your Heart?

Fiction heroes give up money for love but when a fellow is dumped into the dilemma himself it takes some thought

by JOE ABRAMS

• FICTION •

THIS is a problem for older and wiser heads, I was thinking as I knocked on my father's door. The matter must be viewed without emotion by a disinterested party and judged by its merits alone. And certainly if there is one man in the world who is well qualified to advise me, that man is my father.

I went into the room and stood for a moment without speaking, fingering through the pages of a newspaper which lay on the table, but all the while wondering how I might begin the conversation. My father gazed at me quizzically for a brief second or two, then sat in his leather chair.

"Sit down," he said.

I sat down gratefully.

"Now tell me about it," he said.

I poured out my heart to him, hesitantly at first, then in torrents of words. It was good to relieve myself of the pressure, and it seemed that every word I spoke was a weight lifted from my heart.

Then, when I had finished, he rubbed his nose thoughtfully with his thumb. At last he spoke.

"As I see it," said my father, "yours is the oldest problem in the world. You are a young man only recently admitted to the bar. You foresee years of sacrifice and struggle before your reputation as a lawyer is established. And then *woman* enters the picture. Not one woman, but *two*. One is the woman of your dreams, the palpitator of your heart. The other is the woman of means, the woman of influence and friends. With the first you could live a life of happiness and poverty. With the second you could insure the success of your career. The question is . . . which?"

"That's it," I said, feeling a little ashamed of myself.

My father continued. "No matter which way I might advise you," he said, "you would never be satisfied. Always you would torture yourself with visions of that other life. Therefore, I shall not advise you. Instead I shall tell you a story."

* * *

I think I have told you before (said my father) that at one time I was the wealthiest man in my native town of Ribovsk in Russia-Poland. And how did I achieve such wealth? By being an astute businessman and never allowing emotions to color my good judgment. Men said Hyman Brijalnik is cold as ice, but he is always right. Women complained bitterly of my business credo, but in the end they followed my instructions.

I was a *schadchen*. Or perhaps I should say a "marriage broker." You understand that my profession required the utmost tact and perseverance. The work was difficult, but the income was considerable so long as I was able to remain cold and unemotional. For instance, a young man wishes to marry a certain girl. Let us assume that both are very poor. Even a fool can see that my fee for arranging such a match would be so small that it would be sheer waste of time.

I was not in business to make lovebirds happy. I was in business for the same reason that any other man is in business . . . to make money. In Russia only the most rebellious of lovers would dare to defy convention by wedding without the services of the *schadchen*—only such radical elements as later conspired to create the revolution.

My procedure was very simple. Rather than match a poor young man with a poor young girl, I would match the poor young man with a wealthier girl, and the poor young girl with a wealthier man. In this way I was able to command much higher fees and point with pride to the financial solvency of my clients.

All went well until the day young Viktor Levinsky came to my home.

"*Gaspadyin*," he said, "I am in love."

"So?" I said. "I am very happy to hear it. And who, may I ask, is the lucky girl?"

His jaw hung loosely in an ox-like expression that comes only from one of two sources, a blow on the head, or the rapture of love.

"She is more wonderful than the promise of heaven," he said fervently addressing the ceiling. "She is more lovely than the autumn moon, and holier than a prayer."

"No doubt," I said impatiently, "but what is her name?"

He looked reproachfully at me. "Her name?" he repeated. "Ah yes, her name. It is like a song, like a classic poem, like the whisper of leaves and the sighing of an April wind. Her name is Nadia Norostritch. Never has there been a woman like . . ."

"Nadia Norostritch!"

"You . . . you do not approve?" he asked apprehensively.

"It is impossible," I said. "It is no match."

His brow wrinkled in a forlorn hopeless expression. But naturally I could not let pity interfere with my sound business methods.

"No match?" he breathed brokenly.

"No match," I said. "It is a pity that one so beautiful as she should be cursed with such poverty. While I have never seen the girl, I have heard that she is extremely comely. But even so, mere beauty does not bring bread into the home. Her eyes, while they may be large as moons, will not transform your kopeks into rubles. Believe me, Viktor Levinsky, her beauty will lessen, and your poverty will increase. It is no match."

"But I am in love."

"You must be practical. You must think of the future. You must have a wife who can offer you comforts and comparative wealth. Love fades rapidly, I assure you."

"Must it be so?"

"Always," I said. "Love is a trick of nature:

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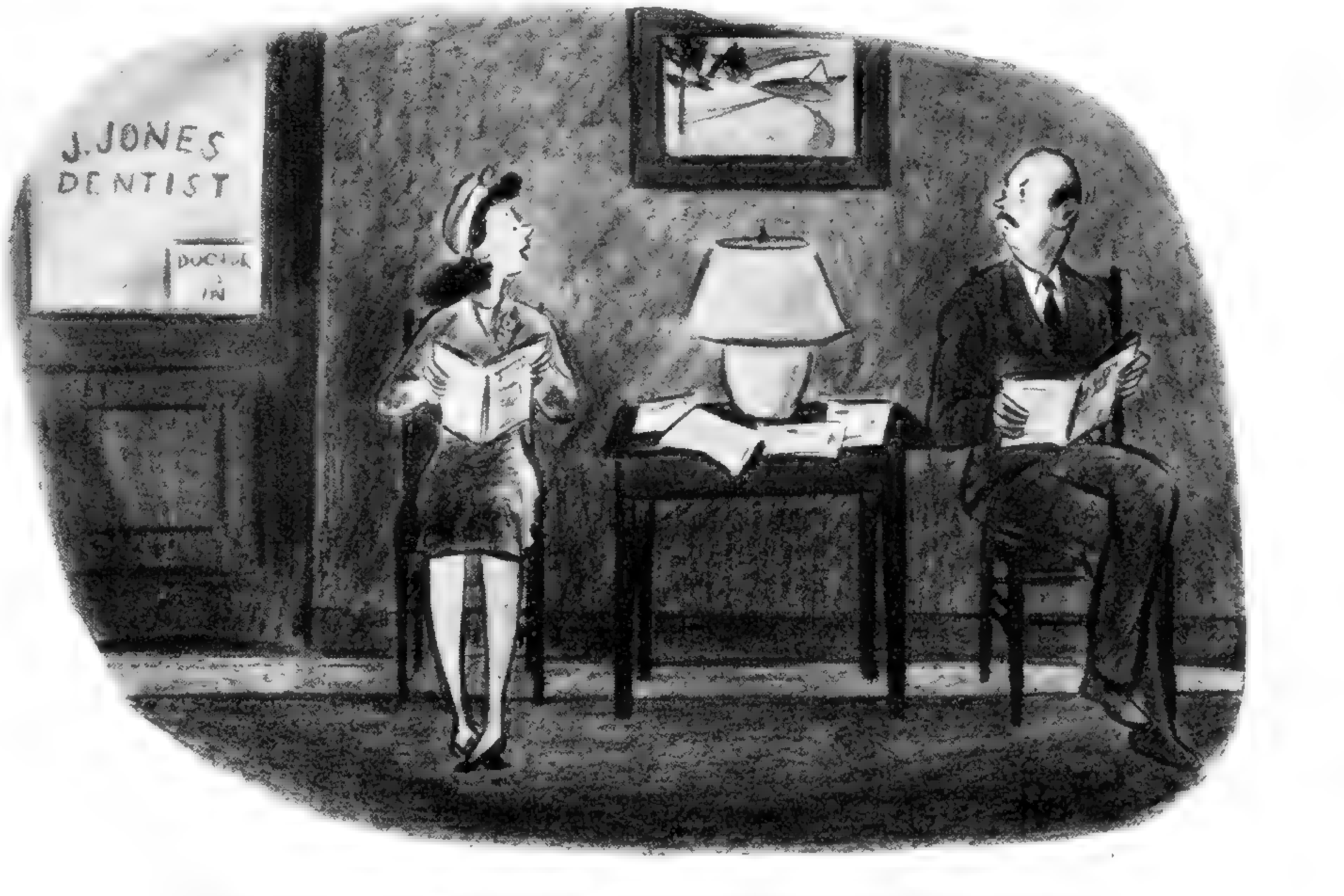


"It says here that the invasion of Poland is imminent!"

Convoy Town, 1940

Narrow channels of Atlantic water were its streets, rusty hulls its tenements, duty-possessed its varied population

by CHARLES RAWLINGS

• ARTICLE •

R

Editor's Note: *The type of information that is contained in this article is obviously of the character that would be of military value if it were current. Hence the article has been restricted entirely, in its dealings with place names and ship names, to events of more than a year ago.*

It may not be out there to the eastward this winter, Convoy Town. The gauge of the Battle of the Atlantic seems to have swung. The United States ensign, among other improvements, is out there now at sea, pink among the hagdowns and the fog. Technique of the fighting and very possibly of convoy may have changed and that icy, grinning, salt-caked, valiant settlement, a natural outgrowth of the original battle plan, may be greatly changed too. I would not know and would have no right to say so if I did. But Convoy Town was very real in 1940 and the Winter and Spring of '41, a crunching, reeking, war's paddock of a place, and you can talk about old ships that are gone and time that is past—if you confine yourself to phrasy and loose talk, yarn fashion.

An Eastern Canadian port! On a chart its harbor is roughly shaped like a vast ewer. Its bell mouth opens to sea. Across its narrow neck stretches the submarine boom. The ewer's belly, well up into the granite land, is a great anchorage quiet beside low, snow-covered hills. The merchantmen of the Western Ocean convoy, slow and loaded, came up one at a time, hugging the coast. They had cleared from the Gulf, the Virginia Capes, Philly, New York, Boston. Until the "Bay," the Gulf of St. Lawrence, froze thick, they came down from Montreal and Quebec. Sliding in all day and all night, faithful plodding ghosts looming out of the fog or a snow storm, distant purple in-bound profiles against a clear maritime winter sunset, they entered through the boom and came to anchor in the great basin. There they waited, a day, a week, for their convoy to form. A hundred ships! Sometimes when there was a raider loose outside or the Admiralty, for reasons of its own, wanted to be alone outside with jolly old Jerry, there were a hundred and fifty, once a hundred and eighty ships.

Admiralty moored, each one neat and true on station they made a watery city. Convoy Town! Narrow channels of open water were its streets. The rusty hulls, its tenements.

It was a fine town for architecture. Three island freighters. Flush desk freighters. Modern sleek tankers with squat, clean funnels. Ancient, tall-funneled tramps. Beautifully designed Swedes, light gray and dandelion yellow, as neat and blonde as yellow haired Stockholm girls. Sturdy Britishers, stoutly built on Clyde and Tyne, scorning, like Churchill, all pretense even of camouflage, painted solid black topside, houses and gear. Yankee Hog Islanders made for the last war and doing very well in this one. Sampson post rigs, Goal post rigs. Mierform bows. Collision bows. Cruiser sterns. Ugly square furnace sterns.

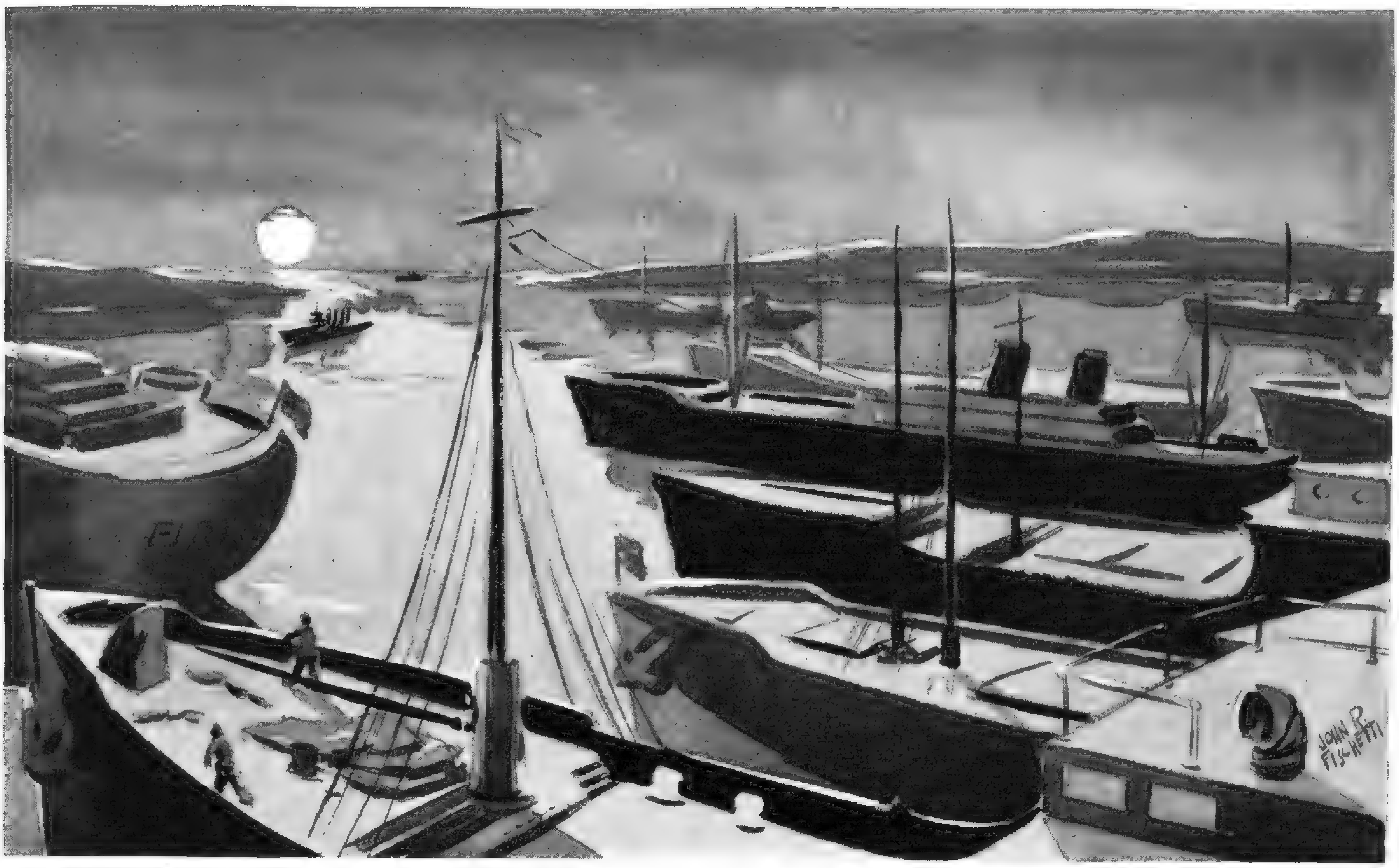
A somber settlement it was, as dun as rust and soot. But if you looked sharp there was a geranium of color. A flutter of red galley tablecloth where a hard working cookie had hung his wash, hoping for a drying hour before fog. Flying from signal halyards delicate up against the lead sky, were swatches of colored bunting—red, yellow, blue, white—each ship's convoy number in International code. Ensigns were weather-beaten, grim as their parliaments. The red ensign of Britain, "old blood and guts" hung sooted and salt stained, the hue of dried lion's blood. The white-bordered blue cross of Norway on its red field contrived, no matter how tattered, to look neat. The baby blue and white bars of Greece wagged for months over those scandalous Spig taffrails as dirty as pelts skinned from slum poodles. Then, when the Albanian campaign was a month old, those Attic ships displayed a new pride with brand new ensigns all around, pristine as hyacinths.

The town had a smell down wind, a hot reek of banked ready fires. It had voices. The staccato profanity of tugs. The contralto, grand-dame voices of liners, in the battle with their stays off and six-inch guns on the foredeck. The beery "hullo" of freighter whistles. The urchinous, crescendo "who-o—who—o-o—who-o-O-OP" of compressed-air navy horns. When fog came in from the sea the voice of Convoy Town was a merry music that caroled over the hills and up the vaporous streets of the old Canadian city alongside. It was the silver pealing of a hundred ships' bells, beating out the fog watch.

It had its own flock too, feeding on the common, did Convoy Town. It was a lazy, gamin, quarreling, non-bathing flock of harbor gulls so fast and sassy from the galley slops of that moored fleet that nothing slower than an MP boat peeling forty knots could put them aloft, winging about against the blue where respectable gulls should be. They paddled grouchily aside and glared with resentful shoe-button eyes at everything else challenging their water, including battleships wearing the flag of admiral.

Peddlers! They came a-hawking in old Cape Island lobstermen painted navy gray and all hung about with wares like a journeyman's buggy. They did a fine trade in brass-buttoned uniforms with visored caps to match. The caps were true "spit-to-windward" kellies, heavy with gold embroidered anchors and propellers that were meaningless save to the girls ashore. Those jades had been so spoiled by the army and navy that they would not look at a lad in just his honest deep-waterman's pants and "frock" coat. Gear to keep a man warm, there was a brisk trade in that. Mittens, and watch caps and pea jackets and sheep-lined lumberman's mackinaws. Alarm clocks to wake a watch and tooth brushes with pink and light blue handles to scour up for Davy Jones a sparkling smile. The peddlers' tempting entrée aboard the ships was, of all things, milk. They piled their cockpits high with cases of quarts. So great was the craving of men born, most of them, in dairy countries for the feel of cool milk running down their gullets again that a watch officer, if he were wise, did not refuse even a hated peddler's hail asking leave to sling up one of the rattling crates and follow it in over the side.

And what a citizenry had Convoy Town, what a population. The denizens of the Yukon in gold rush, Porto Bello when Henry Morgan was recruiting, Botany Bay, all mixed together could not have been more colorful, nor a staid meeting of the Mariners' Society of greater seriousness. Call it a happy populace, if you like. There were not comfortable men, nor safe, nor satisfied, nor fat, but duty possessed. They were split very roughly into classes. The burghers of the sea, merchant officers and seamen who had been in the profession all their lives, were rightfully the upper class. My typewriter warmed more to the Bohemians. It found them filling in as AB's, as stewards, oilers, wipers, ship's boys. They had been scattered about a great deal back in the days of peace before there was anything pressing for them to do, anything worthy of their talents. They had been on the beach at Hong Kong or stevedoring on odd Wednesdays in Baltimore, or acting as spare bartender in a little shack bar in Bahía



Blanca, or spending a convalescence on a vag charge in a Honduras jail. Then Britain sent out her mother's call, an inaudible sea sound not broadcast nor published in any medium you or I could hear or see. They heard it or felt it the way the animals are said to sense their group call and came in. They came in on the bum, on stolen fare, as stowaways, as workaways and took up their part in the great task that is named not one whit too majestically, the Battle of the Atlantic. They were hard men to drown.

A town artist! Convoy Town had a master. Charlie Snow was his name and his studio with a fine north light sat just as close to tide water as he could get it. It looked as if it longed to be afloat, but for good reasons had to be ashore. Charlie needed a steady deck and a plug-in on city current to ply his art; electric tattooing. He could give you a forearm etching, "gems and names" he called it, whose reds and blues never fade to let you forget a girl named Flo or Annie. His real masterpiece was a chest mural entitled either *A Sailor's Grave* or *Last Port*. You could have your choice. The mural was based on an old pattern dating back to sailing ship days. The original showed a Union Jack in full color softly draping above an anchor and a wreath of leaves. Framed by the wreath was a choppy sea, and vanishing, stern first, if ever angry sea claimed victim, was the hull of an old sparred ship. When the *Jervis Bay* went down Charlie substituted her hull for the sparred one. It boomed his trade. You could see his light burning behind the frosty window of his waterfront shop far into the night as Convoy Town, not content to contemplate and go out to meet death, sat patiently and long-suffering, having a picture of it stamped with a hot needle on its hairy chest.

It was a hospitable town—to friends and relatives, mind—and appreciative of the fine points of friendship and generosity in others. There was a very nice time when some cousins came up. Convoy Town had looked forward to their arrival for some weeks.

"Yank," I was asked, "when do you suppose those 'packets of fags' are getting in? They should be up here, seems like."

At last there was an AP dispatch out of Boston reporting the first flotilla of the flush deck U. S. destroyers traded to Britain passing Boston light ship, bound to the eastward. In the forecastles and the hostelries and the houses and the ward rooms of Convoy Town went forward then a problem in mathematics. The destroyers were thirty-knot ships. They'd cruise at eighteen likely. The course from Boston was so many miles. It was naturally enjoying a bit of fog at the moment, but there was a fair wind. The visiting cousins ought to make in by sundown. There were searchers on the high ground looking seaward that evening. Deck watches up in the anchorage kept an eye peeled down the fairway. The arrival took place, however, sometime that night. The next morning, a gray morning with a bit of sleet, in that place of many great ships, a small hull anchored alone out in mid-stream was all anyone saw. She was Yankee gray, lighter, daintier than the British north Atlantic gray. Her four raked funnels did look like four cigarettes, four fags, sticking up out of a packet. She was very slim and small and a bit quaint. Her ensign—it looked in that gray scene surprisingly pink after a year of the dark magentas and crimsons and vermilions of other nations—left no doubt of her nationality but also on her bows was a symbol of race. She was a Flush Deck Destroyer and her number, painted large on the bows, was as American as chewing gum. It was 198, marked down, as the wise crack grew, from two bucks. Warmth and chuckles spread as more of the little ships arrived and the transfer of ensigns took place. They had come a-visiting country fashion, bearing something for the host's palate and pleasure. Their bins were bursting with food; canned goods ("What," asked a Royal Navy leading seaman, "is canned corn?") potatoes, apples, turnips, bean coffee spilling out of the bin, tea by the bale. The bunks were thick with good American blankets. There were small amusement radios in the quarters. On the bridge there was not one, but a whole battery of telescopes wrapped up in hemmed tarpaulins. Not like graceless kin, but gentlefolk came the American cousins a-calling in Convoy Town.

There was another incident of a visit that was entitled, "Them Damn Dutchmen." A very small Netherlands submarine escaped from the other side or came up from Dutch Guiana, we never knew which. Mechanically she was in desperate shape; bearings and rods clanking, soft plates seeping, a wireless long since dead. Shop she had to have and she made for the excellent shops of Convoy Town.

Outside, the crew of Convoy Town's lightship was enjoying the comic supplements published in two-page spreads by the Saturday newspapers. They were enjoying them as lightship men must, on Sunday morning. It was a very fair Sunday morning and the lads were out on deck each one behind a newspaper held up to shade the glare of the morning sun. There was a gurgling alongside and a quiet conversational hail.

"Good morning, chentlemans."

The skipper of the lightship lowered his paper. He was a tall, lean Herring Cove man with spectacles, and as all Herring Cove men when they lower a newspaper, he reached

Continued on page 116

Two Kinds of People

The little man evidently had his wits about him when he reported a robbery to the desk lieutenant

by WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

▪ FICTION ▪

His plan of action, as you will perhaps recall, was rather ridiculously simple; and in this simplicity lay its apparent perfection. Quenton was a small man, with a small and hesitant voice, empty of emotion, but to assume—as some people had assumed—that he was therefore insipid, weak, was a considerable mistake. Quenton, had all of his wits about him.

In the beginning he went to police headquarters very early in the morning and told the lieutenant on the desk that he'd been robbed. He lifted his hands and gestured hopelessly. Damned well cleaned out, in point of fact. Ninety dollars. He stressed the amount in a tone scarcely above a whisper, haltingly. Almost two weeks' pay, and he could ill afford—

"Ninety dollars," the lieutenant repeated, scribbling the figure on a memo pad which was before him.

"Precisely," Quenton nodded. "Five ten-dollar bills, seven fives, five ones."

"Ah—" the lieutenant said. "And you heard nothing in the night?"

"Well—no," Quenton said. "Not exactly. I sleep pretty heavily, you see." He rubbed his forehead distractedly with the palm of his right hand. His small, pointed face was brittle with anxiety. "I went to bed about eleven; three minutes of, to be exact. My wife was already asleep. I'd been reading. I put my trousers on a chair near the head of my bed—the wallet was in the hip pocket, where I always keep it."

He paused. The lieutenant said, "Tell me; I have to ask you this. You don't think your wife—"

"No!" Quenton said emphatically. "Great guns, no. I certainly don't mean to suggest any such thing!" His expression was greatly pained.

"I had to ask."

"Naturally." Quenton's pale eyes, like blue stones in clear, cold water, fixed themselves upon the lieutenant. "About the noise," he said. "You asked whether I heard anything. I can't be sure. I remember, vaguely, being disturbed—ten minutes of two, that was; I looked at my wristwatch; luminous dial. Perhaps some slight noise disturbed me. But I only half awoke; turned over in bed a time or two, I guess; then went right back to sleep."

He managed a rueful flicker of smile. "That's not going to be of much help to you, I suppose."

"No help at all," the lieutenant said. He scribbled again on the pad. "I'll send a man out to look over your place. The address—"

Quenton gave him the address.

"And," the lieutenant said, "your telephone number? In case I want to call you."

Quenton hesitated, frowning. He touched his forehead with the tip of a finger. "Stupid of me," he said. "I don't remember the number. It seems to have slipped my mind. But it's in the book—"

"Sure," the lieutenant said. "I'll look it up."

* * *

Quenton was back two days later, and his face was drawn, his hands were nervous. He walked with quick, intense steps to the lieutenant's desk. The police officer looked up rather sharply. "There's nothing to report," he said. "Not yet. We found nothing at your house to give us a lead—"

"It's not that," Quenton said. "I mean, not exactly that. But related to it. Just this—my house was broken into last night. The lock was broken on a window, and the window forced up."

His voice was shrill. The lieutenant swung around to face him. "You heard this happening? You were awakened?"

"Not at all. My wife and I slept right through it. But the window was open on a crack this morning—the dining room window—and I noticed that more or less by chance, and then I looked at the lock closely. And it had been forced." The words spilled out.

"Anything stolen?"

Quenton collected himself. "Apparently nothing—"

"Fellow was scared off, eh?" the lieutenant said, watching Quenton's face. Quenton shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "I wouldn't know. There was the silver in the sideboard; not worth much, of course, but still—"

"Okay," the lieutenant said. "We'll take a look for fingerprints."

"I wish you would," Quenton said. "Thank you. This has my wife a bit upset, as you can understand. It's rubbed her nerves."

The lieutenant leaned forward, elbows on the desk. "I tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll put a patrolman on night duty at your house for a week. He can watch the grounds."

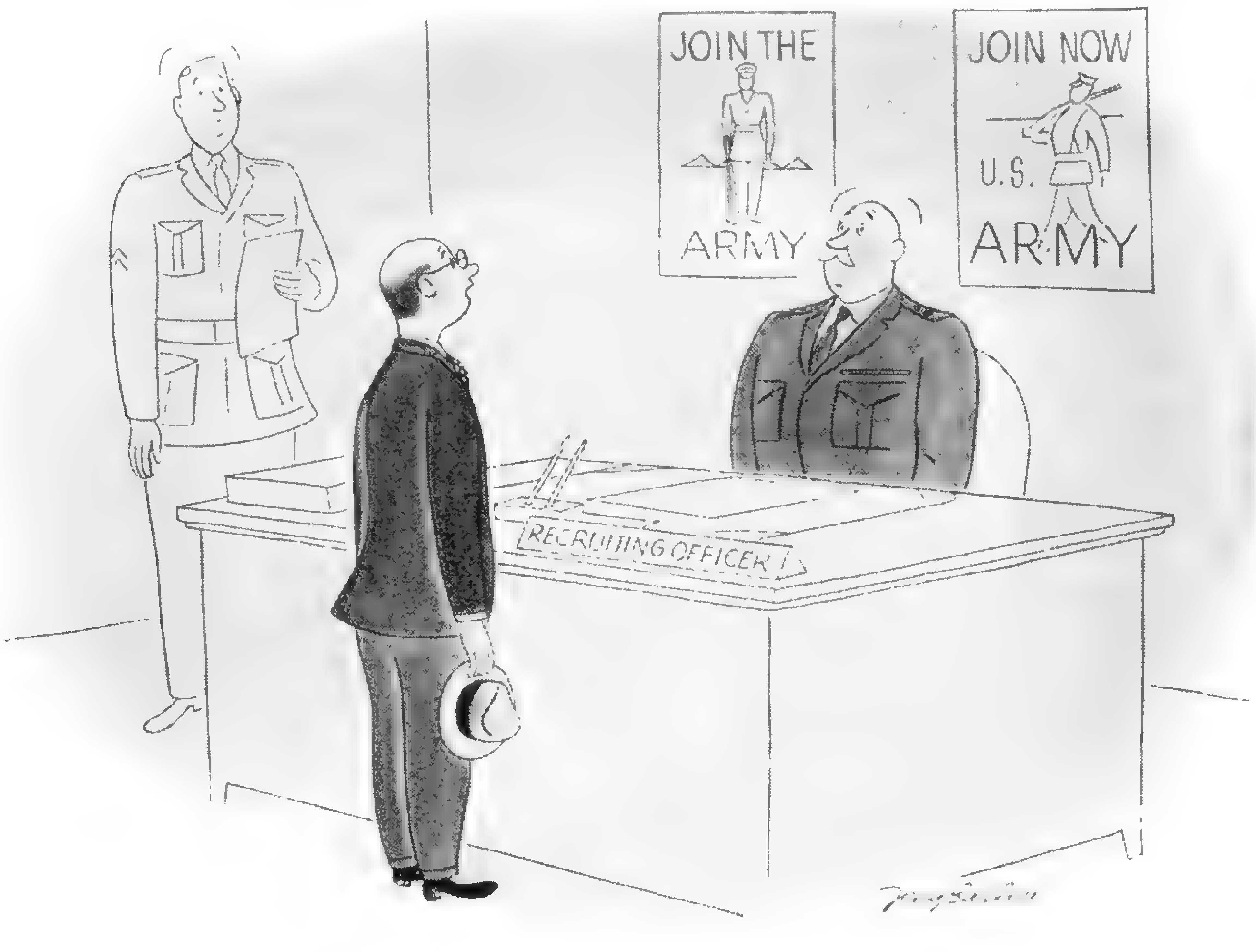
Quenton nodded; he smiled jerkily. "That's very decent of you, lieutenant. It'll please my wife—I confess we'll sleep a lot easier."

"Glad to be of service." The lieutenant's eyes did not leave Quenton until the little man had gone through the doorway.

* * *

Murder was rare in that town, rare enough, at any rate, for the patrolman on the night desk to rout out the lieutenant when Quenton's telephone call came in. Three-thirty A.M. Almost two weeks after Quenton's second visit to headquarters. "I'll be right down," the lieutenant yelled into the phone. "Twenty minutes or so. Listen, Duffy—bring Quenton in to headquarters. Yeah, bring him in. I know—but I want to talk to him." The lieutenant was feeling for his shirt before he jammed the phone back on the hook.

The facts, as related hastily by Duffy, were simple enough: Quenton and Quenton's



"Well, what do you expect for a dollar a day?"

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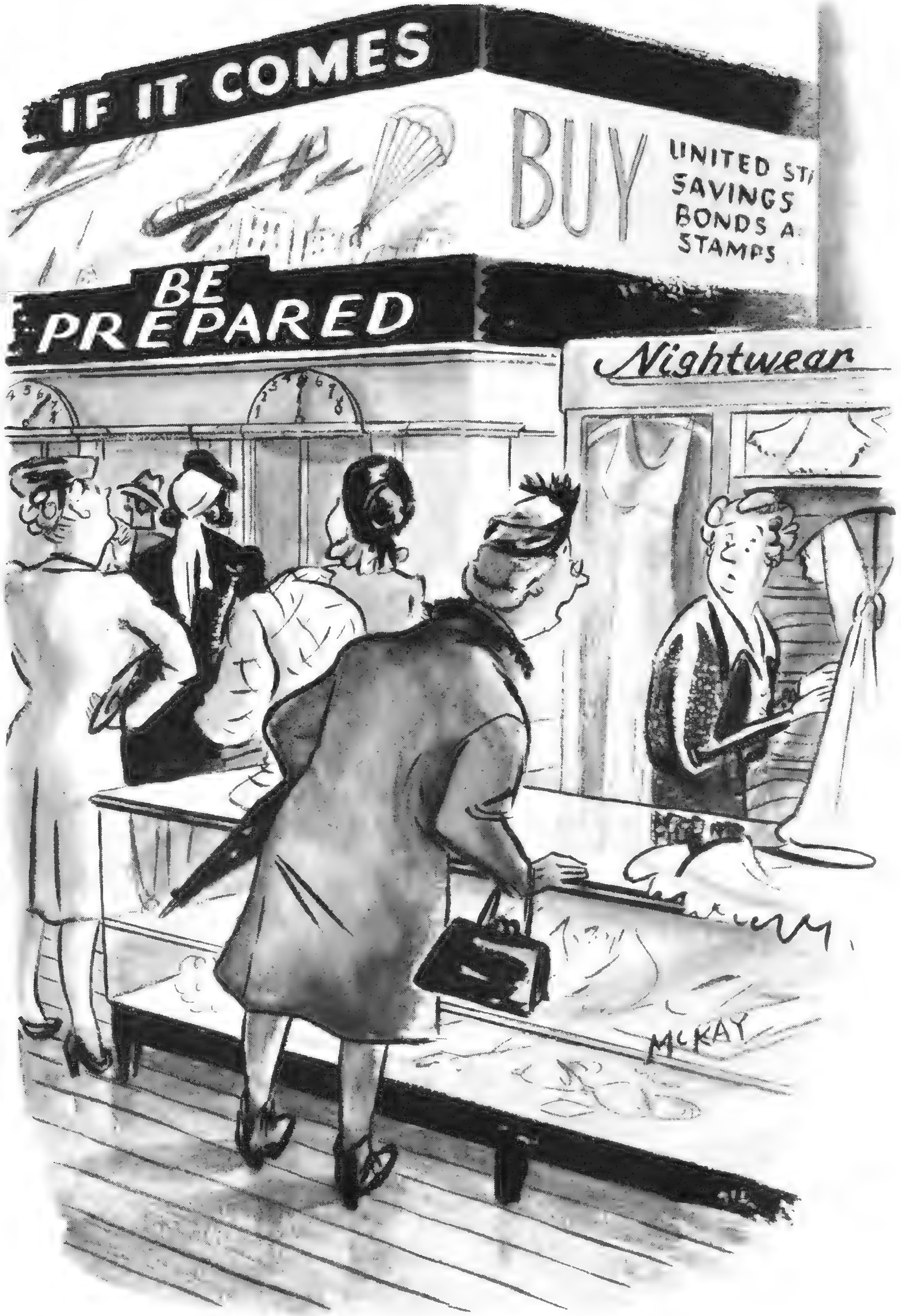
IF IT COMES
BE PREPARED
BUY
UNITED ST
SAVINGS
BONDS A
STAMPS
Nightwear
McKAY

"Have you any nightgowns suitable for street wear?"

Moscow for the Next Olympics

When we have won the war we must try to preserve the peace by cherishing the rules of fair play among nations

by H. V. KALTENBORN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE twelfth Olympiad was scheduled to be held in Tokio, Japan, and then in Helsingfors, Finland, in the Summer of 1940. But the Games were called off when war first came to Asia and later to Europe. The rules provide that the Olympic Games cannot be held in a country at war. Armed conflict is the very antithesis of the spirit which this athletic competition represents.

The Games were first revived at Athens in 1896 as the result of the initiative of Baron Pierre de Coubertin. In his circular letter of January, 1894, addressed to the world's sport organizations, he said, "We should preserve in sport those characteristics of nobility and chivalry which have distinguished it in the past so that it may continue to play the same part in the education of the peoples of today as it played so admirably in the days of ancient Greece."

When we have done with this war we will continue to need nobility and chivalry. Both are sometimes displayed in war, but all too often modern war is fought in ways neither noble nor chivalrous. Winston Churchill made it clear that we must adapt our ways of war to those used by our enemies: "If they play rough, we can play rough, too," is the way in which he announced reprisals.

In a game you can afford to abide by rules which your opponent disregards. For you would rather lose a game than win by means you don't consider fair. But you cannot afford to lose a war. In armed conflict, too much is at stake. "All's fair in love and war" is more than a saying. It tells us that there has never been a war in which some country has not ignored the rules of the game. For in war there are few rules which both sides are willing to accept and there is no umpire to disqualify those who violate the rules. So war inevitably becomes a bitter, bloody business which leaves the victor unwilling to forgive and the vanquished unable to forget.

It was so after the last war. It may be so after this one. There is the more reason why we must try once more to avoid those mistakes which only pave the way for another one of those unending wars which have cursed humanity since caveman days. We must cherish and preserve every institution that seeks to promote nobility and chivalry in the relations of men and nations.

Religion is such an institution. Internationalism is another. If men lived up to their religions, it would be easy to avoid wars. Yet we must continue to preach the right things even though we fail to practice them. We must go on believing in the profits of peace even as we take the profits out of war. We are keeping internationalism alive in the three Americas even as we give battle to our enemies across the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Olympic Games are one of many international meetings that make a contribution to world unity. Every gathering that brings men together from far-off places in friendly rivalry or for a common purpose dispels the myth of isolation. Athletic competitions among nations have the particular advantage that they keep alive the so-called military virtues. And these virtues must be maintained lest the peace-minded fall victim to that spirit of adventure and military-minded enterprise which will never completely disappear.

William James makes the best possible argument for the Olympic Games in his famous essay on *The Moral Equivalent of War.* He says, "A permanently successful peace economy cannot be a simple pleasure economy.

"In the more or less socialistic future towards which mankind seems drifting we must still subject ourselves collectively to these severities which answer to our real position upon this only partly hospitable globe. We must make new energies and hardihoods continue the manliness to which the military mind so faithfully clings. Martial virtues must be the enduring cement; intrepidity, contempt of softness, surrender of private interest, obedience to command, must still remain the rock upon which states are built."

Where can these virtues be more readily and more easily exemplified than in the field of sport? Men enjoy war for three reasons. War enables them to show their patriotism, to satisfy their love of glory and to exercise their natural pugnacity. That is why they also enjoy sports and the Olympic Games. The athlete takes pride in the same things that appeal to the military man. He too seeks to win honor and glory through serving his team, his school, his country. He enjoys the same spirit of close co-operation in a common cause that delights the soldier's heart. He thrills to the fight and struggle of the game.

In a recent sports radio interview with Bill Stern, I suggested Moscow as the most appropriate place for the next Olympic Games. Many listeners wrote to ask why I picked Soviet Russia as host for this international competition. To me the reasons are obvious. In this World War, Russia occupies a central position geographically, ideologically, politically. She has always belonged to both Orient and Occident, to Europe and to Asia. Soviet Russia is just as totalitarian as Germany or Italy. We dislike Soviet economy. We applaud Russian patriotism. We deplored Russia's attack on Finland. We admire Russia's resistance to Germany. In our war with Japan, Russia is neutral and may remain so. In our war against Germany, Russia is an invaluable ally. Russia upholds communism and practices capitalism. She has never permitted a communist theory to stand in the way of a sound capitalist practice. Russia re-

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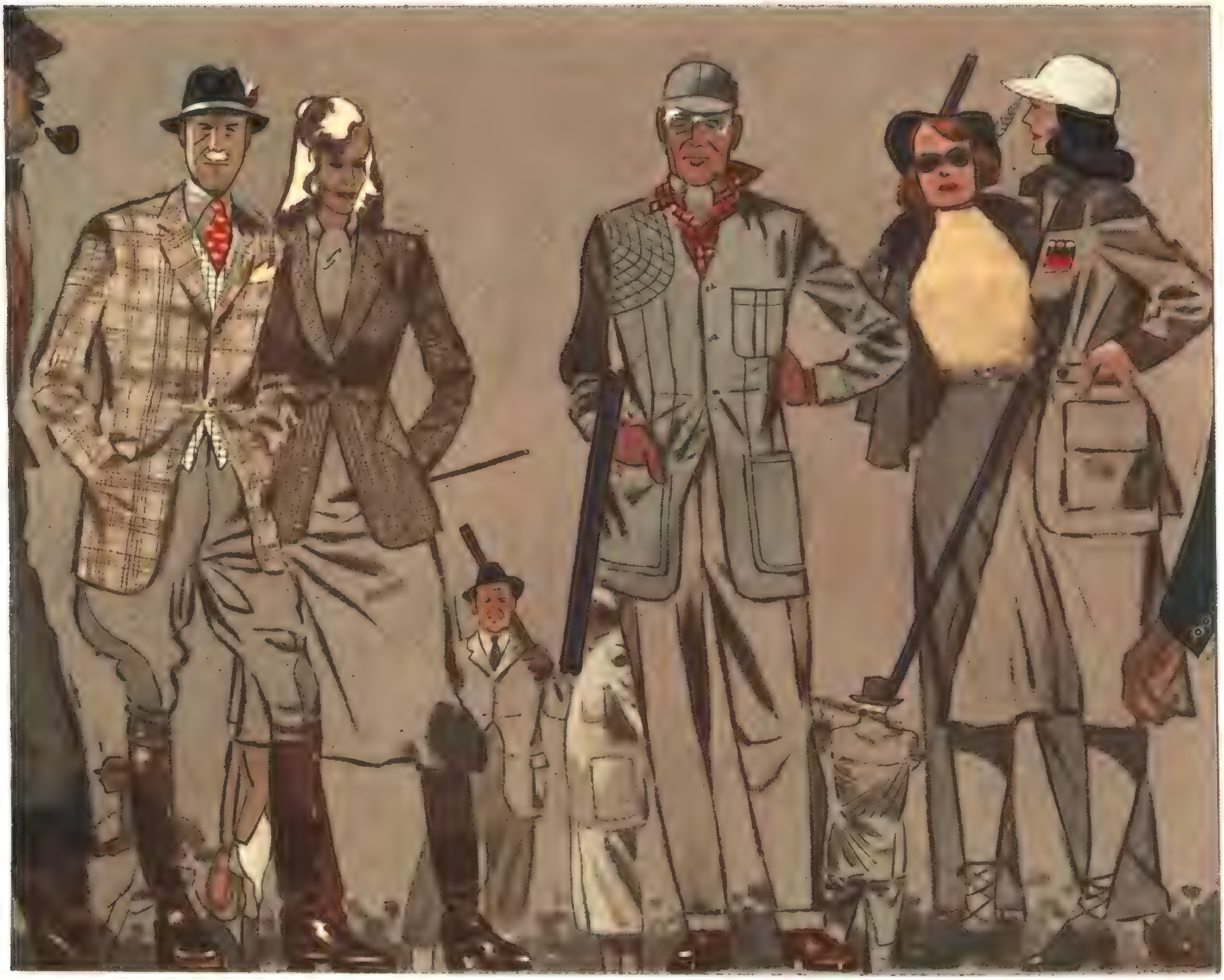
"Private Langdon's mother is here, sir, to find out why he hasn't been promoted"



Active sports are means of maintaining civilian morale and of increasing efficiency. Riding, skeet shooting, tennis, sailing and fishing, all offer a necessary change of pace and scenery. Clothes identified with these sports are based on functionalism.

great for the open spaces . . . says Esquire

TOP PANEL . . . The first equestrian wears a brown shadow checked tweed riding coat with deep center vent, green sport felt hat with cords, tan flannel shirt, printed wool tie, Tattersall checked waistcoat, cavalry twill breeches and artillery boots with three straps in front. His companion also sports tweed riding coat. The skeet shooter has on a tan suede finish cotton gabardine jacket with stitched shoulder pad. It is collarless, has deep pockets and an action back. Also worn are round-crown tan cotton cap, Tartan flannel shirt, lightweight wool scarf, tan Bedford cord slacks and sturdy brown blucher shoes.

UPPER RIGHT . . . The tennis player is ready for a match in white knitted wool shirt, flannel slacks, ribbon belt, white wool anklets, Americana striped canvas sneakers. His hat is a white flannel pork-pie model.

FAR RIGHT . . . The trout fisherman wears a practical tan cotton jacket with adequate pockets, tan flannel shirt, tan cotton hat and rubber boots.

LOWER RIGHT . . . The amateur sailor is headed for his boat wearing the dark blue cotton coat, patterned after that worn by men in the British Navy. It not only affords protection against heavy winds but also has sufficient buoyancy to keep a man afloat. The rest of his outfit: yachting cap, white shirt, black tie, blue cotton slacks, yellow wool socks and deck shoes.

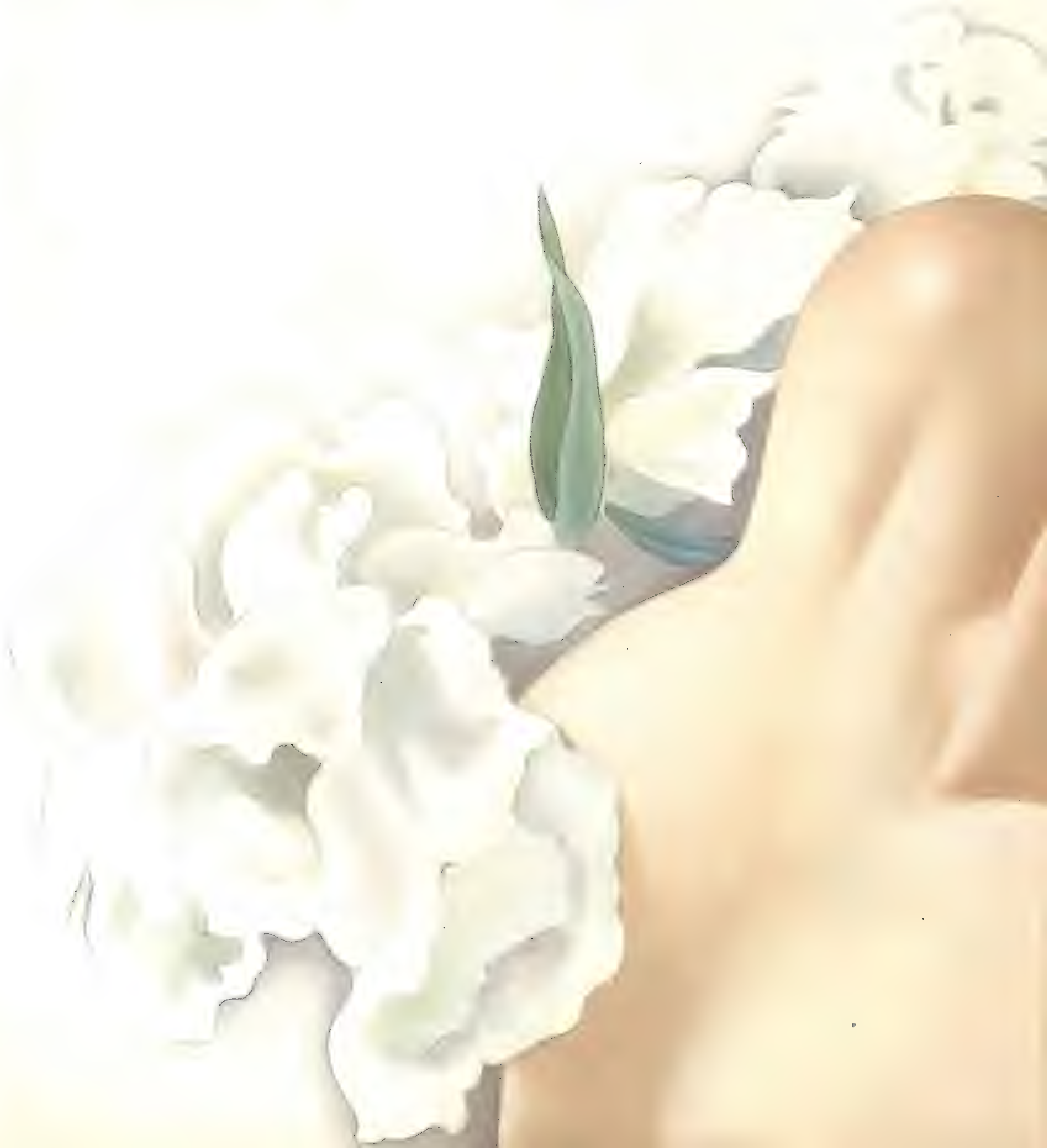
Pachmer

SONG FOR A LOST SPRING

That was another Spring when we were gay . . .
And I remember everything so well . . .
The purpled dusk . . . the streets that lost their way . . .
The lazy hours that held us in their spell;
The songs we sang were lovelier than before,
The violins were sweet against the night . . .
And yet the shadows on the tavern floor
Foretold a time of panic and of flight;

And so when lightning raced along the sky
I knew that vows and pleadings would be vain,
You were not meant to watch enchantment die
Nor hear the soft and treacherous hiss of rain;
That was another Spring that we two shared . . .
And One was wise . . . and there was One who cared!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK



FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF
THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 157

Britain's Sport Goes to the Dogs

Almost all English sports have no funds, no equipment, no crowds, and no space in the press, much to the troops' regret

by TREVOR WIGNALL

• SPORTS •

A BRITISH ARMY officer of high rank, with whom I had served in days gone by, said to me recently:

"Well, how's sport doing in *this* man's war?"

I suppose he was thinking of a time when we had found it far more difficult to unearth free gear than willing players, of a period in our history when soldiers and sailors on leave eagerly spent their time taking part in games or watching them, of four years of conflict when we had both unknowingly witnessed a transformation that had turned British sport from a somewhat casual sort of affair into a vast industry.

I could have cut short the conversation by remarking that it was remarkable there was any sport at all. Instead, I guided him the short distance to a football enclosure that is as famous in Britain as the Yankee Stadium is in the United States. There I showed him a box nailed to an entrance gate.

"Know what that's for?" I asked.

The officer shook his head.

"The Football Association," I explained, "the wealthy rulers of Soccer, our greatest sport, have issued an appeal to the public to give up clothing coupons to provide equipment for their players. It is feared that unless the coupons are forthcoming many thousands of men will have to play their matches in uniform or lounge suits."

That was an eye-opener for my friend, but actually it was only a very tiny sidelight on the manifold difficulties that these days beset sport. Perhaps it ought to be mentioned that we in Britain are as much rationed for clothes as we are for food. We are allowed sixty-six clothing coupons per year, and these have to cover everything from headgear to socks. Properly to equip a footballer requires at least twenty-five coupons. Even a boxer or track athlete would require twenty. And coupons, to any man or woman, are at least as precious as the banknotes that are their invariable companions. Pleading for a coupon, therefore, is very much the same as asking for an arm or a leg.

But it *is* a miracle that we have any sport at all. We are very much a nation at war. What with Dunkirks and Cretes and Malayas, not to speak of those months when the falling of bombs into laps was nearly a commonplace, we have not had much time, nor indeed inclination, to attune our minds to anything save what Winston Churchill called our doses of blood and sweat. Yet there is plenty going on. This is written in January, 1942, just at the time when in prewar years millions would be jostling outside turnstiles for the privilege of gluing the gaze on the annual Soccer Cup ties.

A few hours before I encountered my officer friend the preliminary rounds in what is described as the War Cup competition had been decided. The twenty-five games, spread all over England and Wales, owing to a quarrel between the Metropolitan clubs and the governing body, attracted fewer than 100,000 spectators. In 1939 corresponding games drew fifteen times more people. The failure of the populace to switch the mind from war, if only for an hour or so, is admittedly a mystery. I have spent a lifetime in sport, but I do not pretend to understand it, nor can I offer a reason; unless it is that our Service men, who could not be harder worked or harder trained, prefer a spot of home life, or an afternoon in the comfort of the moving pictures, to standing about in the cold.

There are more uniformed men in Britain today than ever there were between 1914 and 1918, yet the average gate at any ordinary Soccer fixture is rarely more than 3,000. The best publicized, and consequently the most popular Soccer club in Britain is London's Arsenal. Before the war it felt itself harshly dealt with when its patronage dropped below 50,000. Now it is ready to cheer when it admits 10,000 to its ground. The less democratic game, Rugby, which nevertheless expected and got around 60,000 for its international matches in London and Edinburgh and Cardiff, just keeps itself moderately warm with pick-up games in various districts.

Naturally, the authorities are worried about attendances. They confess themselves puzzled, but that does little to reimburse coffers that are sadly empty. It is a fair guess that there is not a football club in all Britain with cash to spare for one small blowout. The majority are living a hand-to-mouth existence. Even more peculiar is the fact that there is not so much playing of games in the Services as there was in the last war. I know units where certain kinds of sport have been made compulsory. The least liked is cross country running. The most popular is a hybrid introduction that resembles basketball. That is immensely favored by the boys of the R. A. F. The footsloggers and the mechanized forces still prefer the casual kicking about of a ball. Sports officers have told me that this time the finding of gear is less troublesome than the finding of players. I think the long hours and the intensity of the training are chiefly responsible.

There is also this; it is much harped on by those connected with finance. There is no newspaper publicity for sport. Our journals, in the main, are reduced to four tightly-packed pages. When all the fronts have been dealt with, when all the specialists and strategists have had their say, all the space left for sport could be jammed into a thimble. I am reputed to have written 25,000,000 words, mainly on sport. Some of the millions were cabled from America; when Joe Louis knocked

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"Won't it be wonderful if the government does away with charge accounts—then we won't owe a cent"

Moon Love in April

Like any eighth-grader Charles could take his Chaucer or skip lightly over it, but Spring made him suffer deeply

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

He was oblivious to the copper-red hair and the white neck of the girl who sat in front of him and peered around every few minutes with lowered eyelids or reached behind to touch up her perfectly arranged tresses. He ignored the sullen, half-pleading moue of the dark-eyed charmer in the mauve shirtwaist who, on his right, was toying with her lipstick. He did not even notice that Therese, the dimpled, green-eyed girl on his left, had drawn his name in large block letters on her composition book cover: CHARLES, and was clicking her inkwell open and shut to catch his eye.

His attention was riveted on Miss Godwin's kind but plain face, her lips thin and tight, her eyes large and tabby-gray, and he would not be diverted. Indeed, he hardly saw anyone else in the room. She was reading to the class and he alone of the forty students present was listening closely, his gaze intent.

Miss Godwin wore an amber necklace and shell-framed glasses which she took off and waved when she wanted to gesture. Her hair was cut short and was waved modestly over one side of her forehead to conceal the first gray lines, but her face had a worried look which the coiffure could not undo; besides tiny crows' feet pinched the corners of her brown eyes. But Charles observed none of these things. He was staring at her, but what he saw perhaps no one had ever seen in Miss Godwin before. He thought she was incredibly beautiful and distinguished-looking. Her nose was high-bridged and patrician and she sat regally, her hands at the edge of her desk as she read. He watched her fingers, long and pale-pink, now marking her text, now fingering the amber beads.

Men were funny people not to have married her long ago, he observed sagely. His agile mind examined and dismissed the chronological data: he was fourteen and she was perhaps thirty-five: he was sure that she could not be more. But in another three or four years he would be grown up and she would be only thirty-eight perhaps, which was not really old when you were an adult. He was wondering whether she would be content to wait for him.

Therese hissed, but he ignored her. She hissed again. He saw her dimple deepen and he frowned. She reached across and stabbed her long carmined nails into his arm.

"Well?"

She cupped her palm about her rich full mouth and held up a sheet of lab paper. "Look!" She had intertwined their names:

 T
CHARLES
 E
 R
 E
 S
 E

"Do you like it?" she twinkled.

Her green eyes flashed as he shrugged and turned away to ponder the futility of girls.

What a giddy kid that Therese Sherman was! She even had a trick of lisping and always said his name "*Char*lie," which he despised anyway, especially with the long stress on the first syllable. But all the girls of her age were giddy kids and not at all interested in the finer things. They were gawky, interested only in perfumes and movies and gooey sodas. They knew only how to look helpless when all the time they were scheming to make you do things. They would never grow up to look distinguished. They certainly were not very clever. He wondered how they could be so addle-brained and still live.

* * *

Miss Godwin raised her voice and her eyes to the farthest corner of the room and the words that issued liltingly from between her lips filled her soul with beauty and warmth and made her glad that she could be imparting this divine poetry.

"Chaucer is so great!" she said, shutting her eyes a moment and permitting herself a small but delicious shudder. "The poet of the dawn of English literature. Freely translated he is saying, 'When that April with its showers so sweet had pierced the drouth of March to the very root—' Showers," she went on with a smile and a glance toward the windows. "'April showers bring May flowers.' It means that spring has come and every vine and tendril which Nature has put out is running with the sap of youth and growth. Spring, when life—"

She paused and mechanically reached for her classbook. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she was talking to herself. She gazed at the warm faces before her and she was sure that, in spirit, they were far, far away. Her eighth graders, boys and girls alike, on the last lap toward graduation, and caring not at all for material which they would soon meet in high school anyway, were day-dreaming.

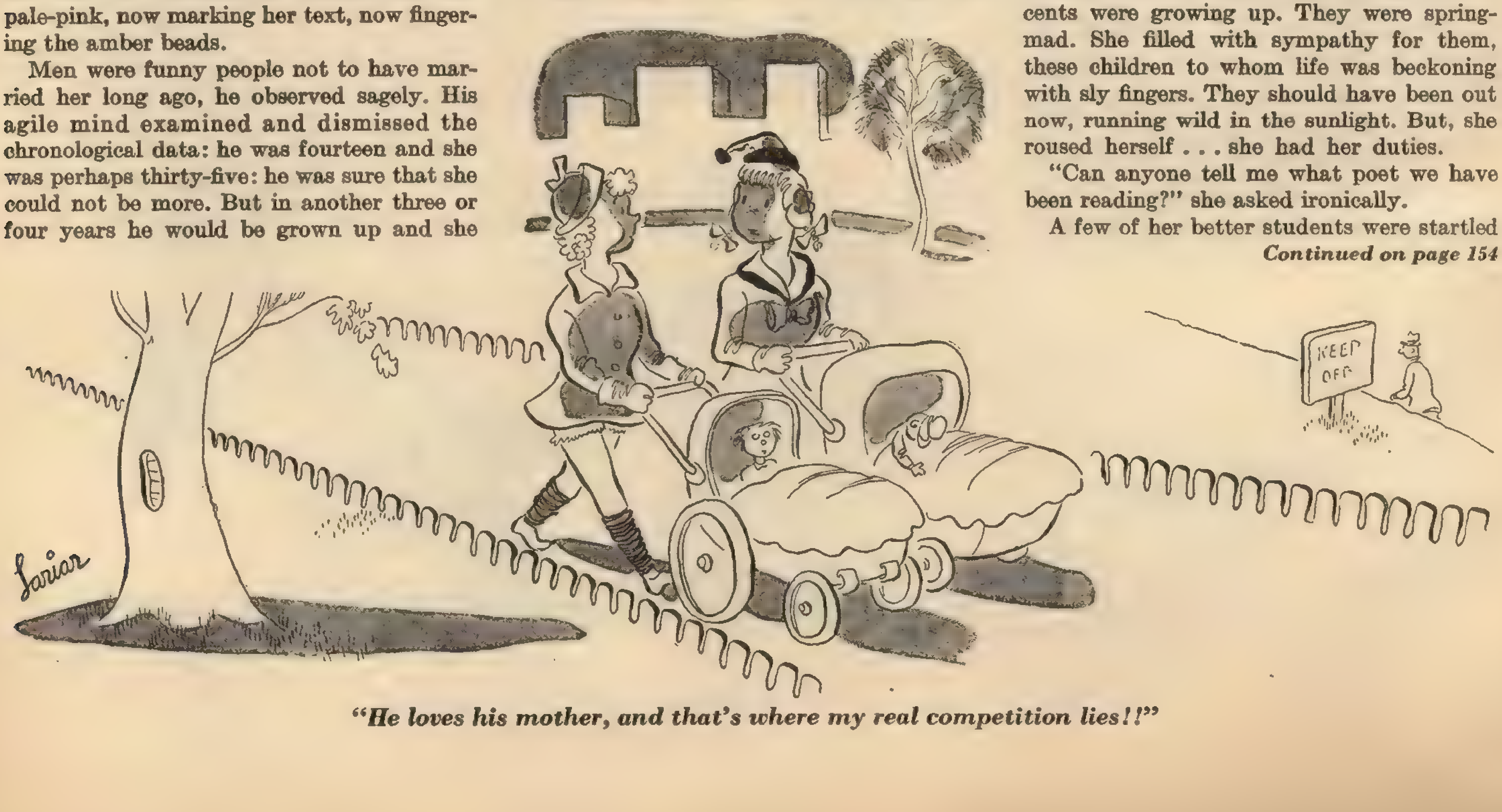
She glanced at Myrtle Coburn, who was her best scholar. Myrtle had her hands folded on her desk but her eyes were clouded and her gaze was directed toward the tall sycamore outside, which was sprinkled with buds and swayed gently in the wind. The girl smiled and a flush came to her cheeks, and she inclined her head as though she were listening to pretty compliments that were, mysteriously, being sounded in her inner ear.

Miss Godwin sighed. Her young adolescents were growing up. They were spring-mad. She filled with sympathy for them, these children to whom life was beckoning with sly fingers. They should have been out now, running wild in the sunlight. But, she roused herself . . . she had her duties.

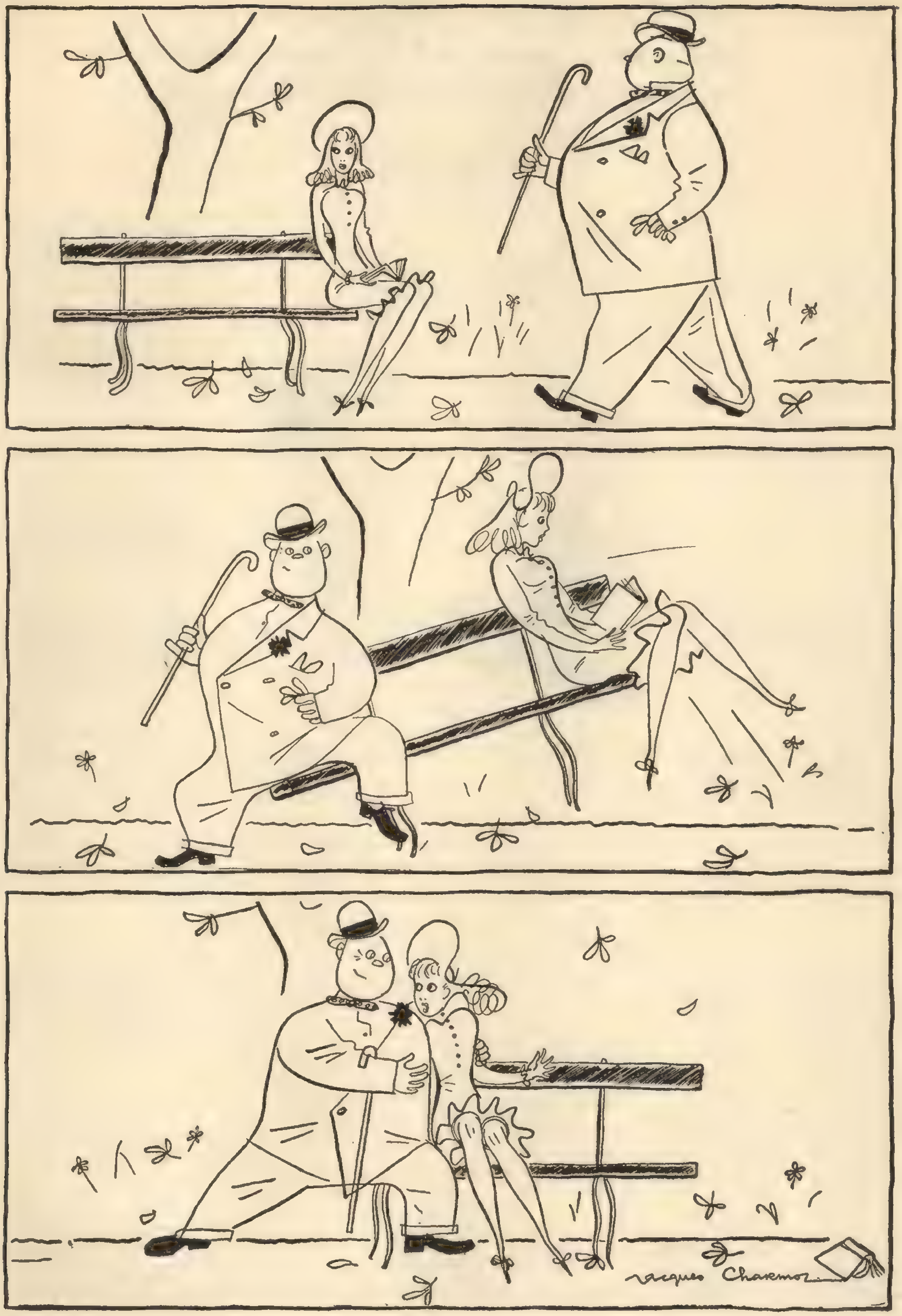
"Can anyone tell me what poet we have been reading?" she asked ironically.

A few of her better students were startled

Continued on page 154



"He loves his mother, and that's where my real competition lies!!"


Jacques Charmoz

How Attractive Are You to Men?

Can you drink your gang under the table, find a good female foil for double dates and get a play from your escort's friends?

by HIM

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Rodney deSarro

1–*Do you bring the names of other men into the conversation to give yourself a sought-after appearance?*

Don't. This may give a man a sense of inferiority—he is uncomfortable with you, and soon drifts away to someone else. It may make him wonder how much talking you do about *him.*

2–*Do you wear clothes that make you a little more up-to-the-minute than the other women in your set?*

Good—provided your taste is reliable and that the clothes suit you. Men may rant about "that crazy hat" but they swell with pride when their lady companions arouse admiring stares.

3–*If you are asked to get another girl for a foursome, do you pick one obviously less attractive than you are?*

You are unwise to do so. Get the most glamorous girl you know, and both men will be pleased.

4–*Do you make a point of building up other women, even those you dislike, in discussing them with a man?*

This is sound practice. But don't put it on so thick that it sounds like a line.

5–*Do men marvel at your capacity for holding liquor?*

A great mistake: it gives you a fast reputation and runs into money—the man's money—besides.

6–*How many comfortable chairs are there in your living room?*

At least two, I hope. No man can fall in love unless he has a chance to relax and he can't if either of you sits bolt upright.

7–*Do you keep your men interested by hinting that later—not tonight—you'll be really demonstrative?*

This is a low trick and one that a surprising number of men see through at once. If you kiss a man, it should be for your own pleasure and not as a reward for him.

8–*Do you make things easier for a man by suggesting that he climb into a car first, if he's driving, or by asking him not to stand up when you come into the room?*

This is an error—men know that they are supposed to show these signs of consideration to a girl and they respect her more if she takes them as a matter of course.

9–*Do you ever embarrass a man by telling him, he's good-looking or has such big muscles or is too, too intelligent?*

Try and do it! Almost any man can stand almost any amount of flattery, however obvious, without embarrassment or suspicion.

10–*Do you knit when you are having a cozy, fireside evening with a man?*

For some reason, men hate to see a woman doing anything with her hands when talking to her. Undivided attention is best.

11–*Do you either play bridge or dance really well?*

If not, take steps to correct this at once. You're better off if you do *both* well, but one talent is mandatory.

12–*Are you so beautifully groomed that you make the average man feel like a lout when he takes you out?*

Fine. Men are extremely critical of any imperfection in a girl's neatness. If he feels like a lout once, the average escort will take pains to be better-dressed himself next time.

13–*Do you, when you have first met a really attractive man, clinch your future acquaintance by some polite variation of "Come up and see me sometime?"*

It often helps out on occasions when the man is too shy to make the first advance himself.

14–*Do you keep your friendships warm by chatty calls to your men friends at their offices?*

This is fatal.

15–*Do you use artificial conversational gambits, like "What movie would you choose if you had to see it every week for a year?" to start talk with a shy dinner partner?*

A very good plan—*someone* has to start the conversation, and a question like this can keep it rolling for quite a while.

16–*Do you save yourself wear and tear by not troubling to entertain men bores?*

A grave mistake. Bores have their uses since a clever girl can practice her conversation on them, with nothing much to lose. Besides, they often have attractive friends.

17–*Do you suffer from indecision when ordering dinner or drinks in a restaurant with a man?*

This maddens men—learn to make up your mind rapidly.

18–*Do you give yourself glamor, when dining inexpensively by mentioning a recent date at the most expensive club in town?*

This is unkind. See 1 above.

19–*Have you a good memory for dirty stories, which you tell amusingly?*

Very few women add to their allure by this talent and no woman under thirty should even try to.

20–*Do you appeal to a man's softer side by telling him of your sufferings in business or the home?*

This is almost always a mistake. Men don't like whiners.

21–*Are you too sophisticated to show your enthusiasm over a really tiptop time which a man has given you?*

The kindest and the most attractive thing a girl can do is to let a man see it when she's enjoyed the evening.

22–*Do you flatter your escorts by asking them to explain all the plays at a football or baseball game?*

This is an infuriating trick: read up on the game in the Encyclopedia before you go and keep your questions to the minimum.

23–*If a man is obviously attracted to you, do you try to nudge him towards a proposal?*

Don't. This has probably blighted more budding romances than anything else a girl can do.

24–*If you are splitting a check with a man do you try to conceal it from the waiter?*

By all means, yes—and from the people at the other tables, too.

25–*Do you provide a little healthy competition by flirting with a man's best friends?*

Try this and you will get in Dutch with everybody.

How Attractive Are You to Women?

Do you wolf your way into her good graces, drink her into a coma, feed her a line, send her flowers or treat her like another man?

by HER

• ARTICLE •

1–*Do you use the continental approach, based on the belief that an immediate pass flatters a woman?*

This is the average man's greatest mistake. If a pass, on first acquaintance, doesn't insult a girl it at least bores her.

2–*Do you show your real fondness for a girl by telling her about her bad points and advising her how to improve them?*

This, again, is an error. If you must tell her you hate her perfume or how she does her hair, wrap it up in a heavy sugar coating.

3–*Do you prove your devotion to a woman by holding her hand or putting your arm around her when her friends are present?*

Please don't. Even a girl who is affectionate in private, dislikes public mauling.

4–*Can you describe the dress or hat worn by the last two girls you took out?*

If not, notice and comment on the next few. Women appreciate having men notice the efforts they make over their appearance.

5–*Do you have a double code about drunkenness for men and women when they are together?*

If a man has to get drunk, he'll be more attractive if he restricts this behavior to stag company.

6–*Do you sometimes take a girl out on parties of four or more, as a change from twosomes?*

A good idea. A girl may feel hurt if you never ask her to meet your other friends.

7–*Do you make any distinctions between the jokes you'd tell a man in the club shower and those you'd tell a girl in a parked automobile?*

Almost no women like bathroom jokes or jokes with dirty words.

8–*Do you tell a woman she's beautiful, even if she isn't?*

This habit hurts nobody and makes a lot of girls happier.

9–*Do you ask an attractive girl—who is probably busy most evenings—to call you up sometime when she's free?*

Don't do this: you may always ask a popular girl far enough ahead of time to find a free evening.

10–*Do you plan your evenings with a woman ahead of time or leave the choice of amusement up to her?*

It's much more flattering for a man to announce the evening's program, showing he has given thought to her amusement.

11—*Do you believe it necessary in the modern age, to push in a girl's chair for her and to light her cigarettes?*

These small courtesies mean a lot to a girl.

12–*Do you ever tell a girl you love her, under the spell of the moment, when you suspect that you won't tomorrow?*

This is a dirty trick and if you do, you ought to be ashamed. Moreover, the word will soon get around among the women.

13–*How many times a week do you shave?*

Once a day is minimum, if you care what women think of you.

14–*Would you dine a girl expensively and not buy her flowers, or economize on the place and bring her at least a gardenia?*

Most women would prefer having flowers and less to eat.

15–*If your hostess at a dance is obviously having a whirl, do you consider it necessary to dance with her?*

You always should, as a matter of good manners.

16–*Do you try to arouse a girl's interest by boasting of your success with other women?*

Don't *ever* do this!

17–*Do you consider it a young girl's own business whether she gets tight and is indiscreet when she's out with you?*

Keep an inexperienced girl from getting tight, if you have to spank her, and don't let any woman become indiscreet through liquor. Triumphs over drunken women don't help any man.

18–*If a girl you're fond of asks you to be nice to her cousin with adenoids and buck teeth do you cut her off your list?*

Not pleasant, but if you rally around and give Cousin Belle a whirl, you'll soon be known as the nicest man in town.

19–*If you have had a quarrel with a girl—in which she is clearly in the wrong—will you wait for her to apologize before calling her up or risk being a door mat and do it first?*

Be a door mat—it's easier for you to call a girl than for her to call you.

20–*If you were asked to accompany a woman to a party for which you lacked the proper clothes, would you borrow them or refuse to go or go in a business suit?*

Borrow them: only the most sophisticated and mature women can be at ease if their men are wrongly dressed.

21–*Do you ever telephone your favorite girl simply to chat with her, when you have no invitation to extend?*

She'll love it, if you do.

22–*If a woman refuses to kiss you, do you persist?*

Never do this. If she's simply being coy, she'll let you know about her change of heart, herself.

23–*Do you spend more money on cigarettes or on cleaning and pressing bills?*

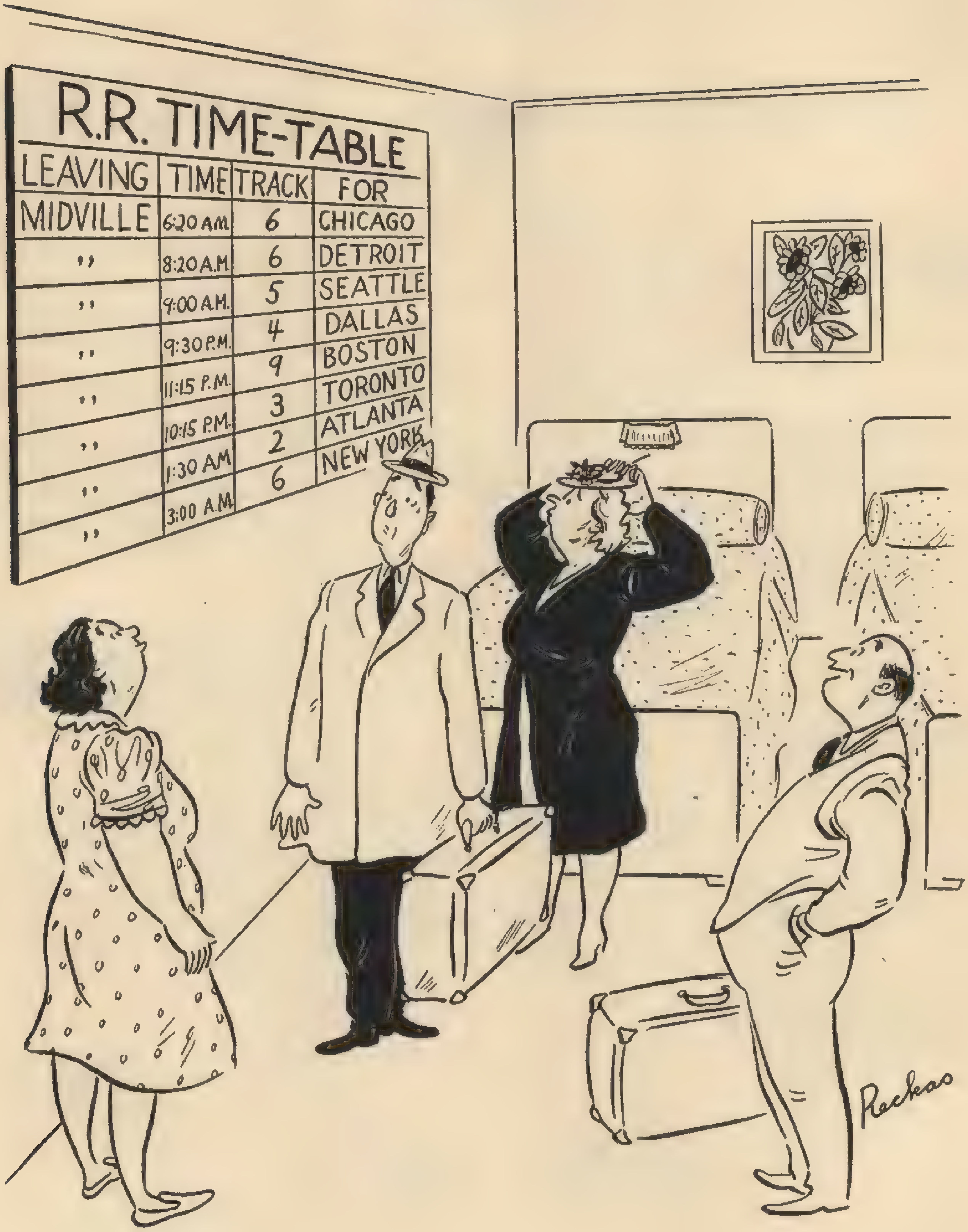
Of course you ought to be impeccably groomed, even if you have to cut down on smoking.

24–*If a girl asks you what you think about a hat, do you always say, "Fine"?*

It would be nice if you took time to study it from several angles and *then* told her you liked it and, if possible, why.

25–*Do you expect a woman to be as reasonable as another man?*

You might as well get over this idea now: if women reacted the way men do, the world would be much less fun.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LEAVING TIME TRACK FOR
MIDVILLE 6:20 AM. 6 CHICAGO
" 8:20 A.M. 6 DETROIT
" 9:00 A.M. 5 SEATTLE
" 9:30 P.M. 4 DALLAS
" 11:15 P.M. 9 BOSTON
" 10:15 P.M. 3 TORONTO
" 1:30 AM 2 ATLANTA
" 3:00 A.M. 6 NEW YORK
Reckas

"I do hope you'll find our guest room comfortable"

And the Blue Grass Grows All Around

If you go down to Faraway Farms in Kentucky to see Man O' War just ask his groom if any horse can touch him

by ROBERT C. McCORMICK

SPORTS

THERE were three of us, that beautiful sunny day down in old Kentucky. We loafed along Huffman Mill Pike out of Lexington and suddenly there it was as if it had simply pushed its way up through the ground along with the Blue Grass. Faraway Farms, the home of Man O' War.

It was like coming home on Christmas Eve, the thrill of it I mean. You knew all along what to expect, yet when you got close you couldn't wait to throw open the front door and rush inside and look a long time at the tree. Only this time, you wanted to stand and admire the greatest racehorse of all time, maybe even let him nuzzle the palm of your hand so you could tell your grand-children, after he is dead and gone, that you knew Man O' War.

An editor of mine used to have kittens whenever I referred to a racehorse with the personal "who." Claimed a horse was not human, therefore shouldn't be treated as one, even in print. Perhaps, but that fellow never knew a horse quite like Man O' War. He never drove a thousand miles only to rush through the gates of Faraway Farms and park the car and sign the guest book and wait impatiently for Willie Harbut, a chubby old darky with piano keys for teeth, to begin his personally conducted tour of the horse barns.

Man O' War lives in the fourth stall of the stable that houses Faraway's famed stallions. To get there you pass three other well-known sires—American Flag, Trace Call and War Admiral, the old boy's greatest son. Willie Harbut has a spiel for each; he gives it much in the monotone of a Chinatown guide. The old darky tells the horse's accomplishments, his record, nothing more.

When he reaches the champion's stable, though, he springs to life. His whole countenance changes, a smile plays around in the wrinkles of his chocolate brown cheeks and a marked lift comes into his soft, southern drawl. Here, you sense, is no ordinary tourist guide; instead he becomes at once the groom who has cared for Big Red for years, the friend who knows him and loves him. Willie Harbut knows his little speech well, yet you get the feeling he is giving it for the first time.

"And heah he is, ladies an' gen'men," he says as he loops one brown-skinned arm over the stable door.... "The mostest hoss of all. Man O' War, twenny fi' years old last March twenny nine. And still the bestest hoss in the whole wide world...

"Come heah, yo' Red. Some folks wanna see ya. I say, Red, come heah..."

The champion was over in a corner of his stall. He turned his head cautiously, his eyes shone with recognition of an old, trusted friend and he ambled over to where we stood. He stuck his head out and began going through Willie Harbut's pockets for a hunk of sugar or a carrot or some other equine tidbit.

I remember vaguely contrasting the scene with that at almost any commercialized racing plant just before a race. There the trainer eyes his horses with dispassion, coldly, as if they were something born only to compete in commercialized sport. Here, however, there was genuine understanding, pride, devotion. It was like the meeting of old friends.

"Yassuh, ladies and gen'men," Willie Harbut said, "Theah he is. Stands sixteen and one half hands high, and he weigh thirteen hunnert and seventy fi' pounds. That's about three hunnert mo' than he weigh when nobody could touch him wif a ten-foot pole, they couldn't.

"He was bohn right over deah on Georgetown Pike.... On Mr. August Belmont's farm. The yeah was 1917..."

Today, Man O' War's birthplace, in contrast to his present home, is the least glamorous of all breeding establishments in Kentucky. Its motto, then and now, could be "Strictly Business." Even in the younger Mr. Belmont's time, the Nursery Stud was one of the least impressive of the huge estates that dot the Blue Grass region. Endless, unpainted fences divided the gently rolling fields into a drab maze. Mr. Belmont, who would spend vast sums to import a foreign stallion for breeding purposes, never was concerned with making it a show place; Nursery Stud was, and is, ultra utilitarian.

How Mr. Belmont, who followed closely the Mendelian credo of "breed the best with the best to produce better," came to mate Fair Play, a sire of only average racing reputation as a stake winner, and Mahubah, one of his least-impressive brood mares, is something of a mystery. Though the dam was a well-bred sort—she was by Rock Sand—she had little to recommend her in a racing way. As a matter of fact, Mahubah won but once in her entire career. But, breed the pair he did, and the result was Man O' War.

From the first, the little foal exhibited a personality all his own. He could outrun any spindly-legged youngster on the farm and he seemed to treat their feeble efforts to catch him with disdain. Once, he got so far out in front of his fellows in an impromptu romp across the meadows he calmly quit and stalked majestically to the fence and stood there.

A high-spirited animal, he was a strapping big colt, even as a baby. He had a brilliant chestnut coat that since has taken on a luster approximating that of a highly polished redwood table. His legs were long and strong and his chest big and built like a barrel. Inside were a pair of lungs that worked like bellows.

About this time, Mr. Belmont decided to

Continued on page 164

"You mean it's not for Britain?"

Barabbas Was a Robber

He said his philosophy could be expressed in the word "reality" that truth was gold and treasure

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

Late at night when the feast of Passover was over a gentle knock was heard on the door of the house of the merchant Simon. The servant opened the door.

"Peace be with you," said the hooded figure waiting outside. "I came to ask your master if he would allow me to sleep in the upper room." He opened the hood which covered his head to show his face.

"It is you, Peter?" asked the servant.

The figure did not speak; he merely nodded his head.

"Come in," said the servant and he closed and bolted the door behind him.

"The upper room is empty," said the merchant when Peter came into his presence. "You are alone?"

"Yes, tonight alas! I am alone."

"And last night when you and the others had their supper in this upper room did you know nothing of what was to happen?"

"Nothing. Except that toward the end a deep foreboding fell over us all. The words of the Master seemed strange. He spoke in prophecy. One of the twelve, present at this supper, He said would betray Him to His enemies. We looked about and asked ourselves who this one could be. And after he was pointed out to us Judas rose from the bench and without a word left the room. He vanished into the night. When he was gone the Master said that He too would soon go to a place where none could follow until later. And I said to Him: 'Lord, why cannot I follow Thee even now? I will lay down my life for Thee.' These were my very words. And to these words He replied that on this very night before the cock would crow at dawn I would deny Him thrice."

"You?" asked Simon in amazement.

"Yes, I. Three times I would deny Him. 'No, no,' I said. 'Even if I must die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee.' This I could never believe I would do."

"And?"

"It happened as He said it would happen," replied Peter sadly.

"Three times you denied Him?"

"Yes, just as He said."

"Come closer. Sit down beside me and explain to me how it was that you who loved your Master could, in a single night, have denied Him three times."

"That is how it was," said Peter, taking a place beside Simon. "It happened as He prophesied it would happen. I would never have believed it could happen. But it did."

"Three times?"

"Yes. When they came to arrest Him and I saw them approach I drew a sword and struck at one of the servants. But they overpowered us and we were forced to flee and hide behind the trees in the garden. And when they led Him off I followed behind to watch for a chance to rescue Him. When we came into the city I mingled with the crowd and followed close behind. John was also with me. At length we came to the house of the high-priest and while they went inside with Him I waited in the outer courtyard and warmed my hands by a small fire. Soon a woman servant of the priest's house came forward and looked hard in my face. 'You were one of those men who went with Him everywhere,' she said. But I denied it. 'I do not know what you are talking about,' I said and walked away from the fire to wait in another part of the yard. Here another servant saw me and said, 'This man was one of those with Jesus.' I swore with an oath that I did not know Jesus and they seemed satisfied and departed. Then later while we were still waiting in the yard one came before me who was a kin of that servant whom I had struck with the sword and he looked at me and said: 'Of a truth, you are certainly one of them, for your speech proves you to come from Galilee.' This time I cursed aloud and swore and I said: 'I do not know the Man.' And the moment these words left my mouth the cock began to crow, just as He had foretold. And I was reminded of His words and I remembered what I had done. Three times I denied Him. Then the cock crowed."

There was a hard knock upon the door and the servant rose to answer it.

"And I went out of the yard," continued Peter, "and stood beside the wall where none could see and wept bitterly."

"It is the robber," announced the servant.

"What robber?" asked the merchant.

"Barabbas!" shouted a voice from the door. "I am Barabbas himself," called the robber proudly.

"Let him in and we will ask him what he seeks here at this time of night. Come in, Barabbas!"

The robber, dressed in an odd assortment of garments all in tatters, stamped into the hall. His heavy frame shook the boards.

"You come to rob us?" asked Simon in a genial voice.

"No no, my friend. Not this time of the night. See." He opened his cloak to show that his girdle contained no daggers. "No, I come in peace."

"Then peace be with you also and come and sit with us and hear this amazing tale which Peter relates."

"If it is a tale then I will match it with one of my own. One tale breeds another and that is how the world is populated with stories. Let him speak and I will match it."

With these words he drew the rags about his legs and sat down. But as he did so Peter drew himself aside, partly to make room for this fleshy husk and partly because . . .

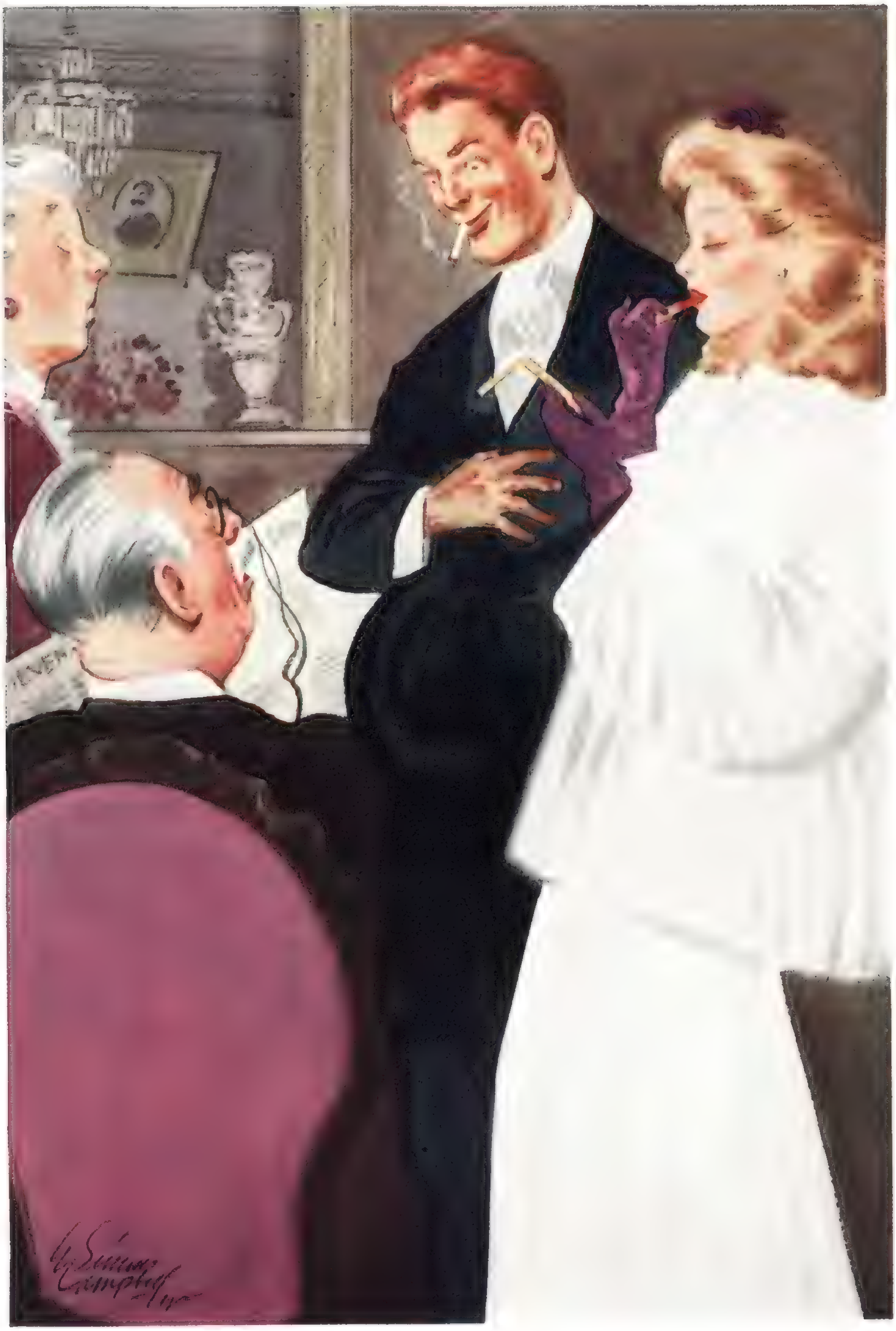
"Your life has been given you?" said Peter.

"Ah! That everyone knows," Barabbas

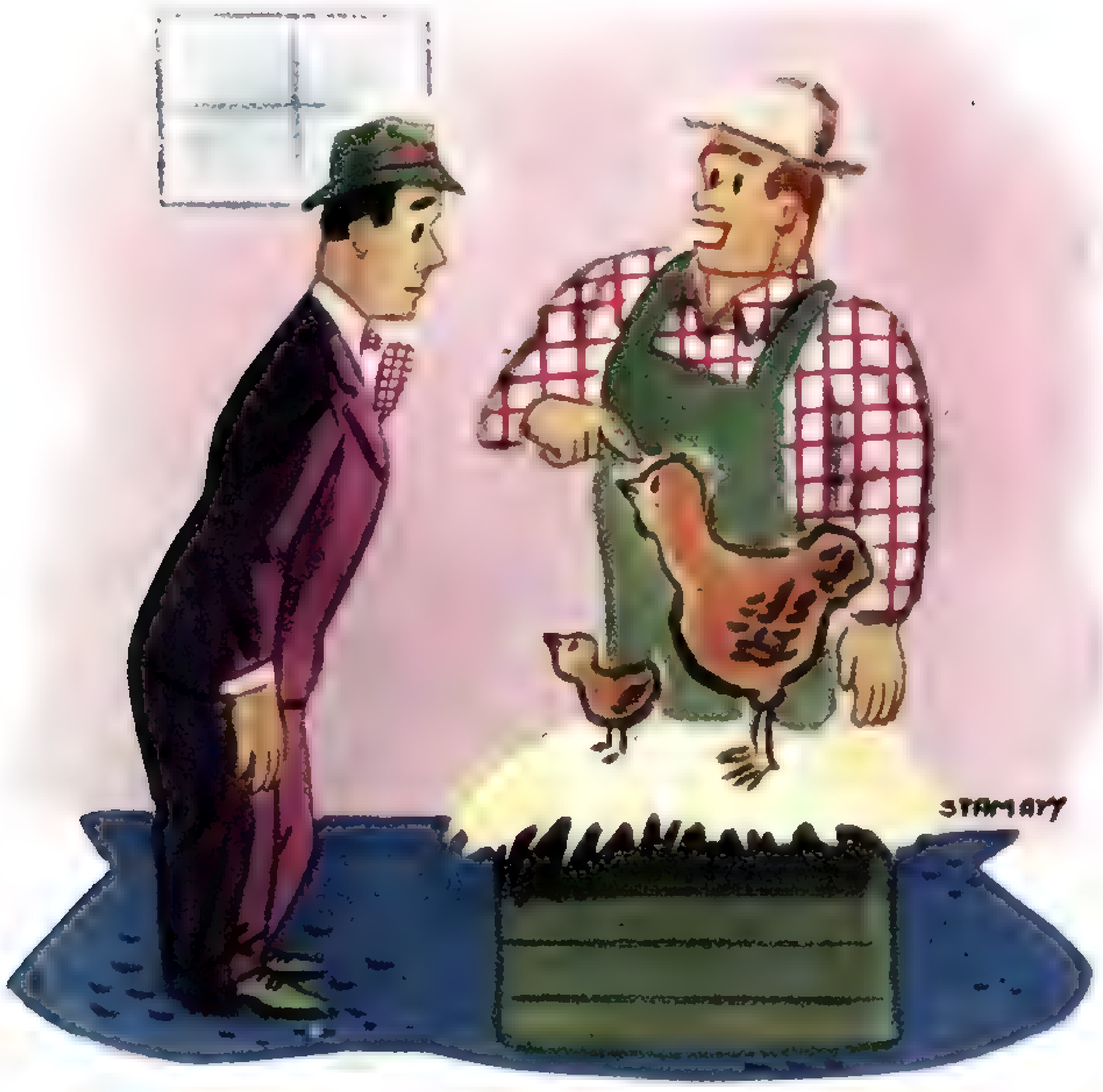
Continued on page 134

INK
GEORGE WOLFE

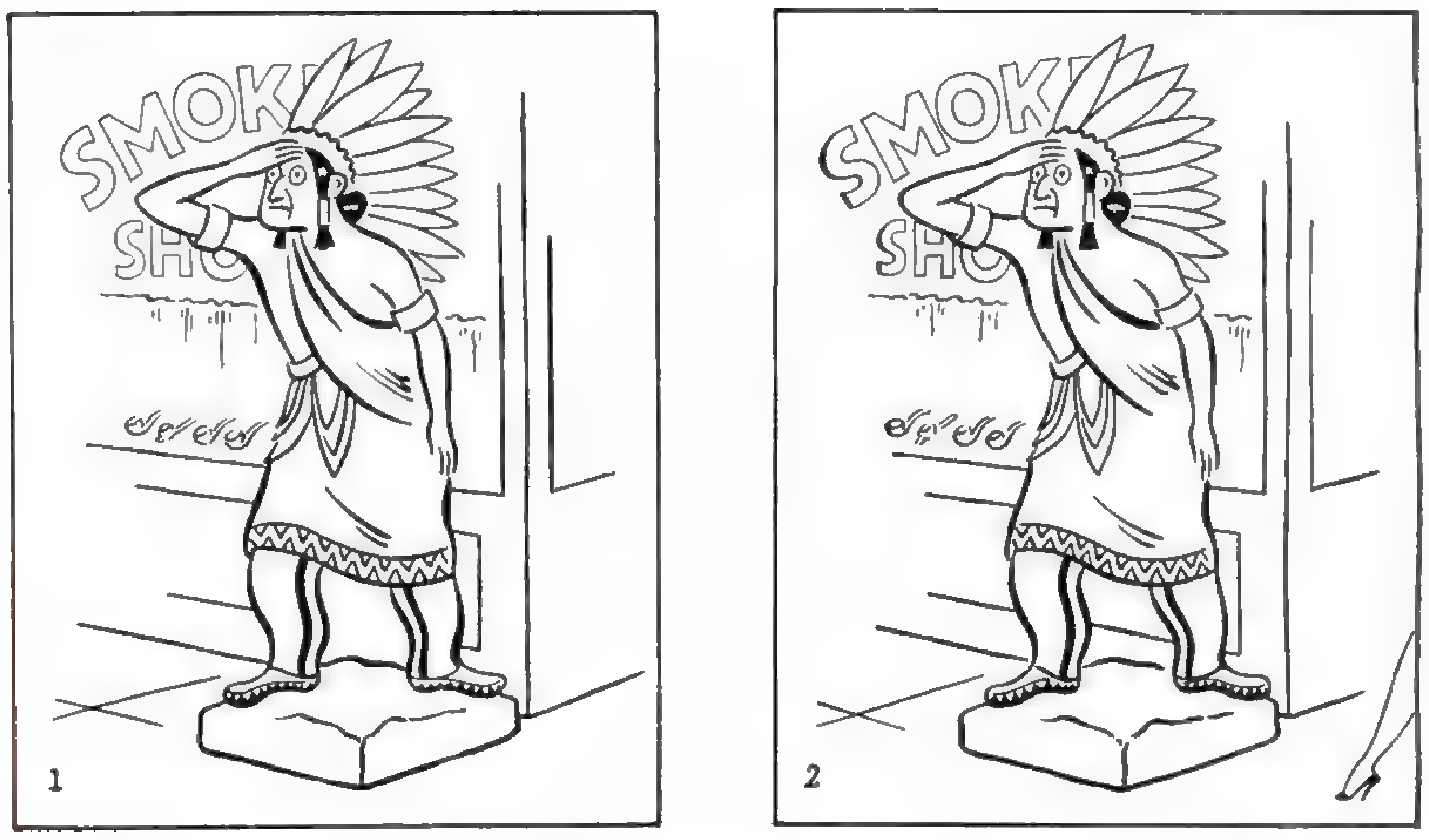
"I'm giving the goldfish a blackout drill!"

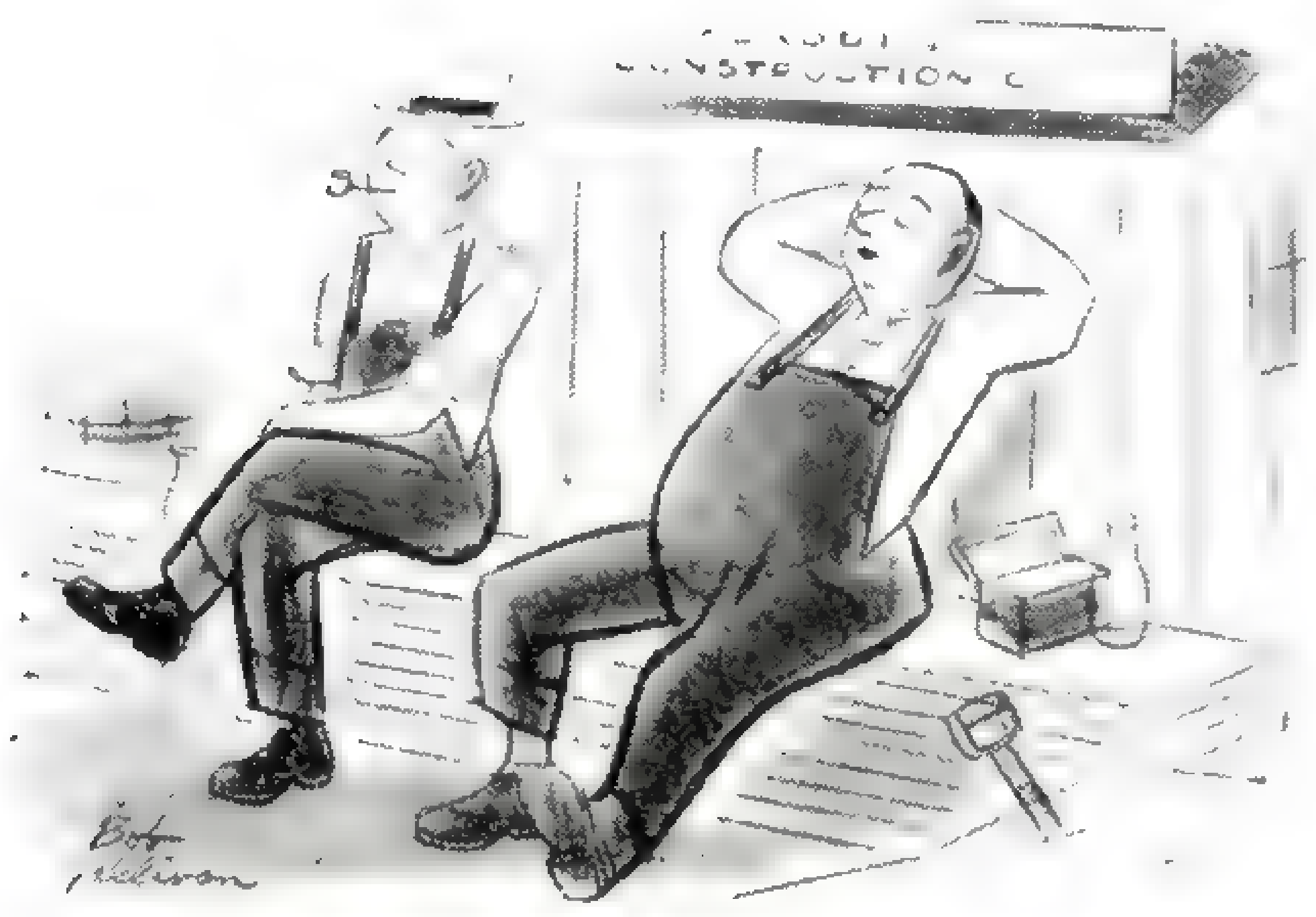

E. Simms Campbell

"She'll be home before the milkman delivers—I'm the milkman"

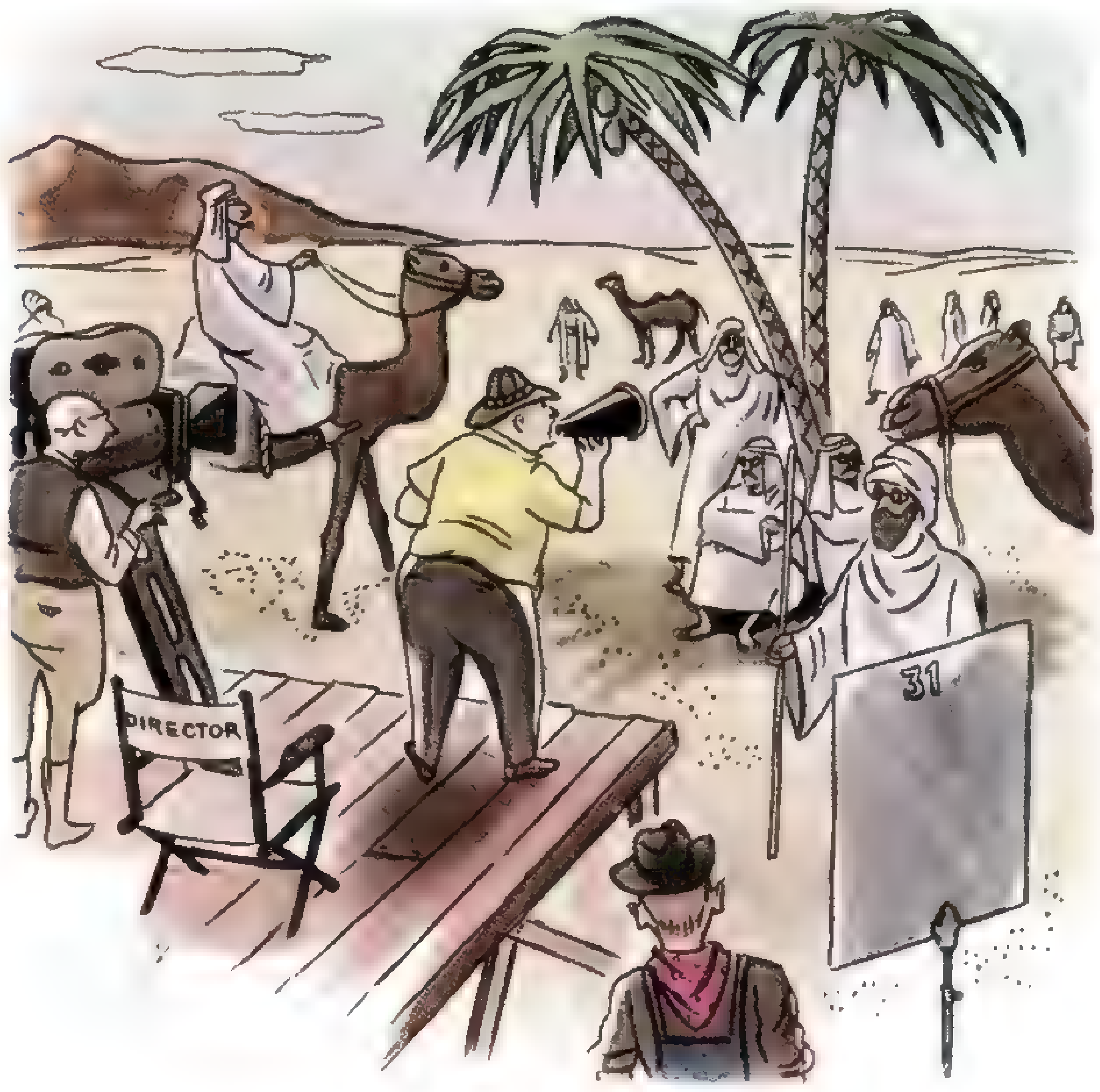


"She's impatient and doesn't bother with eggs—she lays chicks"

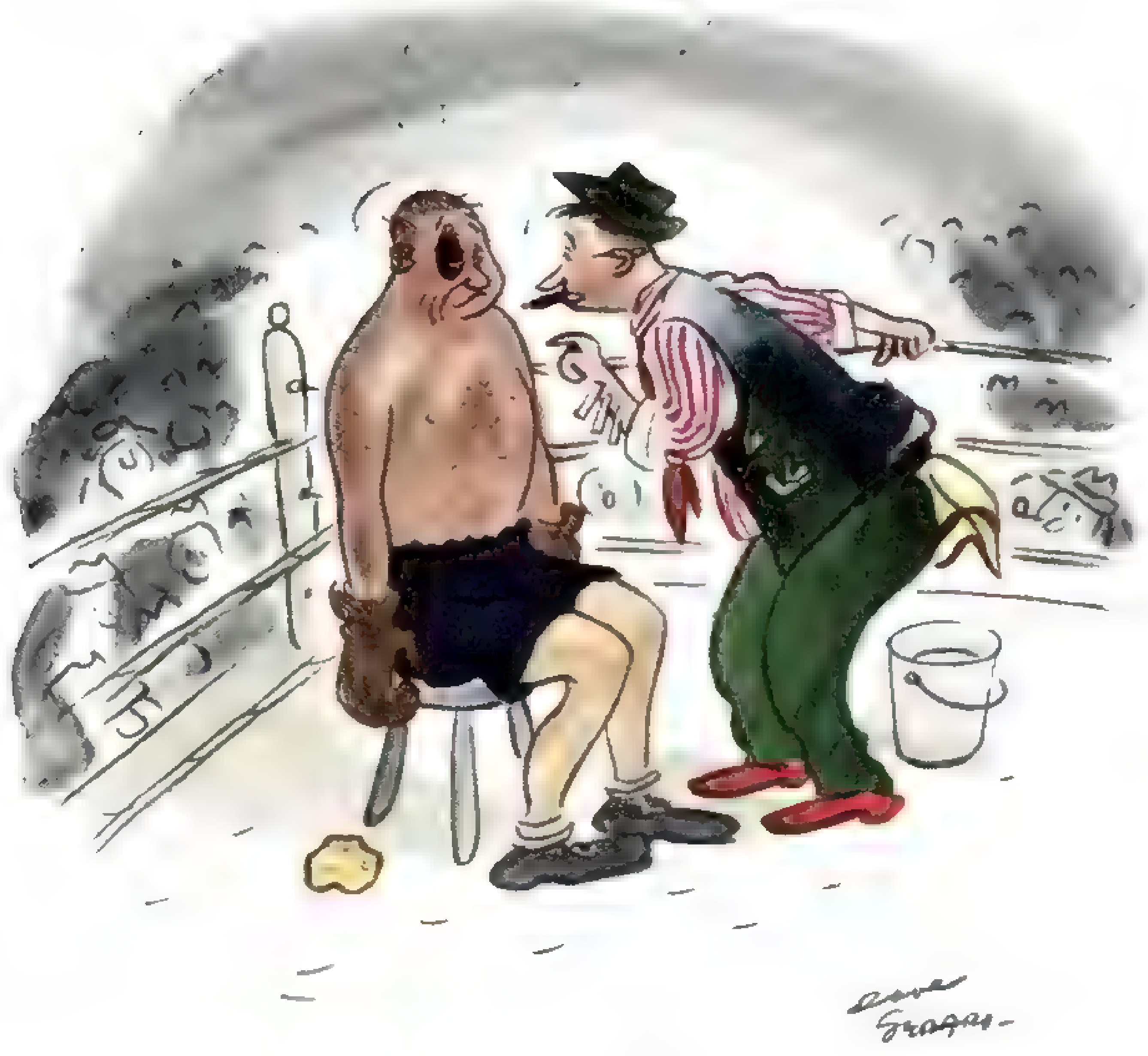




"Well, Gus, I've worked hard and played hard all my life . . . and I can't say that I regret it"



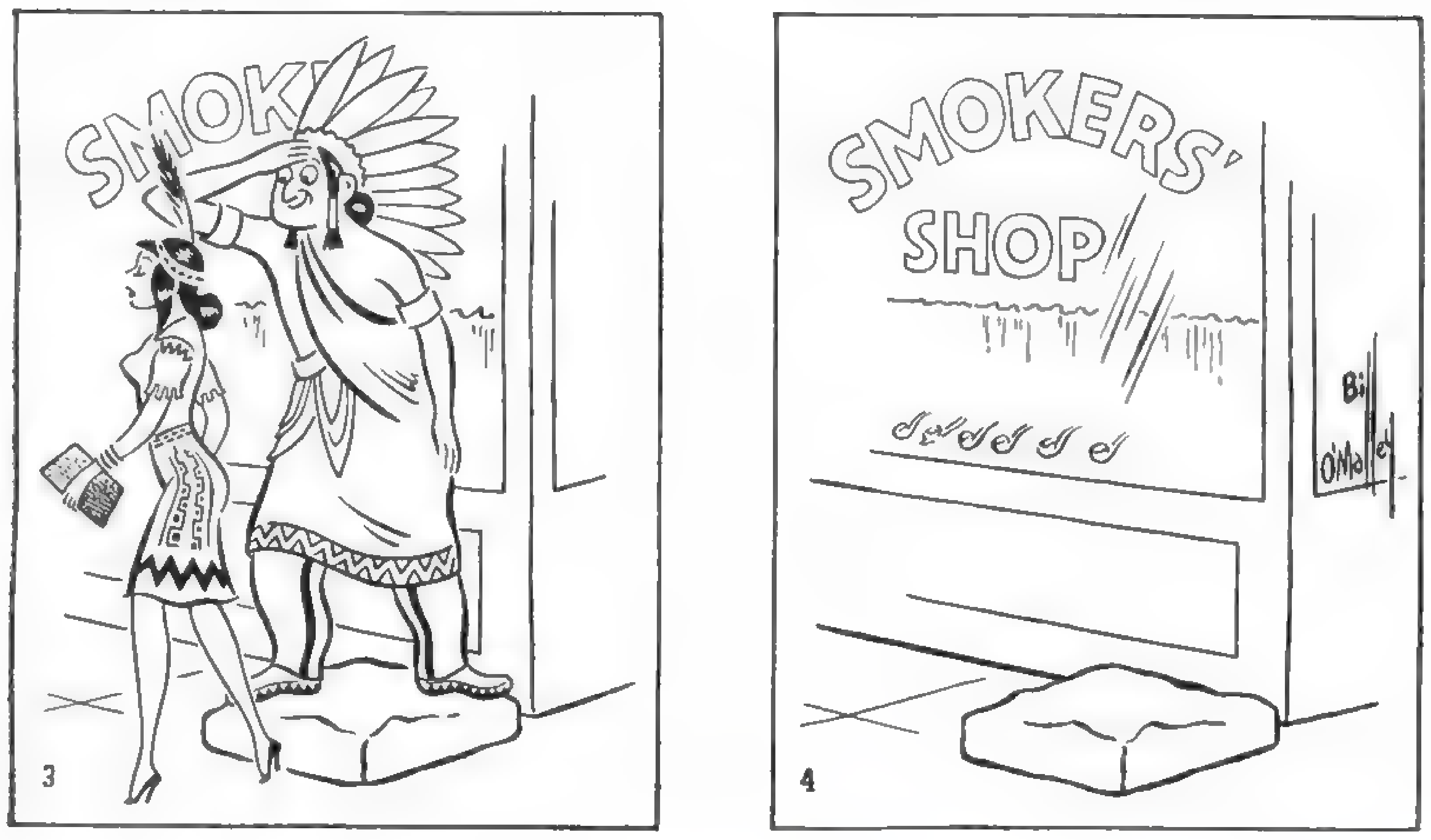
"Alright, you Arabs! Take off those sunglasses—we're going to start shooting"

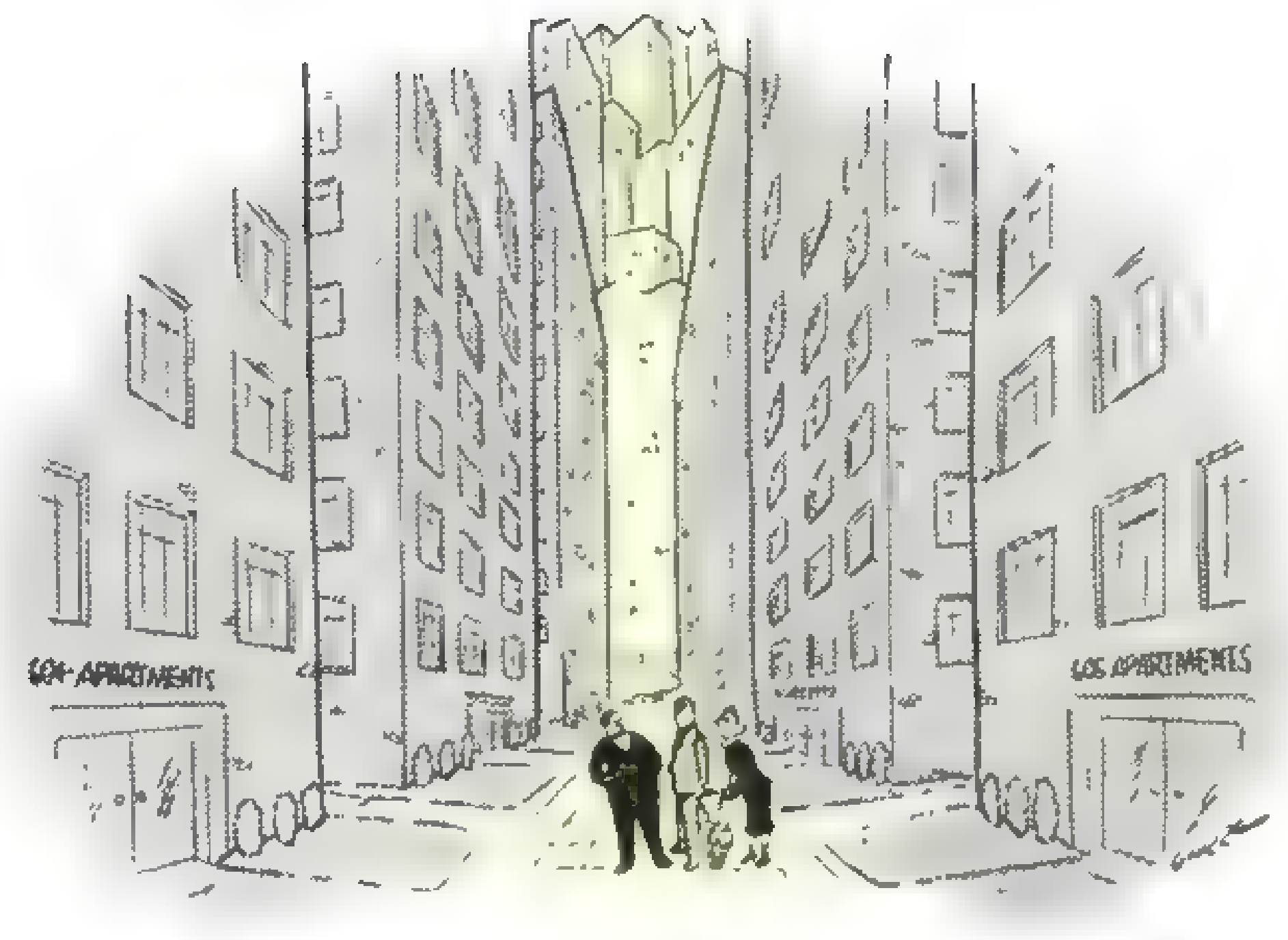


"Now, we're going to remember and not let him pound anymore on our right eye, aren't we?"

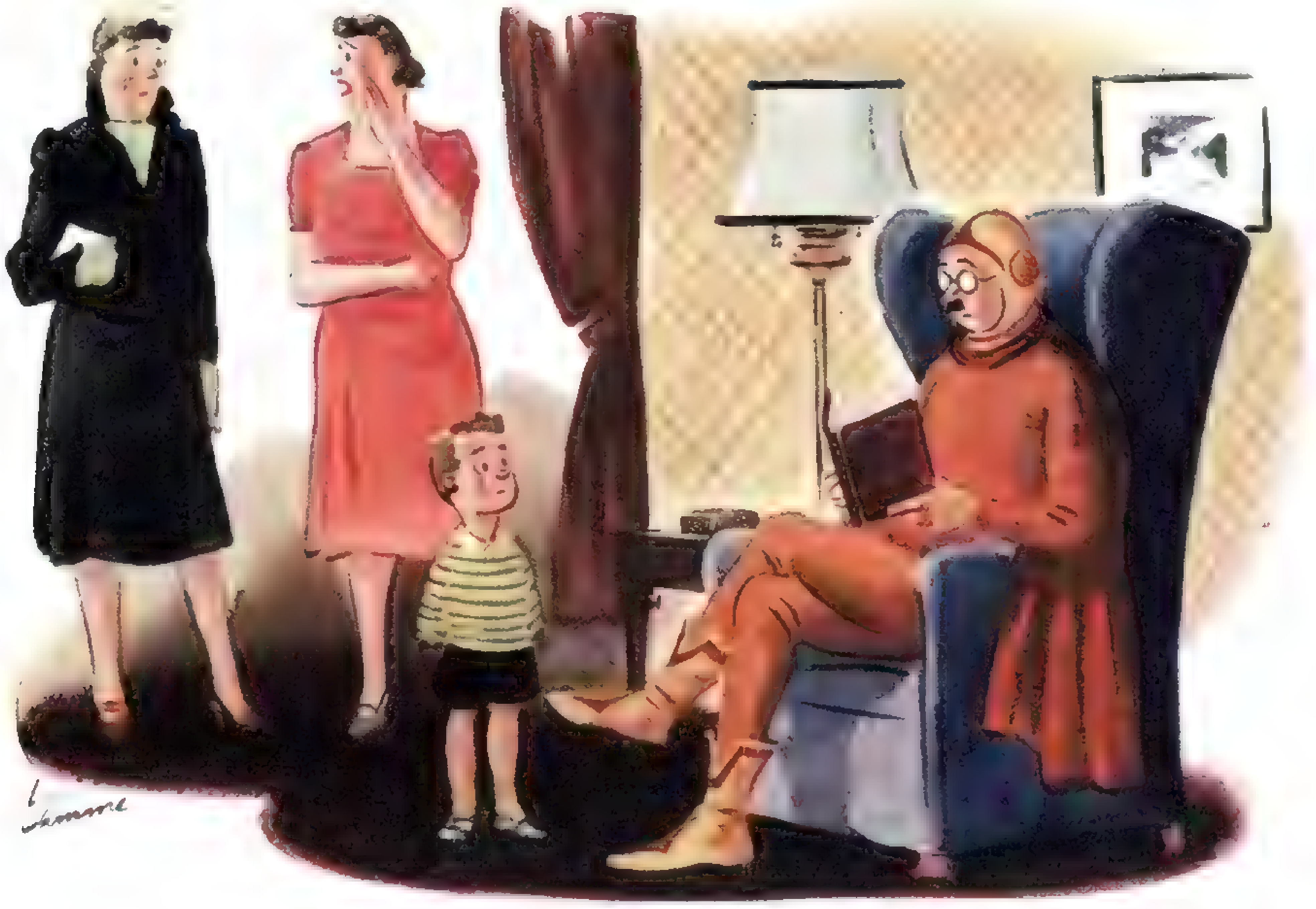
Wish Someone Would Invent...

A foolproof device for distinguishing Chinese from Japs . . . A silencer for the guy who says: "I predicted that long ago." . . . A suitable substitute for jokes about suitable substitutes for rubber . . . A five and ten cent store that only sells things for five and ten cents . . . A golf ball that will whistle at you when you smack it into the rough . . . A pack of bridge cards that will give a shock to anybody who deals out of turn.

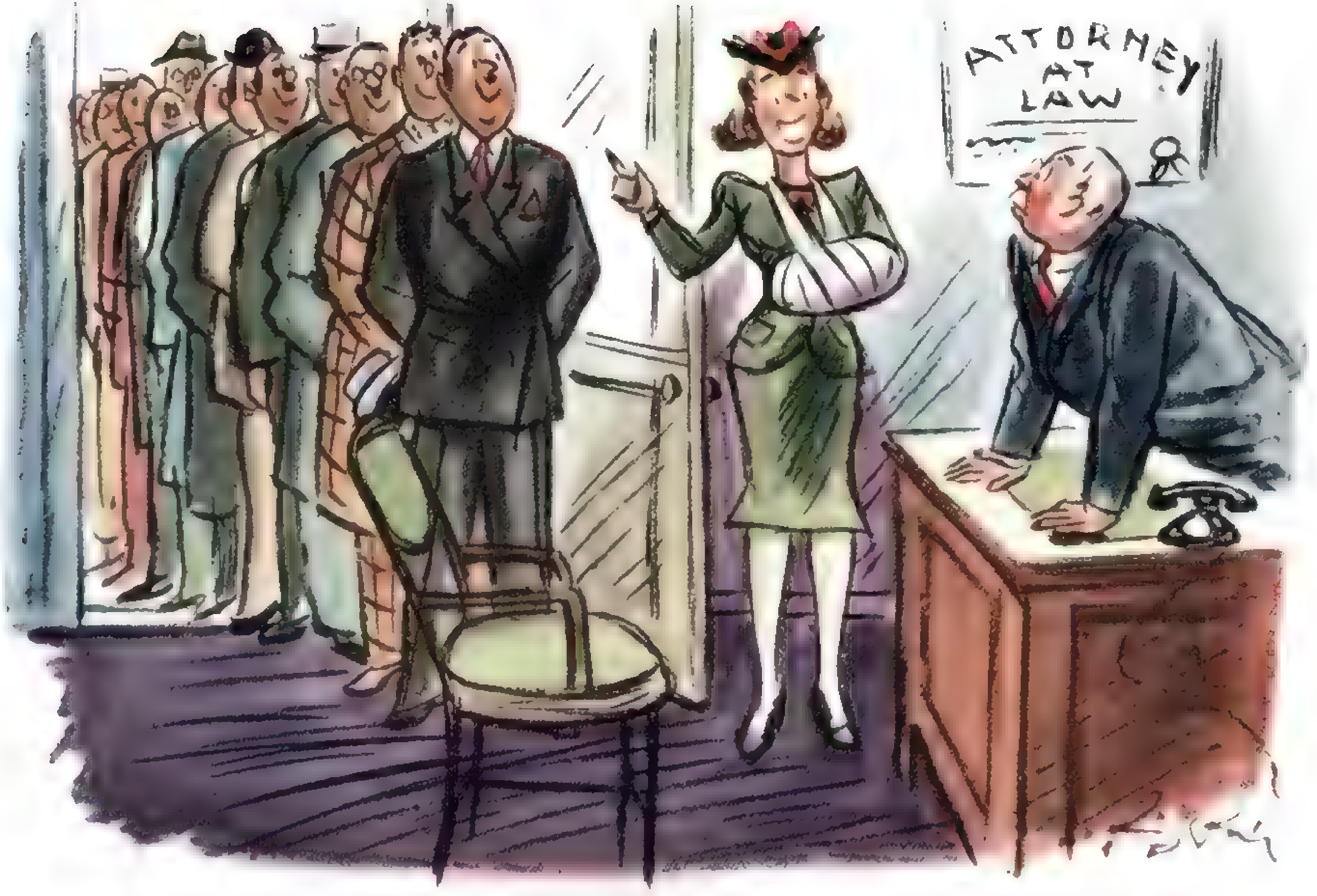

SMOK
3
SMOKERS' SHOP
Bill O'Malley
4


60¢ APARTMENTS
60¢ APARTMENTS

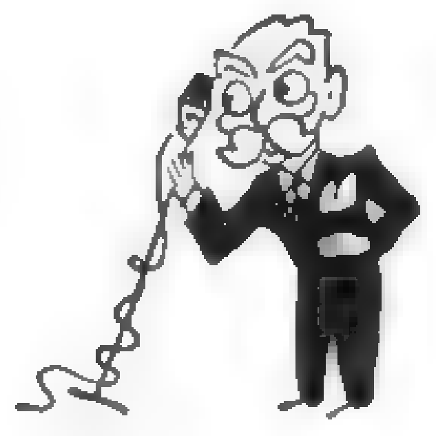
"—then, of course, at noon you have your sunlight!"



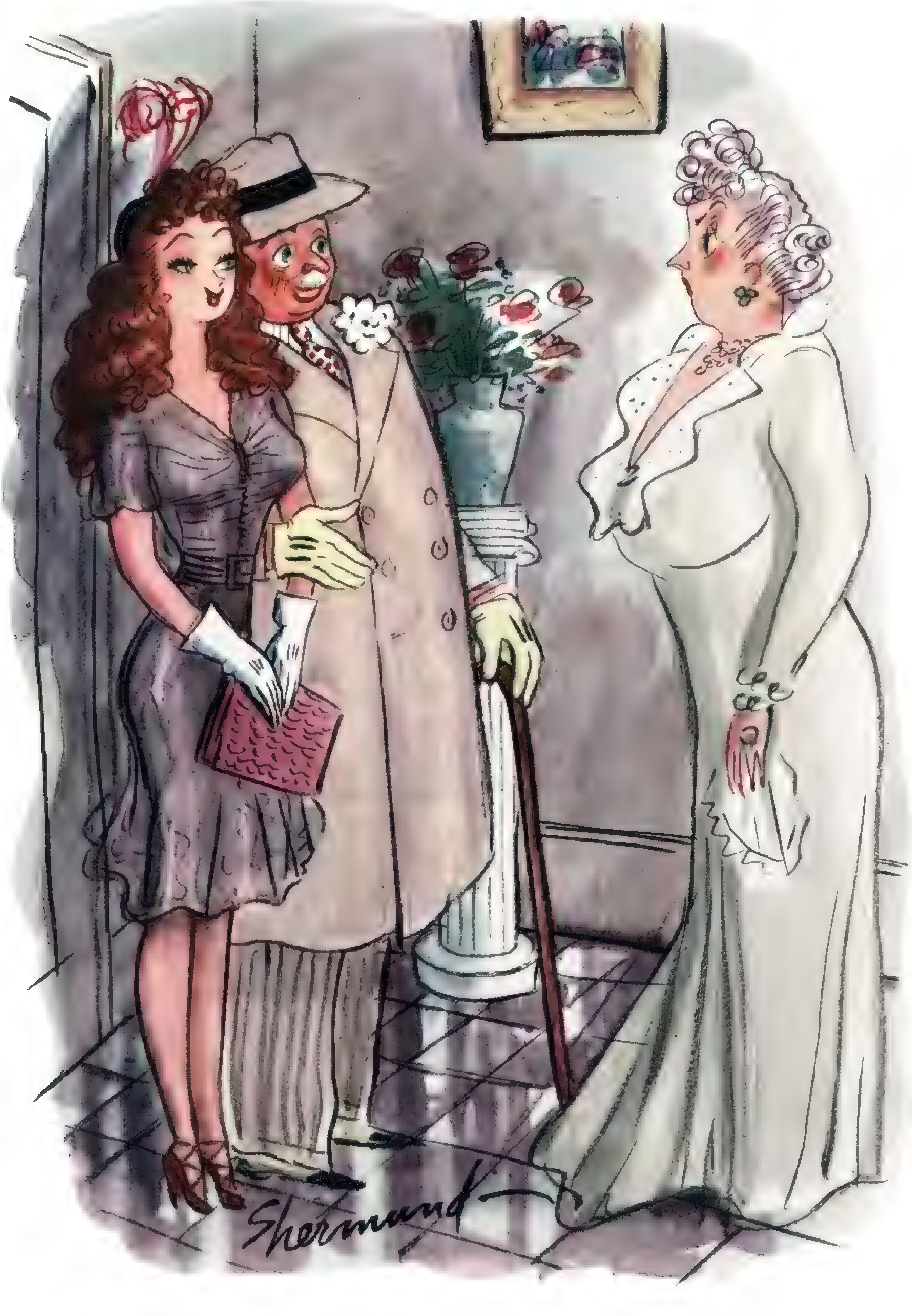
"We didn't like Edgar's having more respect for Superman than for his father"


ATTORNEY AT LAW

"These are my witnesses—they were kind enough to assist me when I fell"



The radio crooner's life has been nothing but moonlight and Rose O'Days.



"This is Miss Johnson, dear—the Juvenile Court awarded her to my custody"

F. D. R.'s Mystery Man

Wild Bill Donovan and his staff dig up and broadcast information, matching the fiction of Axis propaganda with truth

by JOHN McCARTHY

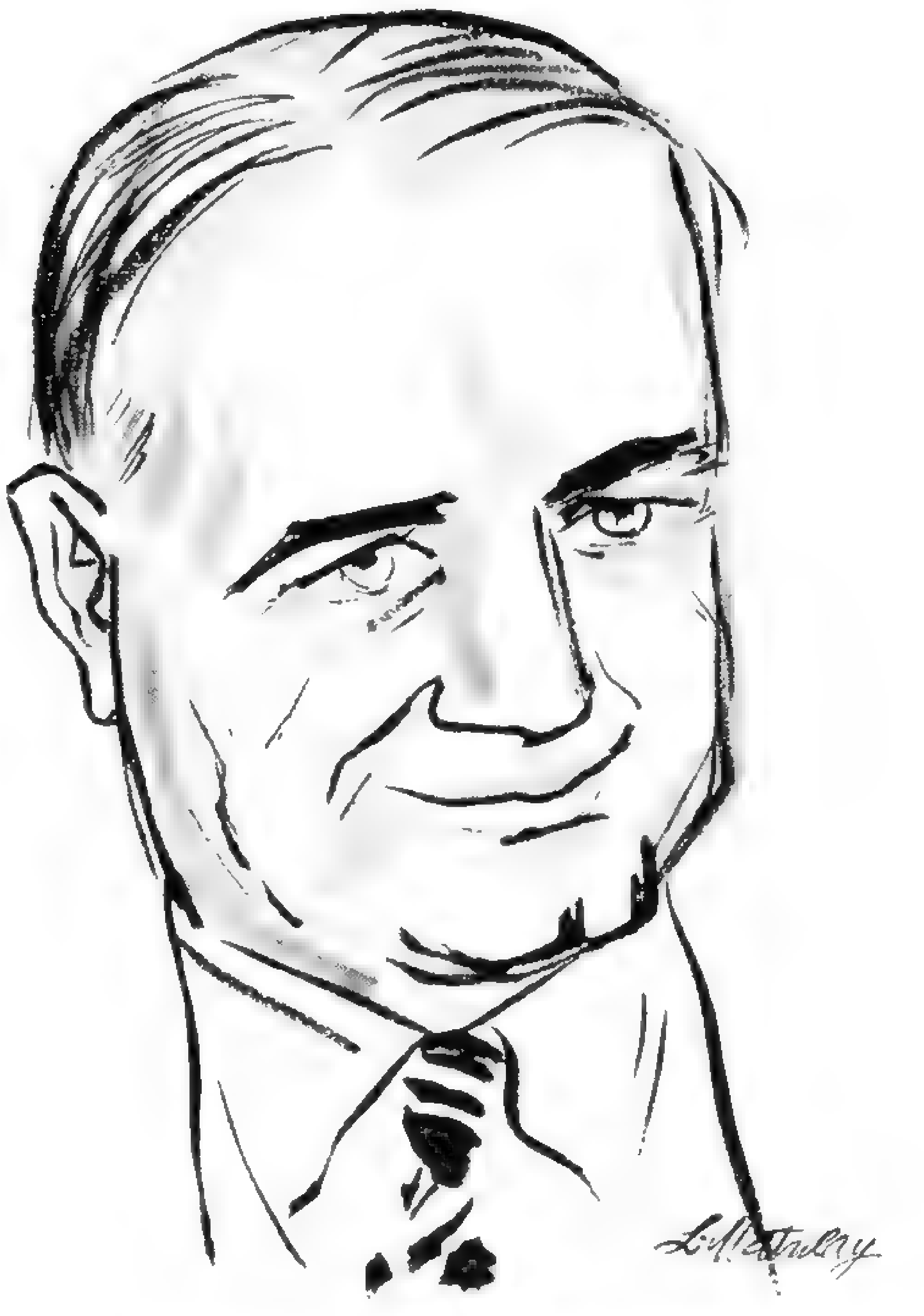
• ARTICLE •

IN THE First World War, President Woodrow Wilson had Colonel Edward Mandell House as his confidential adviser on foreign affairs. Today, President Franklin D. Roosevelt has Colonel William Joseph (Wild Bill) Donovan as his personal counselor on what is going on abroad. Just as Colonel House was regarded in 1917-18 as a man of mysterious comings and goings, so now is Colonel Donovan. Like House, Donovan reports to nobody but the President and his offices at 25th and E. Streets, Washington, function behind closed doors. Admittance is gained only through the highest credentials.

How Donovan handles his job of getting the right information to enable him to advise the President authoritatively is vastly different from the manner in which House operated. When compared to House's procedure, Donovan's methods vividly illustrate the tremendous changes which have taken place both in the world and in America since the First World War. Colonel House had no title and performed practically single-handed. In contrast Colonel Donovan has the title of Co-ordinator of Information and is assisted by a staff of more than two hundred and fifty people, including eminent economists, geographers, diplomats, linguists, Army and Navy Intelligence officers, authors, newspapermen, movie directors and radio experts.

Whereas House never shared any fact-finding data with anybody but Wilson, Colonel Donovan conducts some 250 short-wave broadcasts weekly over ten stations to Europe, Asia, Africa and the Pacific Islands. These broadcasts are delivered in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish, Norwegian, Dutch, German, Czech, Italian, Turkish, Serbian, Croatian, Arabic, Persian, Armenian and Greek. Incidentally, in these short-wave broadcasts, Donovan's policy infuriates Goebbels, Gayda and other enemy propagandists. For instance, he refuses to reply to their lies with larger American editions of the same. Operating only over privately-owned transmitters which are not subjected to governmental dictation, Donovan refutes German, Italian or Japanese lies with factual truths, suppressing nothing. For instance, should there be a strike in a defense industry, his news releases will say so.

As a result of this straightforward, honest American free-speech policy, Donovan's short wave broadcasts are building up all over the world tremendous and responsive audiences. Letters smuggled out of Germany and Italy testify that not a few people in those countries are risking long terms of imprisonment and even death to listen to these objective American short-wave news broadcasts.



Colonel William Joseph Donovan

F.D.R.'s Mystery Man Donovan is well qualified for the potent post which he now holds.

Possessed with a gentle understanding manner, good Irish sense of humor, and a knowing twinkle in his clear blue eyes, Colonel Donovan is far from the explosive military type which his nickname of "Wild Bill" might indicate. In fact, try and find in turbulent Washington today a key official less wild than Donovan. There is none! The national nomenclature of "Wild Bill" was hung on Donovan back in 1917 when he was an officer in the famous old Fighting 69th of New York. After hours of marching with his troops in a training camp, Colonel William J. Donovan, still looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy, told his men that they should be able to stand the workout as well as he could. "Oh yeah," came a retort from the rear, "but we ain't as wild as you are!"

Before assuming the job as Co-ordinator of Information, Colonel Donovan had had a successful career as a soldier, as a U. S. District Attorney, as Principal Assistant to the U. S. Attorney General, and as partner in one of New York's leading law firms. Too, he had been a candidate for Governor of New York. As a soldier, he rose from the ranks to a Colonelcy, and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, and was regarded as one of the great heroes of the last war. Pertinent to his qualifications for dealing with foreign affairs, the Colonel has been an inveterate traveler abroad, and a constant first-hand observer on foreign political, military and naval developments. He has spent considerable time in Europe, Africa, China, Siberia and Japan.

Last year, Colonel Donovan went on an important secret mission for President Roosevelt to England, France, Jugoslavia, Greece and the Middle East, covering some 25,000 miles. As a result of this trip, the Nazis later accused Donovan of arranging, in Jugoslavia, the revolutionary coup which ousted Regent Prince Paul after he capitulated to Nazi demands for free passage of German troops to fight in Greece. Because of this coup, King Peter rose to the throne with Premier General Dusan Simovitch, and Jugoslavia fought the Germans in a campaign which still continues on a large scale guerrilla basis in the Serbian hills.

From his own experiences in the last war and his intimate contacts with the political and military situations in Europe, Africa and Asia, the Colonel knows full well the vital necessity to the President and our armed forces of keeping all foreign data up-to-date. Consequently, the Colonel has established within his office of Co-ordinator of Information, an active research organization which rivals to a degree the well-known German Bureau of Geopolitik. This Hitler-matching Bureau studies all of the geographical and national characteristics of every country in the world. The Colonel's staff not only collects many foreign facts on its own but also gathers in a central spot relevant diplomatic, political, military and naval data from other departments of the Government which it may need to answer any questions. This material is available to the President and is also used on the short-wave broadcasts.

In addition, Colonel Donovan's COI organization daily gets from the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service of the Federal Communications Commission a complete resumé of all the short-wave propaganda programs as broadcast to non-axis nations by the Germans, Italians and Japs the previous day. This resumé is sifted and analyzed by a board of well-known scholars under the direct supervision of Dr. James P. Baxter, President of Williams College. Their findings are forwarded immediately to Colonel Donovan so that he can advise the White House and also discuss them with his two associates, Robert E. Sherwood and Nelson Poynter who are in charge of the COI's Foreign Information

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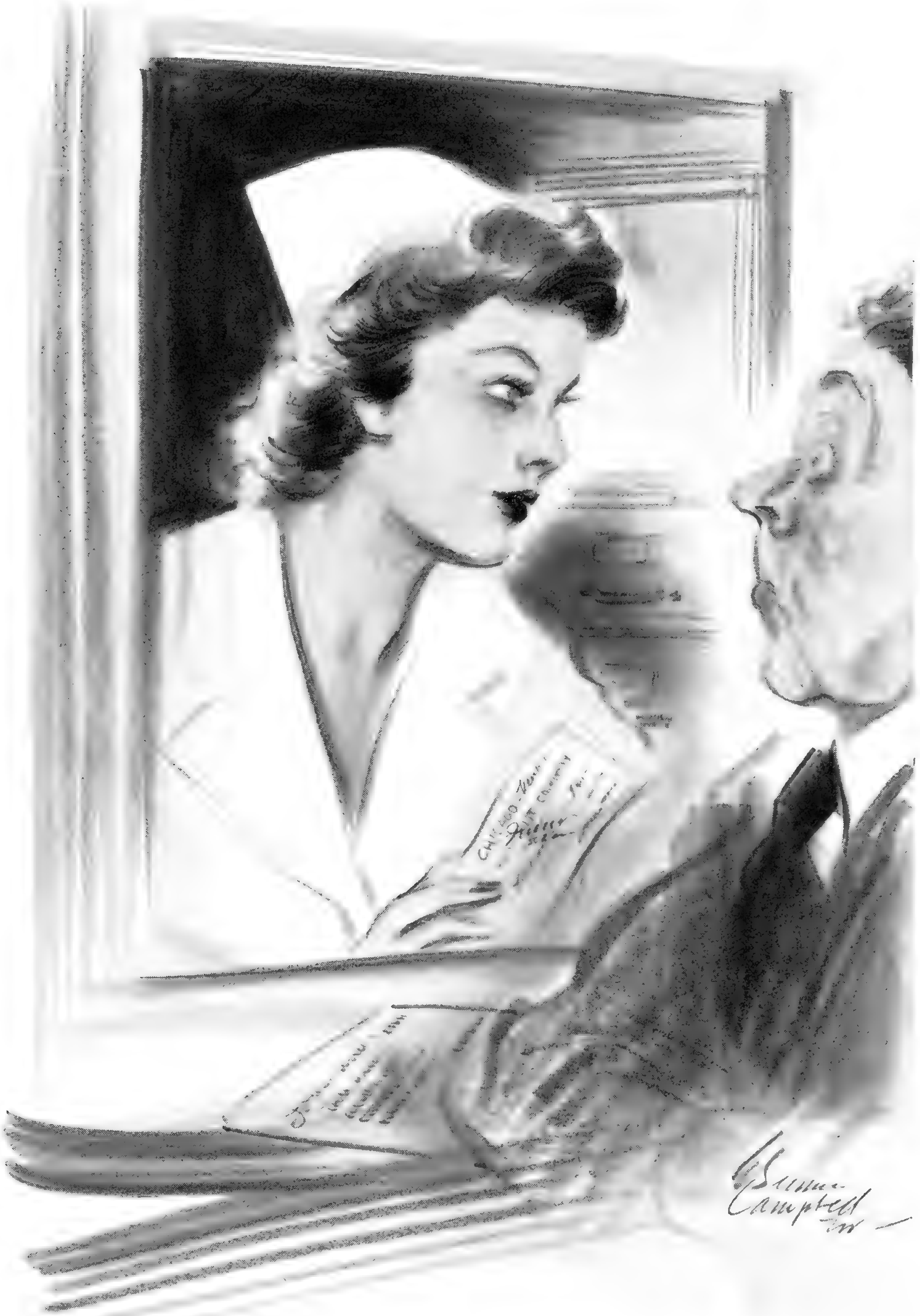


"Congratulations! You're the father of a bouncing boy—and that check you gave us bounced too!"

The New Fishing Technique

Recommending spinning, unknown to most American anglers, for pickerel, trout, pike, perch, panfish and educated bass

by HAROLD E. LEWIS

• SPORTS •

THE first time that I tried my spinning outfit I was fishing one of the huge pools of the famous Ausable River in the Adirondacks of New York. Previously I had waded out as far as my waders would permit and I still could not reach the spot with my flyrod where I had seen a huge trout rise. Another fisherman on the other side of the pool was having no better luck.

Fishing writers get a huge quantity of equipment from various manufacturers who hope that a little publicity will be given their product. Consequently the turtleback of my coupé was filled with a miscellany of unused paraphernalia among which, in its original packing carton, was a spinning outfit.

I assembled the rod, clipped the reel on, and gingerly flicked the devon toward the center of the pool, much in the same manner as I would cast a light plug with a bait rod. I had heard great things about the spinning reel but never suspected that it was as potent as it proved to be. The tiny lure sailed out across the fifty foot expanse of water, past the angler on the other side of the pool, and about thirty feet up onto the opposite shore. That bewildered fisherman wasn't a bit more surprised than I was. That day I creeled my limit in pounds and I had only four trout. Since that day, aided and abetted by the spinning outfit, I have killed heavier trout than I ever took before.

Spinning is a style of angling new to most American sportsmen, although it has been a favorite method in England and France for some years. It originated in England where it is also known as thread-line fishing, due to the fact that the line employed has a diameter only a little greater than common sewing thread. In France it is called spinning as the lures used are mostly of the spinning or revolving type. It is a sort of hybrid; a cross between bait casting and fly fishing, retaining the best qualities of both and without the headache of drag and backlash.

In England the spinning rods range from seven to ten and one-half feet in length and weigh from four to twenty-five ounces. The heavier rods are designed to handle lures weighing up to two and one-half ounces, and are used in salt water as well as in inland fishing for heavy game fish such as salmon.

The rods with which American sportsmen are concerned are mostly of two-piece design, seven feet in length, and constructed of six-piece split bamboo. All-metal rods are also available but are not as popular due to their stiffer action. The bamboo rods weigh from four to five and one-half ounces and are of about the same weight and action as our American wet fly rods.

The most unorthodox part of the spinning equipment is the reel. It has no revolving spool, thus back lashes are automatically eliminated. Then too, the line runs silently through the rod guides with no drag. It is possible to cast a quarter-ounce lure more than one hundred feet with very little effort. In retrieving line the reel handle is cranked in the usual way, a wire finger picking up the line and winding it smoothly and easily in neat coils on the stationary reel drum. It is equipped with a slipping clutch that will allow a fish to take out line even while the angler is reeling in. This clutch, or drag, may be adjusted without tools to correspond with the weight of the line used.

The slipping clutch permits the use of a line much lighter than the bait rods will handle without breaking as there is never any dead pull against it. These lines range from three to five pound test and are constructed of silk, braided nylon or synthetic gut. It is possible to take fish weighing more than the breaking test of the line. The smaller line also permits more capacity for the reel which is a very important item considering the fact that casts of one hundred feet or more are common.

The lures used in England are called devons, but they are nothing more or less than tiny artificial minnows resembling some of the smaller plugs put out by American manufacturers. Any lure weighing from one-eighth to one-half ounce may be cast effectively, however, and I have used everything from weighted streamer flies to live frogs, minnows and angle worms.

Many of the larger streams, especially in the West, hold large trout that seldom fall victim to the well presented flies of the purist. Those big fellows don't want flies, they want solid food, and in quantities. They are usually inaccessible to the plug-rod fishermen, and are seldom fished for by the live bait enthusiasts except under the most unfavorable conditions, as immediately following a heavy rain when the streams are swollen and discolored and natural food is being washed downstream. Those trout are smart or they wouldn't live to grow big, and they cannot be approached with the limited facilities of the run-of-the-mill fisherman. Dextrous use of the spinning outfit with its great range would seem to be the answer.

From the above the reader might get the impression that the spinning outfit is limited to the taking of trout. I have used it with great success on both large and smallmouth bass, pike, perch, pickerel and panfish of a dozen species. One of the finest day's sport that I ever had was on a small artificial lake that teemed with pickerel weighing from one to five pounds. An enterprising landholder had dammed a small stream that ran through a deep ravine, creating a lake of about three acres. He had stocked it with grass pickerel, large yellow perch and bullheads, and had then closed the lake to fishing

Continued at top of page 105

WUNKLE'S
EXTRA FANCY TUNA FISH
Bob Gallivan

"Your Uncle Herbert, children, may his soul rest in peace"

A Memorable Evening

Sergeant Smoot had read up on Elsie Post, but he wasn't quite fortified for Sunday dinner at the Courtneys

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

℞

Mrs. Courtney's wrists ached. She'd been rolling bandages. At first one rolled bandages because one had to if one wanted to be in the social swim. But now Mrs. Courtney rolled bandages in grim earnest. To one who had borne the rigors of competition in Society the task of conquering a few foreign enemies was a mere chore. There was something in the way Mrs. Courtney's features were organized that in itself would have made an enemy of America unsure of himself.

When she got home Mrs. Courtney rubbed arnica on her wrists, raised hell with the cook for leaving the refrigerator open, then went up to the study to find her husband. He was dozing over a recent issue of *Fortune.*

"Some day you'll fall asleep with a cigar in your mouth and burn the house down, John."

"Oh. Good evening, Evadna."

"How did the railroad go today?" Mr. Courtney owned a railroad.

"Fairish. Somebody was raising hell all afternoon about a carload of paper doilies. What could anyone want with a carload of paper doilies in these times? Apparently the Priorities Board was holding them up. The other day it was, ah, sanitary tissue. The army requirements for sanitary tissue seem abnormally high to me."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Courtney. "We're inviting four soldiers from the camp to come and have dinner with us Sunday afternoon."

"General Bartlett and his staff?"

"Don't be silly, John. This is war work, not a social affair. I've phoned the local U.S.O. to send four enlisted men who have no homes to visit. It's the least we can do."

"But I just bought a suitcase full of Defense Savings Bonds, Evadna."

"That's not a sacrifice, that's an investment."

"All right," said Mr. Courtney. "I'm for army morale as much as you are. But there's an inconsistency of some sort here. Six months ago you had me donate a big check to the U.S.O. to build places of entertainment for the soldiers, and now when they're built you won't let them stay there and entertain themselves."

"My wrists are too tired to argue. By the way, I've put your name in to act as an air-raid warden."

"What!"

"You'll be in charge of this side of the block we live in."

"But I don't know how to be an air-raid warden," Mr. Courtney protested plaintively.

"Of course you don't. That's what I brought this manual home for. Study it thoroughly, and then I'll pass on your qualifications."

"You'll pass on my qualifications, Evadna?" queried Mr. Courtney.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Courtney. "I've been given charge of the district."

"Okay," said Mr. Courtney, shrugging his shoulders resignedly. "I'm for an all-out effort too, you know. But—"

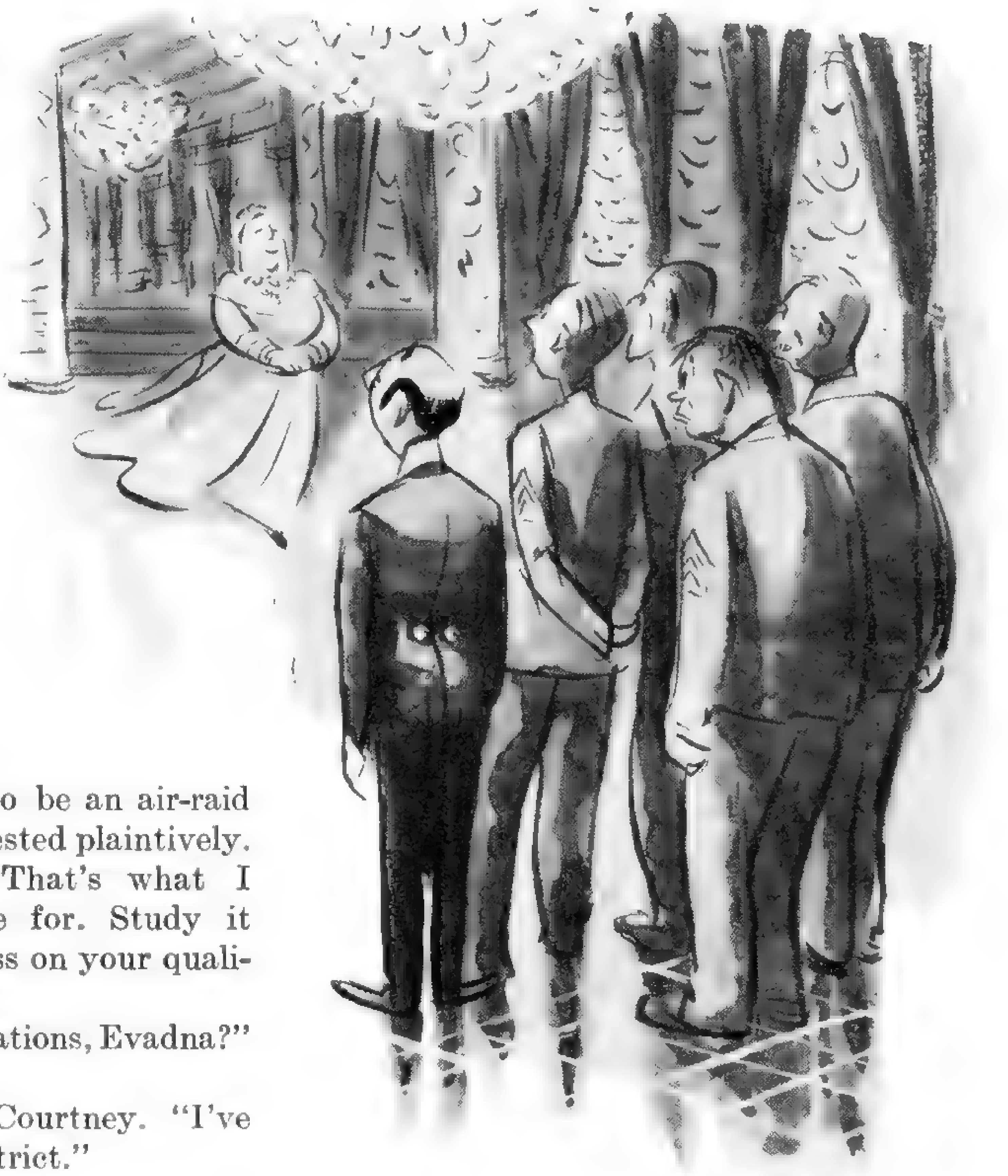
"But what?"

"Well, I don't exactly agree that you and I should try to win the whole war single-handed."

Mrs. Courtney's expression assumed a quality which would have halted a dive bomber in mid-air. "Just wear a dinner jacket, John. It's to be quite informal."

"You mean for this air-raid warden business?"

"Really, John! I'm talking about the dinner for the soldiers on Sunday. They're to be here at four sharp."



Mrs. Courtney was a good deal surer of that than was Sergeant Smoot.

"Why does everything haff to go ahead and happen to me?" he was demanding rhetorically of his three pals, Corporals Harrison Hyler, Corky Smith, and Ortwingle.

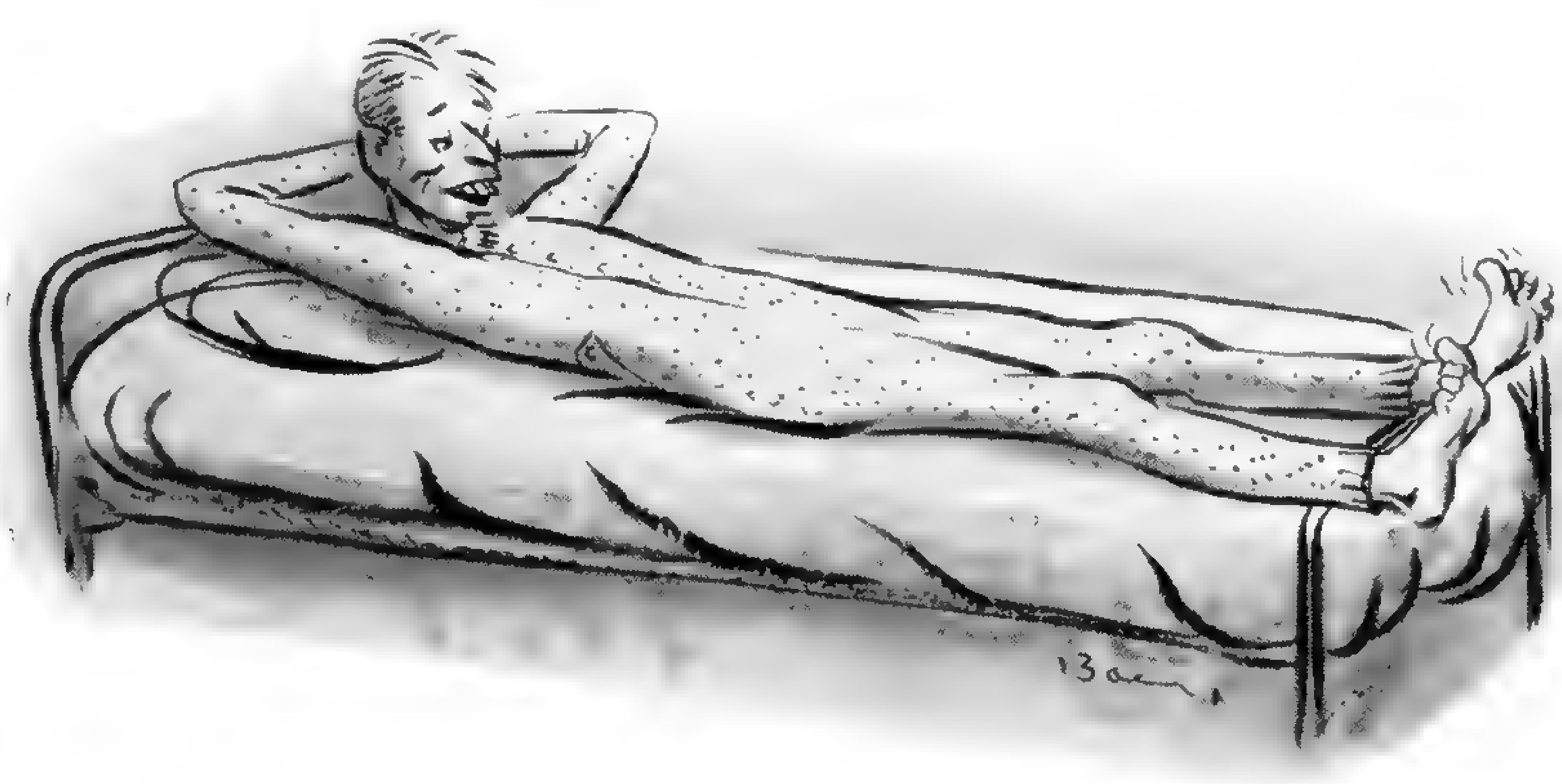
They were still in barracks. The Sunday afternoon sun was waning. Ortwingle lay in his long woolen drawers, hands clasped behind his neck, and admired his feet. Obviously his three subordinates were deliberately torturing him. "Why shouldn't everything happen to you?" said Ortwingle as he wriggled his toes. "My ole grandmother use to say that before everybody dies he alwys gits what's comin' to him. She use to say that the Lord works in mischievous ways his wonders to proform."

"But what is this here hostess at the U.S.O. gonna think of me if we don't arrive at this old dame's house?" Smoot pleaded.

"It is my estimation that the worst she could think of you would be flattery," said Ortwingle. "Why should we go to some ole dame's house?"

"Yeah," said Corky Smith. "It ain't no rules in the regulations which says that we have got to eat in any old dame's house."

"How would you know what the regula-



tions says?" Smoot demanded. "You can't even read the letters on them children's toy blocks."

Corky Smith flexed his arms. "That's all right," he said. "A dog can't read either but he knows enough not to stick his nose into a mousetrap."

"Lissen, fellers," said Sergeant Smoot. "Please! This isn't just no personal matter of keepin' a promise. It is the honor of the whole U. S. Army that is at stake, see."

"How do you figger to arrive at that there conclusion?" asked Ortwingle.

"It's the duty of the Army in wartime to keep up the civilian morale. If it's gonna keep some old dame happy for four soldiers to eat at her house, that is a very small sacrifice to make. Ain't I right, Harrison?"

"Theoretically I agree with you, of course," said Hyler. "It is incumbent upon the military to instill confidence in the civil population. However, you must concede that Army regulations are strangely silent on the matter of accepting dinner invitations. If my confrère here chooses to lie in his underthings and admire his feet in preference to accepting a social engagement, I fear he is wholly within his rights."

"You too, huh?" said Sergeant Smoot. "Okay. Well, all I can say is that for guys that they love their bellies more than they love their country, you are all makin' a great mistake."

"You mean we'll be missin' out on a big feast?" said Corky.

"Look," said Sergeant Smoot. "This here John P. Courtney is probly about one of the biggest railroad magnets in the country. Try to imagine what you'd have every night for supper if you was a railroad magnet."

"Roast goose smothered with lamb chops," said Corky Smith.

"Don't let him weaken you," said Ortwingle. "He is jist tryin' to appeal to your basic nature."

"Or Chinese peasants on toast," said Corky Smith.

Harrison Hyler cut short the torture. "I suppose we ought to go anyway, boys. In a sense Smooty is right. Facing bullets in defense of one's country is an honor, but making some good lady happy is a stern duty. Let no one say of an American soldier that he saw his duty and wouldn't do it."

"I'd rather stir up a crap game somewhere," said Ortwingle.

"Or maybe fried pork tenderloin," said Corky Smith. "Fried pork tenderloin and johnny cake. Do you think this ole dame that we are gonna eat at her house kin work us up a batch of johnny cake, Smoot?"

"Never mind that," said Sergeant Smoot. "If I ketch you reachin' out in front of this dame to spear yourself the biggest steak offn the platter I'll stab you with a fork. Come on, Orty. Climb into them britches, and be sure to fix them claws of yourn, because in the high society this Mrs. Courtney travels around in they don't wait till they get to the dinner table to start raspin' their fingernails."

"How do you know what they do in high society?" Ortwingle demanded.

Smoot became preoccupied with his necktie. "If you must know," he admitted not too willingly, "I—Well, I been readin' this book by Elsie Post jist in preparation for this emergency. A sergeant never knows what he will be called on to do next."

When they arrived finally at the Courtney residence a small bald-headed man with a severe face took their caps. They stood waiting for a few moments in a round white-paneled reception alcove.

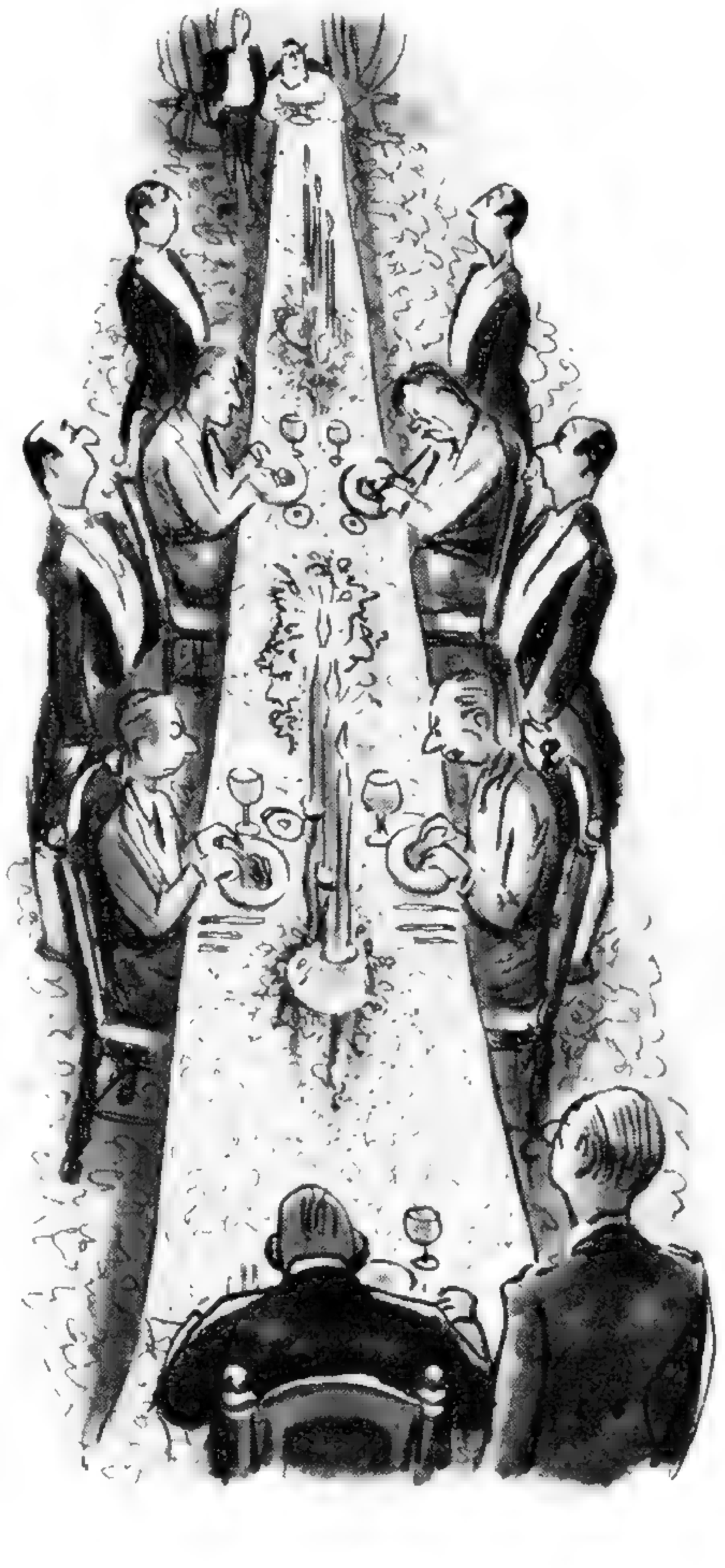
"I bet people could live in this here house all their lifes and still never git to meet each other," said Corky Smith. "What makes somebody ever want with all these rooms?"

"They don't want 'em, you dope," said Smoot. "A house as big as this needs a whole corpse of servants, and when you have a whole corpse of servants, you need a house as big as this to make room for them."

"I'm starved," said Corky. "I ain't had a thing to eat since noon. Boy, I sure hope this here ole dame puts out with a nice mess of groceries. My stummick feels like my throat has been disconnected for repairs or something."

Just then Mrs. Courtney herself sort of sailed up off the horizon. She was gowned in a smooth-fitting simple mauve velvet, a Harry Blumenfeld original. "Do come along into the drawing room, boys. We're happy and proud to have you with us. I'm Mrs. Courtney, of course."

"Yes ma'am," said Sergeant Smoot. "Uh, Corporal Hyler, may I present Mrs. Courtney?" He had a vague recollection that according to Elsie Post it was supposed to be the other way around, but it was too late to worry about that now. Anyway, the hell with Elsie Post. She was pre-war stuff.



"Corporals Hyler and Ortwingle and Smith. There, you see I'm very good at names. And this, boys, is Mr. Courtney."

"Mighty decent of you chaps to honor us, I must say," said Mr. Courtney. "A manly quartet of young soldiers, Evadna."

"No sir," said Ortwingle in all modesty. "None of us except Smoot here sings a note, and he sings like a sea lion with a fish stuck in his throat."

"How very droll," said Mrs. Courtney. "Well, anyway, here's Charles with something for us to drink."

A pimply-faced guy in a white jacket came in with a tray full of drinks.

"Ginger ale," said Mrs. Courtney. Smoot had already choked on his. "Our little contribution to sobriety for the duration. Since the outbreak of war we've locked our wine cellars."

"My ole grandmother found a dead man in her cellar onct," said Ortwingle.

"Really!"

"It was a mystry," Ortwingle added. "The county wanted my ole grandmother to bury him and my ole grandmother said the county oughta bury him."

"And what happened?" asked Mrs. Courtney, fascinated.

"Nothing," said Ortwingle. "While the county and my ole grandmother was arguin' about it the dead man jist disappeared."

"What an unusual story," said Mr. Courtney.

"That's what us kids alwys figgered," said Ortwingle. "My grandmother was a awful ole liar."

"Dinner is served, madam," the servant announced.

"Tell us all about the Army, Sergeant," said Mrs. Courtney after they were seated.

Corky Smith was staring at the muscular little grapefruit, a pale cherry sitting vaguely in the middle of it, resting in the huge silver chafing dish before him. "It's hot!" he grunted under his breath to Corporal Hyler. He wasn't afraid of being heard. His host and hostess were half a mile away at either end of the table. "Somebody is tryin' to kid somebody. No one ever et no hot grapefruit in their lifes."

"Well, lady," Sergeant Smoot was shouting, "the trouble with the Army is that there is too much chance for advancement. Before

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So You're Going to Learn Spanish

Don't be snooty about Castilian when you're in Latin America, for who in Peoria speaks with an Oxford accent?

by ERNEST NOYES

• ARTICLE •

Whether you're studying Spanish to do your bit as a stay-at-home for our good-neighbor policy, or to speak with the people when you go south of the Rio Grande, remember what your golf pro told you: "Relax and watch me—in any case you're not going to make a hole in one."

Learning Spanish is somewhat like learning golf. You've got to take a lot of badgering from your pro. You've got to overcome your self-consciousness and you've got to work hard in the beginning. Past a certain point, it's fun. The game plays itself from then on.

Latin America looms large on our horizon today. We're going to Latin America as we never went before. Ships and planes are crowded. The need is pressing for Americans to know more about the language called Spanish and to speak it better than they ever have before. Latin America loomed slowly, but she is there to stay.

One week in any Latin American capital will convince you that Americans can no longer depend on the other fellow to speak English. The result is personal isolation for the resident private citizen and failure for the official. Meeting these people halfway means more than saying "buenos dias" and "adios." It means you ought to know enough Spanish to get invited to a party.

Because we're notoriously bad linguists, Americans living in Latin America who speak Spanish well are conspicuous. They're pointed out to the tourists along with the most treasured national monuments. They're the ones who've been good neighbors.

So if you're going to learn Spanish, there are certain things you should know and remember.

Don't think of Spanish spoken in Latin America as "good" or "bad." For the English you speak, as a North American, occupies the same position in relation to English as a world language, that Central or South American Spanish does in relation to Spanish as a world language. It is hardly likely, Americans agree, that London English is good English and American English is bad English. It is unlikely such a point of view would provide pleasant dinner table conversation in Mexico City or Buenos Aires.

The popular notion persists that American Spanish is different from the Spanish spoken in Spain. Perhaps one of the reasons is the map. Take a map of the new world, start at the Rio Grande and go south. You'll see Oaxaca, Quezaltenango, Tegucigalpa, Managua, Bogota, Guayaquil, and Antofagasta. They don't look Spanish. Now look at the map north of the Rio Grande. You'll see Illinois, Alabama, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Winnipeg, and you'll see that the biggest river in the land is called the Mississippi. They don't look English either. In both cases, what these Indian names once meant is a matter of historical record or speculation. Don't confuse them with the Spanish or English spoken in the cities of the new world.

Spanish came to the new world over 400 years ago. Nearly one hundred years before the first redskin noticed the strange goings on out by Plymouth Rock, Indians in Mexico and Peru were learning to read Spanish with books printed in Mexico City and Lima. Indian languages are still spoken in many parts of the Spanish-speaking new world but again, don't confuse Indian languages with Spanish. On the other hand, don't confuse Spanish with the Indian languages still spoken. It is doubtful that the last high priest of the great pre-Columbian temple of Chichen Itza would feel less at home among the speakers of present-day Maya in Yucatan, than John Alden would in Denver. Spanish and Indian languages maintain their identities.

When you cross the Rio Grande and go south, except for Brazil, you're among Spanish-speaking people till you come to the end of the new world. This language we call Spanish is not walled in by the sides of a valley, nor is it a spot on the desert. Like American English it covers a continent and is spoken by all manner of people in many climates. It is a flexible, living thing and, again like English, it is an old world language meeting new conditions in the new world. We don't speak the language of Shakespeare, nor do Latin Americans speak the language of Cervantes.

The fact of the matter is, Spanish-speaking America is a unity of language that Spain is not. In Spanish-speaking America you won't find the dialects of Spain. It was the need in Spain for a common means of communication that gave Castilian its ascendancy over the other Spanish dialects. These dialects are still spoken and sometimes resemble the language spoken over the border in Portugal or France more than they do Castilian. Indeed, Castilian as the standard language of Spain, is not spoken uniformly over the whole country. Spanish spoken in America is a variant of Castilian in about the same way that American English is a variant of the standard English spoken in England.

However, when a language is spoken over such an area, we expect to find some differences. We do in the United States, for we can tell when a man comes from Boston, and we can usually spot a southerner. This is also true of Spanish-speaking America. These differences have to do with relatively slight differences in the pronunciation of words, and not with how the words are put together in sentences. When a Bostonian says "the man bit the dog," the New Orleanian doesn't wonder who did the biting and who got bit. In this same sense, we can say that all Spanish-speaking Americans speak the same

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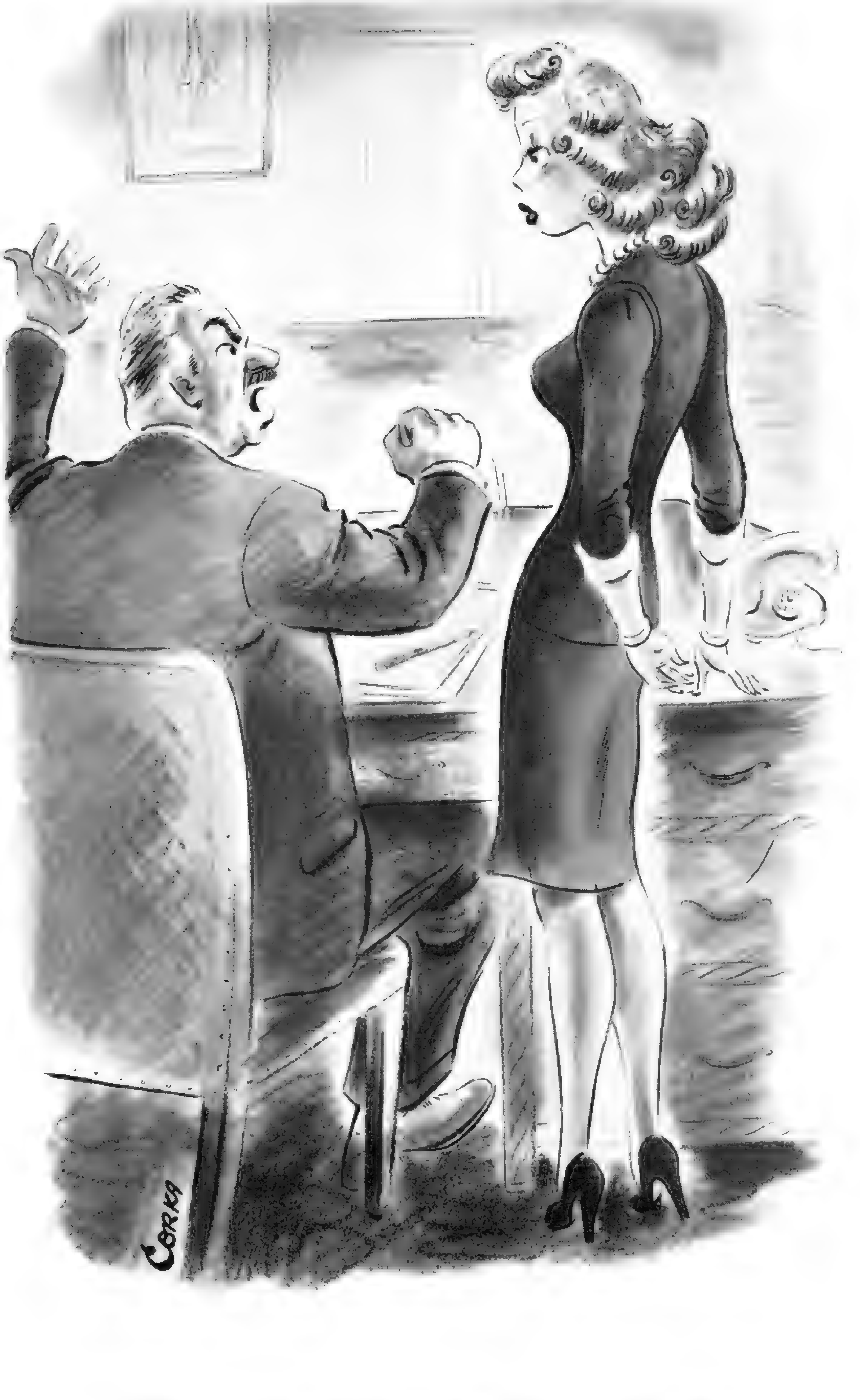
"Hello, there—tall, dark and drafted!"



"What next? First a fur coat, then a diamond bracelet, and now you want the afternoon off!"

The Other Side of the River

He had to admire the sharpness of his brother Edward, that was what made it so pleasurable to fox him with the dog

by HAMILTON BASSO

• FICTION •

As usual, old man Gay had taken his stick and walked down the road to the river and was standing on the bridge with his pale blue eyes fixed on the hill. Every afternoon he stood so, whenever the weather was fine, and even the C.C.C. boys who were new to that part of the country had come to regard him as essential to the landscape—a frail straight man of less than medium height, always collarless, the loose brick-red skin hanging in dark folds, the small pale eyes brooding with a blank intensity beneath the dusty brim of a black felt hat.

He was a man without friends. Ever since the death of his wife he had lived alone in the cottage beside the road, doing his own cooking and house work, sitting for hours in the sun on the porch, or taking his stick and shuffling his way the quarter-mile down to the river. He was not a neighborly man, and it was said of him that he was mean and hard as were all the Gays.

Below him the brown river flashed and glittered, and up on the hill he could see the burnished sourwood leaves that were the first harbingers of fall. Something cringed within him, a quick sharp emptiness, shrinking from the intimation that another year was almost gone. Having passed his seventy-sixth birthday, and gnarled with arthritis, he found it strange that he had never felt old, with this particular emphasis of oldness, until his brother died. Not that he felt any grief or remorse over Edward's passing or was sorry for what happened just before his death. *Walls of hell, no!* The only difference between the live Edward and the dead Edward was that he hated the dead one less. *He foxed me,* his mind went on dully, *and I foxed him, and I'd do it again!*

"Time was, sixty years or more ago . . ."

The tight thin lips moved almost imperceptibly beneath the prongs of stained moustache, and he could see the jackknife as plainly as if he were holding it in his hand. Pearl-handled it was, with two blades and a can opener. He was thirteen then, and the jackknife represented a summer's labor in the corn.

"Edward he was older than me and one day he got me in a trade. He was working on a logging gang, and one day he come home with a watch he said he traded off a man. It were a pretty thing to look at, all silver-plated and ticking loud enough to hear across the room, and when he said he'd swap it for my knife I traded right away. He wouldn't finish the trade, though, until just before he left to go back to the gang. He said he liked the way it felt ticking in his pocket, and I was fool enough to believe.

"Next morning in the kitchen, he gave me the watch, and I handed over my knife, and he took off whistling down the road. He weren't no more than gone when I found that I was foxed. That watch's hands was busted. They wouldn't work. They kept on showing the same time it was when he give it to me. He had set it by the clock Mama kept in the kitchen. He even made me look at the clock.

"I was mad enough to kill him, and tried to when he come home next week, but my daddy fetched me a slap aside the head that laid me on the floor. He said if I aimed to do any trading it wouldn't hurt me none to start out getting foxed. Mama tried to make Edward give me back my knife, but daddy wouldn't allow it. And he was right. A trade is a trade. A man has got to be bounded by his word."

A truck came down the road trailing white swirls of dust. It clattered over the bridge with its tail-gate flapping and the two men in the cab glanced at the frail straight figure in the wide black hat. One of them lifted his arm in greeting, but the salute was not returned. A pair of goldfinches darted through the willows and the brown water of the river flashed and rippled and lapped beneath the bridge. Time doubled back on itself, the stream of the present flowing into the stream of the past. The thin lips went on speaking.

"Mama was always nice to me. That girl of Edward's, Becky, she reminds me of mama. Becky was mama's name too. That time when Nicey died, she tried to get me and Edward to shake hands. Being a woman, she didn't understand. She meant all right, and wanted to do good, but she didn't know how it was. She's looking big these days. That young one of hers must be almost due."

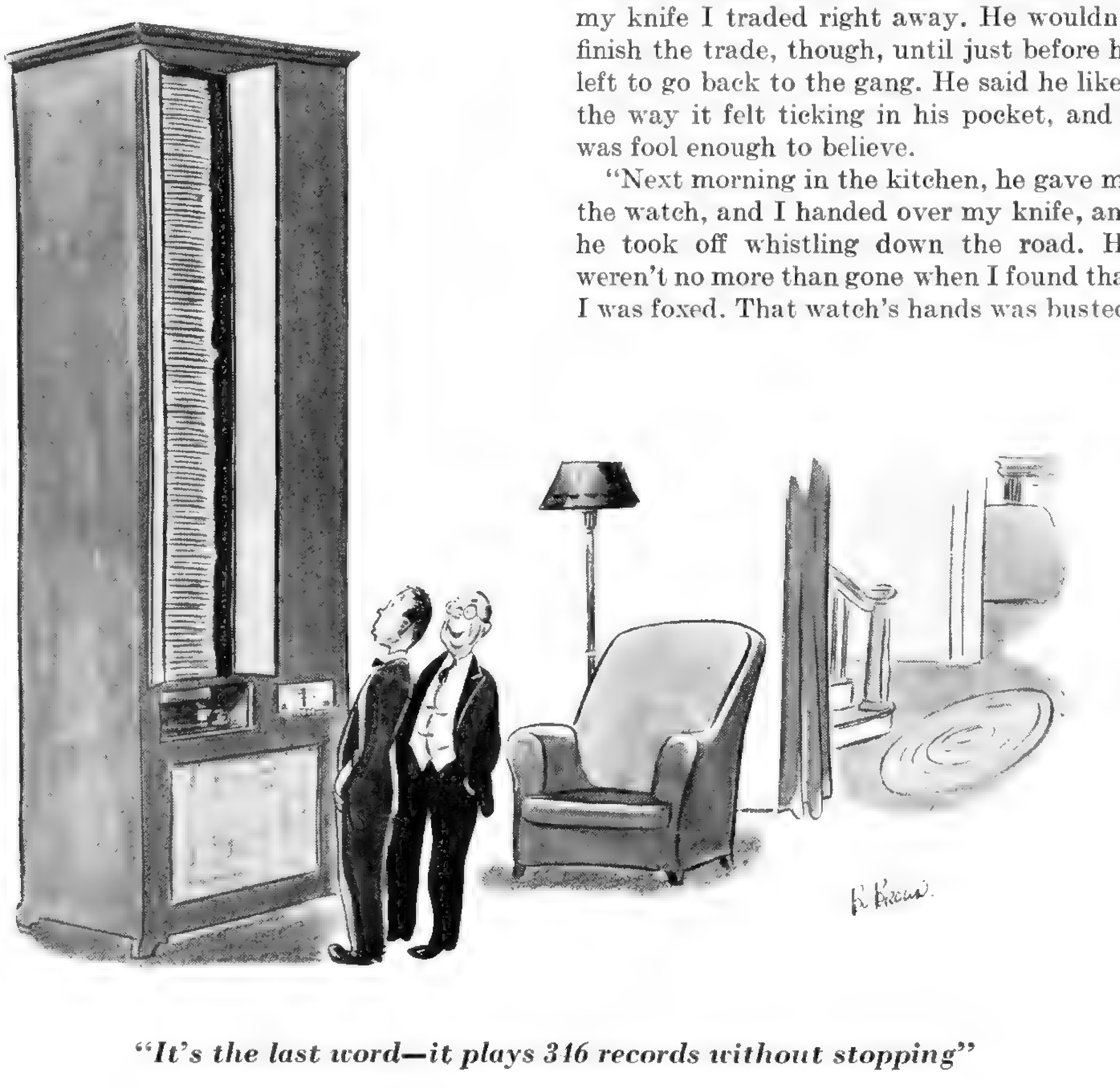
The dust raised by the truck settled on the weeds along the road. Somewhere in the dry cornfields there was a predatory cawing of crows.

"It was the knife that started it," he told the presence he was now addressing, a presence without shape or substance, neither male nor female, yet possessing a ghostly reality. "I puzzled a way to get even. But I didn't have nothing to trade, excepting that old watch and the clothes I wore.

"Edward got a job in the sawmill, and married into the bargain. I didn't see him more than two or three times in the next four years. But all the time I kept puzzling. Daddy come down with rheumatism, and I took to farming the place. I was going on eighteen, but I was my own boss and man. Edward, meantime, had gone to live on the farm that came to him when his wife's daddy died. He married sharp just like he did everything else. You have to admire the sharpness Edward had. That's what made it so pleasurable when I foxed him with that dog."

He could see the dog as vividly as he had seen the knife—a small cur with buttony eyes and black-and-liver markings, half beagle and half a dozen other strains, eerily voiceless

Continued on page 160



"It's the last word—it plays 316 records without stopping"

"ON A SINGLE"

WALTER E. BOHL

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE [illegible]

Walter E Bohl

Arthur Szyk
1942.

"SOME NECKS....!" by ARTHUR SZYK

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF
THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 157

The Sporting Scene

It is generally admitted draft board examinations showed up a flaw in the physical checkups of college athletes

by HERB GRAFFIS

•SPORTS•

PRESIDENT GEORGE BLOSSOM of the United States Golf Association took protective action for beneficiaries of sports war-relief benefit events by engaging a nationally-known auditing organization to go over the books on Red Cross and similar events played under U.S.G.A. jurisdiction.

Unduly high expenses will be closely questioned.

The U.S.G.A. procedure might well be adopted as standard practice in sports events for war relief organization fund-raising.

A malodorous sniff persisted long after the public got nosy about expenses of the Louis-Buddie Baer fight for the Navy Relief organization. Joe had nothing to do with running up an expense bill that apparently, whether with justice or not, caused sports editors and others to wonder if the Navy's operating bill hadn't been run in with the fight expenses.

It was shameful to put a rancid smell to any part of the affair in which a real champion risked his title, but the internal revenue department will clarify that case when it makes its income tax collections.

* * *

An overhauling of American sports is in prospect as a far-reaching effect of war on American life.

Rejection of approximately 45 per cent of the first 2,000,000 selective service registrants on physical disability counts has been cited as proof of a flat flop by sports in its vaunted role as developer of a nation sound in limb, wind and meat.

As dental defects were responsible for 20.7 per cent of the first 900,000 rejections, and defective vision second with 13.7 per cent of the toss-outs, defenders of the present sports plan say that athletics cannot be held accountable for the army's low rating on the physical status of American youth. However, those who accept full responsibility in sports management admit that draft board examinations showed up a basic flaw in sports' operating plan, that of failure to make complete physical check-ups of the kids and take corrective and preventive measures dictated by the findings.

One conspicuous case of service turn-down is that of a halfback mentioned by many authorities as a second-string All-American last season. The kid had played varsity football for three years but was rejected by draft board examiners for a bad heart. Medical examiners were appalled by the discovery that athletic authorities of the university this lad attended had not noted the bad condition of the boy's ticker. In fairness to the school's medical men, it should be recalled that Frankie Frisch was ruled out of the First World War by army medics who found the Fordham Flash had a heart murmur.

It is fairly common knowledge that first- and second-string men of a varsity football squad are given the best medical attention available, with the other kids being left pretty much to lick their own wounds because of shortages of doctors and trainers.

Obviously, then, if a star of a large university is not found to be in dangerously poor physical condition, lesser lights of the squad of this representative institution have not been given the attention that should be the first detail of a wise physical conditioning program.

Pitchers who can't go nine innings, football players who consider the 60-minute performer a superman, and basketball players who are called to the bench to save them from collapse, are not spectacular exhibits of sports' success in making the American male a sturdy specimen.

The picture of collegiate athletics may be completely changed by the tendency of higher ranked educational institutions to lessen the scholastic formal routine from four to three, or even two, years.

Many sports may be regarded in the future as primarily dramatic presentations by actors especially skilled in the peculiar tricks of their muscular art. Duke may play Warner Brothers in the Rose Bowl, and you may take Notre Dame and six points over Paramount. The Yankees may be broken up by M-G-M scouts bringing in a stellar band of bushers with parachute haircuts, super-drooper curves and .398 batting averages.

Then, for cultivating steel biceps, a Tarzan torso, and the endurance of a marathon runner, sports will provide peasant dances, rope skipping, Indian Club exercises and eating an apple a day. Those who aspire to herculean strength will take the Tunney bends, read Shakespeare, and quit smoking opium.

One of the promising things about the national physical fitness program to which President Roosevelt assigned Jack Kelly, ex-Olympic oarsman, is the effort made to organize a muscle campaign that will be more than a formal O.K. of *mens sana in corpore sano.*

* * *

As a source of violently abusive paragraphs about a college football coach, newspaper sports editors look to the student paper published at the school where the coach is employed. The newspaper sports editors seldom are disappointed.

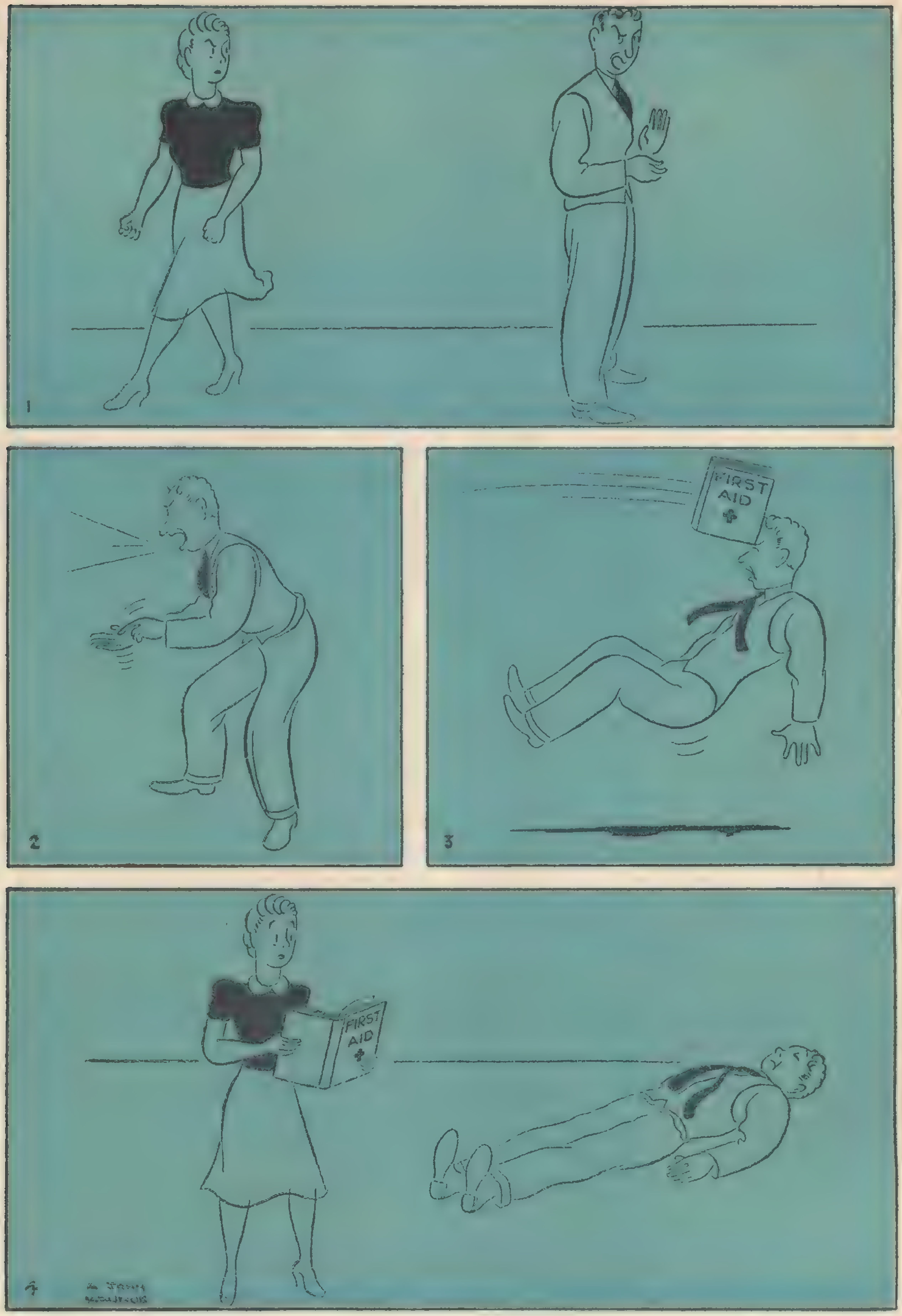
Where the story usually falls on its face is in the inability of experienced newspapermen to get confirmation of the abuse from graduate or in-school members of the coach's squad. Graduate members, at least, should have no hesitancy in telling all for the good of alma mater.

It has occurred to the newspapermen that the campus commentators often may be more noteworthy as psychological studies than as

Continued on page 103

Will Johnson

"Rabbits are certainly confusing—when I started out I was chasing only one!"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Miner of Meteorites

Harvey Harlow Nininger says his science may develop new alloys, aid ballistics, broadcasting and high-altitude flying

by ROSCOE FLEMING

• ARTICLE •

WE BUMP for an hour through the snow-powdered winter woods of the Sangre De Cristo foothills, over a villainous, semi-abandoned mine road that winds along the mountains through an endless series of barbed-wire ranch gates, and leads us through fords where the water laps the running board. Eastward over our shoulders, giant Crestone Peak lifts its dazzling white spire against the blue sky. West there are glimpses of the immense flatness of Colorado's San Luis Valley, bed of an ancient lake as big as Connecticut.

Suddenly Wiley King points, says: "There you are." Wiley, back in Crestone village, dropped his carpenters' tools to guide us to the crater. His brother, Croley King, saw the giant meteor fall in 1893, "the night the sky roared," remembered in local legend ever since, a night of blazing terror when human beings dropped to their knees and prayed, and animals ran bawling for cover. Wiley points out toward the lifted band of snow-dusted, sage-grown sand that was driven up by the winds all along the Western face of the range after the ancient lake dried up—the ghostly hills of the Great Sand Dunes National Monument are only a few miles south.

He's indicating a rounded crater, with sides lifted above the sand, still tiny in the distance. Cars like toys are around its base. When we get to it after another half-hour, it is about 400 feet in diameter, and is deep enough entirely to hide from the outside the crew of men busy sinking a shaft through the sand in its hollow. They are directed by a wiry little man in a leather jacket and laced boots, his face red with cold, excitement, and with exertion at 8,000 feet altitude. This is Harvey Harlow Nininger of Denver, the world's foremost meteorite sleuth and miner, making his living a strange, hard way. "Meteorites do not consult our convenience in choosing places to fall," says Nininger.

"The night the sky roared," has been a Valley legend for two generations. Nininger has always looked out for the grave of the giant meteorite, saw the crater last summer from an airplane, took magnetometers to the site and they indicated iron below the sand. He drilled for weeks, finally located metal so hard that a diamond drill could not chew off a visible speck of it—only tiny dust-fragments which, however, reacted to tests for nickel.

A meteorite weighing originally 100 to 300 tons roared westward over the mountains, struck and exploded, tearing that huge hole in the sand. For reasons hereafter outlined, Nininger, however, expects to find at best a fragmented fraction of the original body. (The "meteor" is the blazing apparition; the "meteorite" the solid body that causes it.)

Of what value would these fragments be? Commercially, very little; scientifically, perhaps a great deal. Nininger might get one dollar a pound for them, or more. He might find evidences of black diamonds or traces of gold or platinum—such have been found in many meteorites, though never in commercial quantities. Museum directors would almost certainly want specimens. This meteorite—and from its hardness there is more than a possibility here—might add another, and very valuable, type of nickel-iron alloy to the twenty-five or so types already found in meteorites; studies of them aided to establish the first nickel-iron alloys and the first stainless steels, years ago. And knowledge of meteorites, Nininger believes, may well advance our knowledge of the whole solar system and of nearby space.

He is a Kansan, who graduated in biology, taught at McPherson and other colleges.

Presently he grew interested in meteoritics—the weathermen long ago preempted the more natural terms meteorology and meteorologist, so Nininger is a meteoricist—and he conceived that thorough, systematic search might result in finding many valuable meteorites, even in areas already picked over. For several years he practiced his theories with such good results that Kansas has now turned up more meteorites than any other state—though there are no more there than elsewhere, it is just a matter of finding them. By 1931 Nininger decided to devote his full time to meteoritics, removed to Denver and organized what is now the American Meteorite Laboratory. He remains the world's only full-time meteoricist.

With the skilled assistance of Mrs. Nininger and their three children, and other aides, he has just about broken even so far as a living is concerned, but has added enormously both to the world's store of meteorites and its knowledge of them. He finds, buys, cuts and polishes to bring out the peculiar latticed geometrical patterns known as Widmanstätten figures, from the name of their discoverer, which characterize the interior of most iron meteorites.

His own collection, housed at the Colorado Museum of Natural History, is one of the world's finest. He has bought and sold meteoritic material in every continent. He has identified three out of four of America's known meteoritic craters—in Kansas, in Texas, and now in Colorado. The fourth, of course, is the enormous hole near Winslow, Arizona, 4,000 feet across, which records the fall of a mass of iron that may have weighed 1,000,000 tons or more, the largest body ever known to strike the earth. Nininger has done a good deal of work here too, and recently decided—for TWA and Edsel Ford—that huge holes in the desert east of the crater were not caused by accompanying meteorites, but were pot-holes resulting from the dropping of the earth's crust in a convulsion, possibly caused

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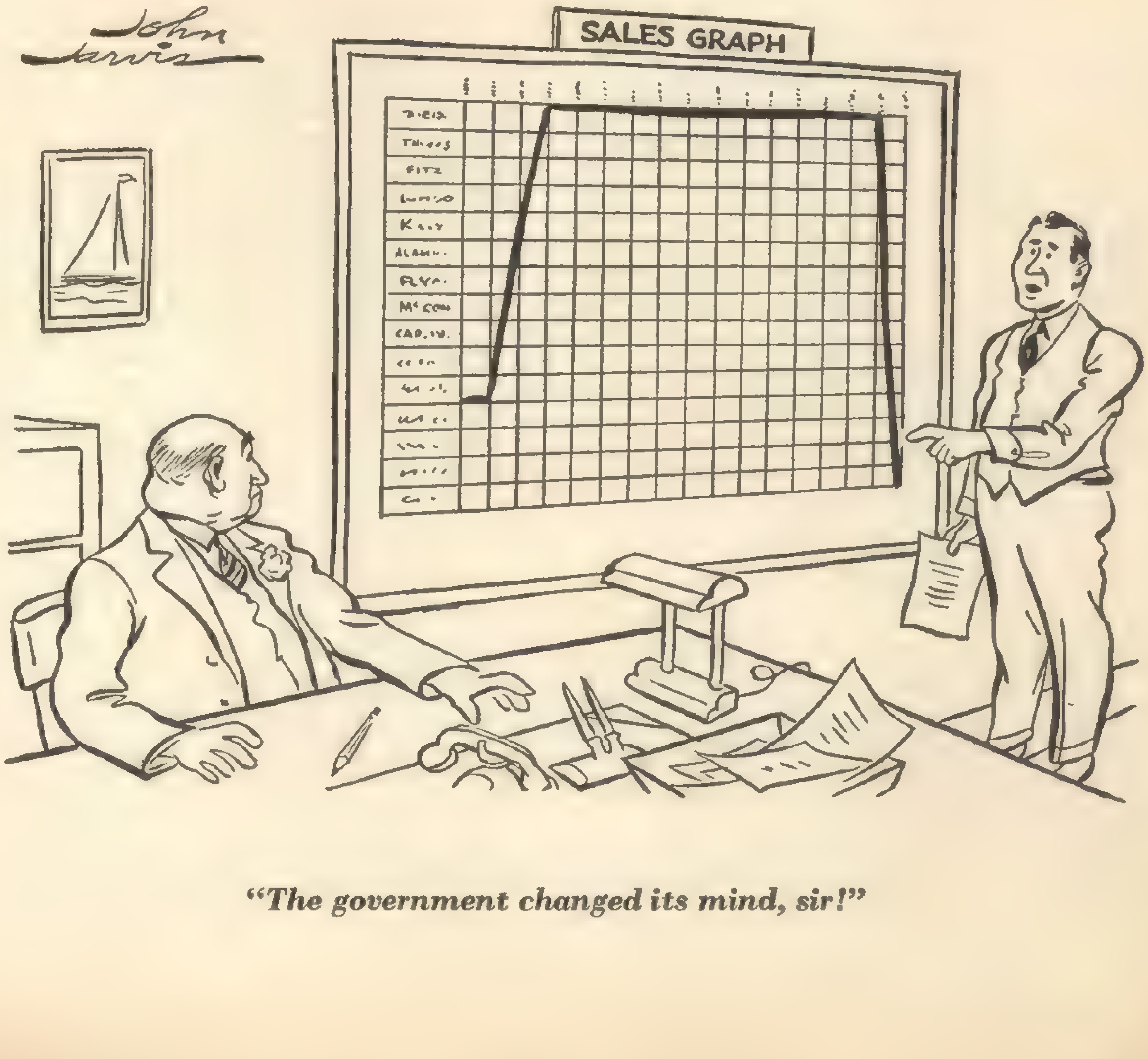


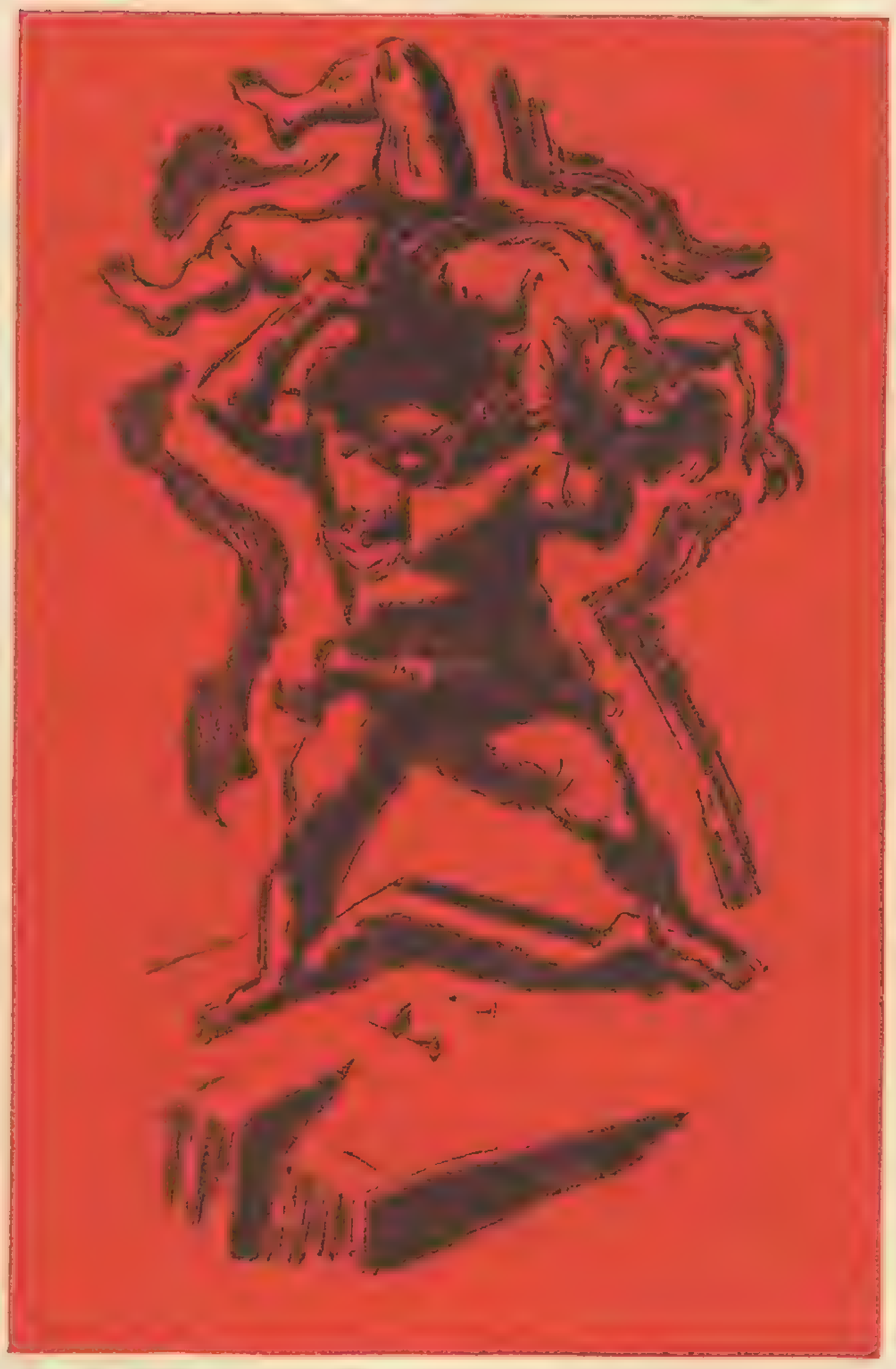
"The government changed its mind, sir!"

The Fire Martyr

What unholy urge could have sent the headman's grandson over the mountains to bring back this stain on Stag-god?

by J. E. LOBNER

• FICTION •



"Caves are good enough just as they are," ruled the headman, and all the little clan wagged their heads in assent.

They were sitting on the Council Rock, a monolith some fifty feet across, which ever since the far-off time of cave dwellers, has jutted out from the wall of a deep valley in the Pyrenees.

"Caves are good enough just as they are," repeated Evok, the headman, seizing the youngest of the new fire users. Then, raising him above his matted head, he hurled him over the precipice.

The clan rose to its feet with a vindictive shout and watched the body falling, bounding from sharp points of rock, falling faster and faster until it lodged in a small cleft or gorge at the base of the pinnacle where they stood. The sharp eyes of the younger men could see plainly enough in the moonlight the broken limbs, the head bent back, blood and brains oozing from the smashed skull.

"Thus be it ever to fire users!" concluded the headman. "Thus perish the foolish and the impious!"

The clan echoed the words of Evok. They then dispersed, returning to their caves in the valley wall above the Rock. Dark, damp, cramped quarters they were, their mouths choked with foliage, but they were *home*. On their rough and usually dripping walls, were the rock scratchings and paintings which told of the glorious exploits of the forefathers. Other cryptic carvings focused the yearnings of the tribe toward higher powers.

As Evok stepped into his cave, his eyes sought one of these carvings. Some gifted hand, long, long ago, had chiseled there in bold outline a mighty stag and stained it in shades of brown dyes made from berries.

As he looked at the carving now half-obliterated by smoke, he groaned in an anguish of fear. He fell down before the carving and rolled his head in the dirt and ashes. A strange shiver passed over him. He remembered when his grandfather had first shown the image to him.

"You are almost grown," the old man had muttered in a singsong voice. "It is meet that you should know of this magic."

Then he taught Evok the ritual whereby the tribe placated Stag-god. He showed how the long bones of the deer, the strongest part, must be offered before the image, so that Stag-god would continue to send herds from which the tribe won its food, clothing, sinews to make traps and thongs—all their necessities.

Evok had shivered then with the same uncanny feeling that he had now. He had always performed the ritual faithfully, and taught it to his sons and grandsons.

Stag-god had blessed them in return, for though the tribe increased steadily, there was food for all and plenty of deer skins to wrap themselves in at night, lying in the caves. They learned to fasten pieces of the skins together with thongs of deer sinew and wear them when water or ice fell from the sky.

Evok thought gratefully of the many, many hunts which he had led. All of them had been successful. Never had they come back empty-handed.

Evok had dreamed that his son and then Dosov, his grandson, should lead the tribe on greater and more successful hunts. What more could be asked?

The cave was murky and darkness fell on Evok's heart. Oh, that little Dosov, whom he had loved and taught, should have wandered away and learned evil things. Now he lay on the rocks, a heap of dead fragments. Evok's hand had hurled him there!

What had been the urge that sent his grandson over the mountains to come back with the strange, the unholy idea of taming fire? Unholy, because when fire was kindled in the cave, the smoke had gone on Stag-god and covered him up. How could that be except by evil magic? How could smoke cover anything? It was nothing—it was like your breath on a cold morning floating away in the air. Smoke was the breath of fire, and yet it left a black stain—a black stain on Stag-god! That proved that fire was evil, for its breath could cover up the brown carved Stag-god.

Evok had thought at first that He was gone. Then he had summoned all his courage and touched the mysterious black shadow. His hand became blackened. He kept rubbing the stone wall. He could feel the outline of the stag, and he managed to get most of the black dye off on his hands.

Then he threw many, many stones at fire. At last it died. The cave seemed darker now. Fire had made it light, but never, never again should fire come in his cave to blow its black breath on Stag-god.

Dosov had laughed at him for killing fire. How boastful the boy had been! Boys were not so boastful when he was young. Then they stayed at home and learned what the elders taught. Now they went over the mountains and learned bad magic, and even claimed that it was not bad.

Dosov had gone away in the spring. He was gone all the hot season. He returned one frosty morning.

"Come," he said, "I will show you something good I have learned." He took two sticks. One was of oak. "This is the man," he said. The other of fir, he called the woman. He rubbed them together.

"Stop! What nonsense is this?" asked the grandfather Evok.

"You will see." Dosov kept on twirling the oaken stick. The point of it sank into the softer fir. "It is coming," he said, and a look burned in his eyes like that of a hunter when he draws his bow.

First there was a little smoke and a smell like leaves burning around a tree that has been struck by lightning.

"Stop, stop!" cried Evok. Terror seized him, the terror with which men for eons had fled before the wild sheets of flame born of lightning. Dosov continued to rub the sticks with a look of defiance, changing to triumph as a tiny yellow flame appeared at the point.

"See," he cried, "what I have learned." He threw leaves and small twigs to the little fire and it ate them and became larger. Dosov placed stones around the flames. Then he laughed.

"Do not be afraid. Fire is good. Fire will warm you. Over across the mountains, they burn their meat over such fires. Part of the meat melts. Then it is warm in the mouth and in the belly. It is good on a cold day."

Evok was still afraid of this strange thing, and so were all the elders when they saw it.

Boys of Dosov's age listened in longing to the tales he told of the lands beyond the mountains. They would sit for hours around the fire he built and listen to his stories. One of them named Dic made up a tale of what he was going to do when he went adventuring. Soon he came to believe that it was true. Then others spun their fancies. They even neglected the hunt to lie around Dosov's fires and tell their wild imaginings.

In this way they won the disapproval of the elders again.

"Fire is bad magic," growled fat old Dok. "It makes the tongues of the youths wag, but that will give us nothing to chew on. They sit around the fire to warm themselves instead of running after the deer."

"Yes, if we don't run so much, we are not so hungry," countered Dosov.

"But we should be hungry to eat the deer that are sent us by Stag-god," answered Dok piously.

Then Evok discovered that Stag-god had been harmed, almost destroyed by the smoke of the fire. He called Dok and the other old men to see the disaster. They were dumb with horror. Perhaps Stag-god would leave them. No doubt his power was weakened. This Fire must be another god, a strong god, stronger than Stag-god, but evil.

They summoned the clan and held council.

Evok sat on the mound of stones and earth overgrown with brown moss where the headman always sat, so that he could look into all the faces upturned to him.

The elders sat on his right hand, the women and small children on his left, and across the circle were the young men and boys with Dosov in the center facing his grandfather and judge. He held his young head high as one who is well satisfied with himself. Everyone was staring at him, but Evok noted that some of the boys looked fearful and a few had separated themselves a little from the group that surrounded Dosov.

Among the women, Evok saw Dosov's grandmothers and his mother, looking anxiously at him. With them was a maiden who had a glowing face, but tears were in her eyes.

Evok had a feeling of hesitation, as when he was not sure of a shot. Should he draw his bow or not?

He glanced at his hands. They were clean again. Dosov had told him that water killed fire, and so he had held his hands in the stream and the smoke stain was gone. Perhaps he could cleanse Stag-god with water, and life would go on as before. All this might be forgotten, he thought, if Dosov would only promise to build no more fire.

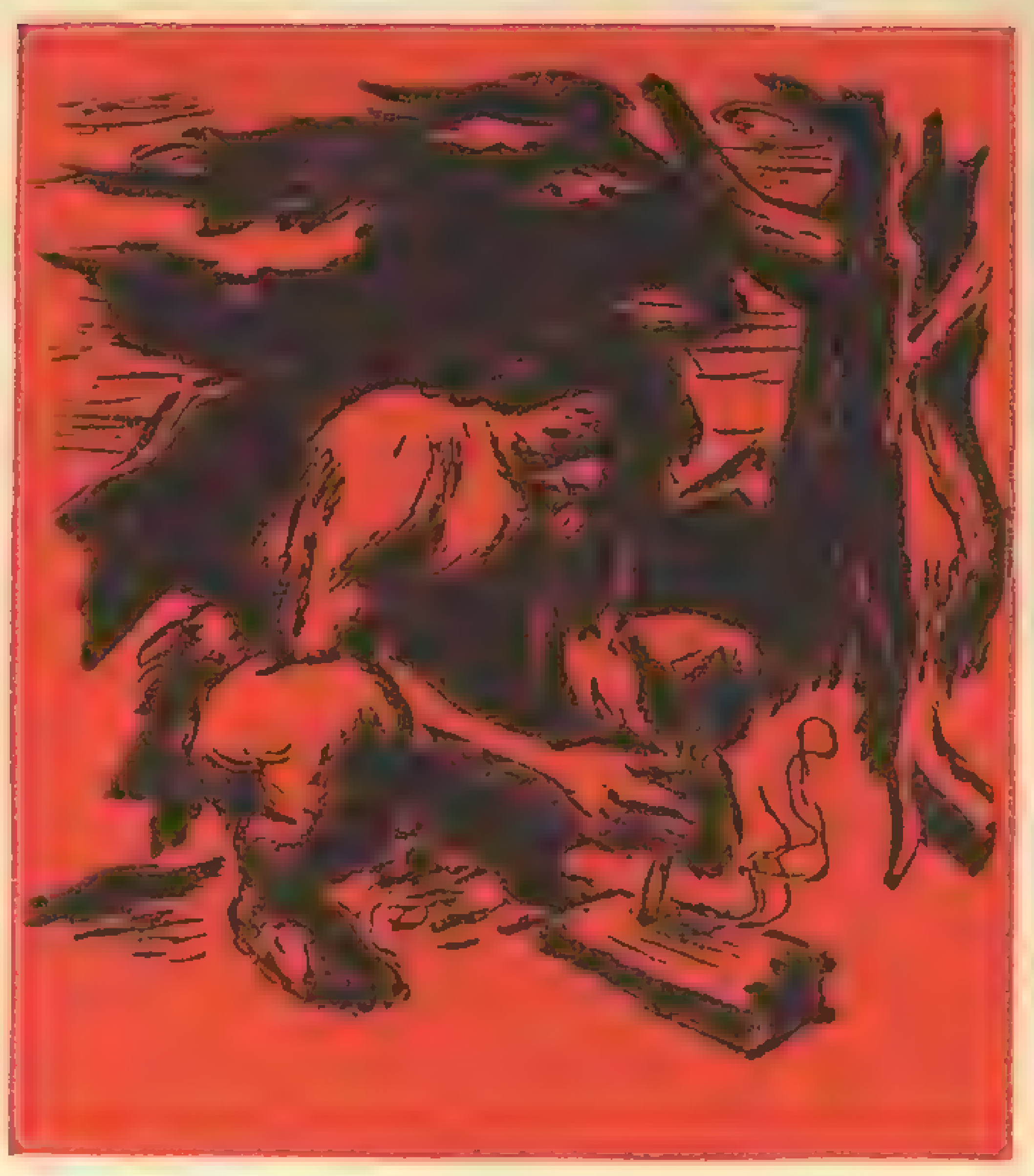
Then there was a stir among the elders. They rose and cried sternly, "Evok, the headman, we are waiting your judgment."

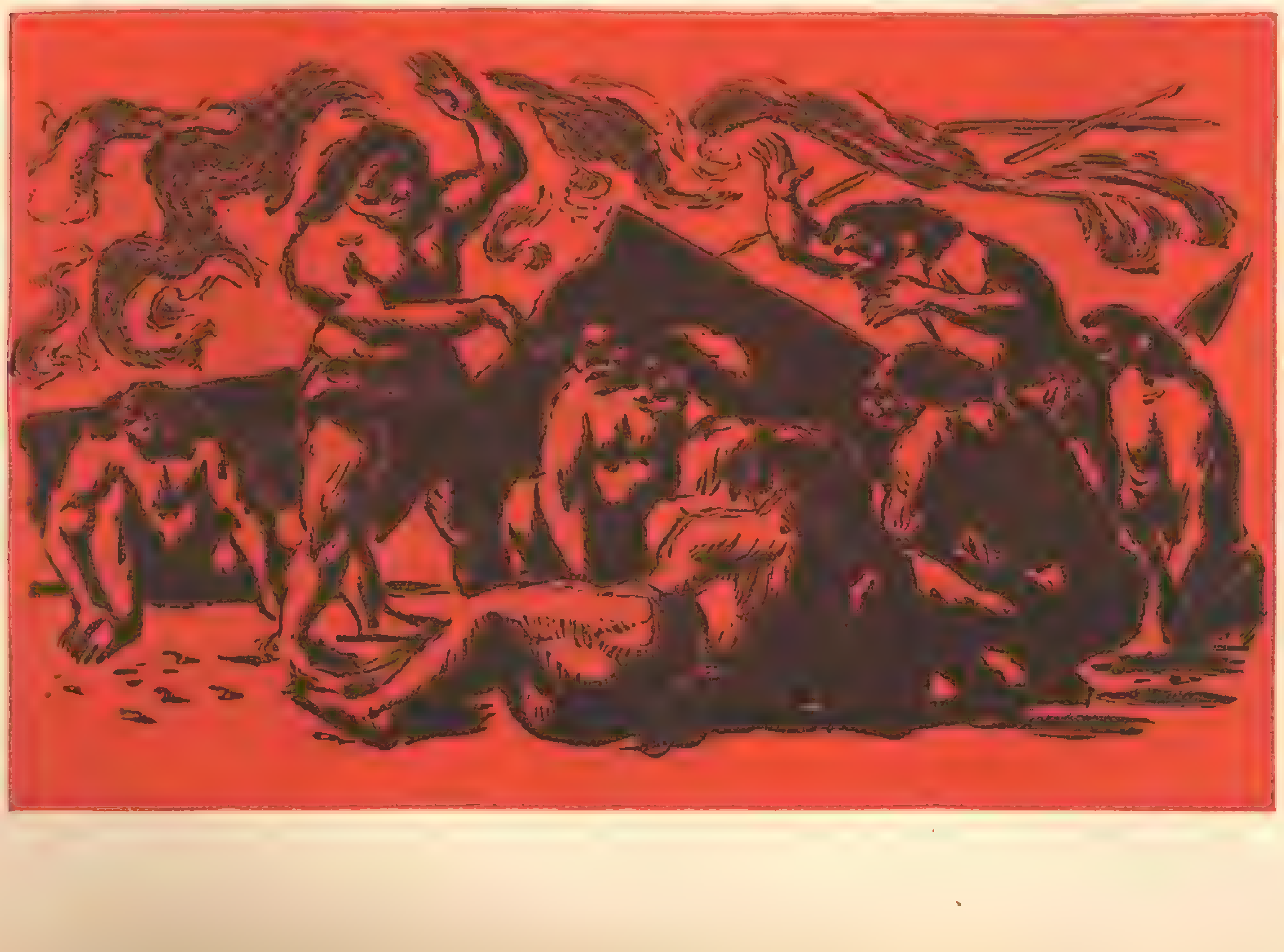
He saw their set faces. Blood lust was opening their mouths; fear and jealousy crinkling their eyes.

"The clan shall judge," he said. "Here stands Dosov, my grandson. His father died in battle with our enemies over across the mountains, and Dosov was to be headman after me, I had thought. But he must needs go to those same enemies or others—I know not where he went—and bring back evil magic. What is to be done to him?"

"Let him speak for himself," cried Dosov's mother.

"What can he say? There is nothing to say. He has made the youths lazy. They sit around his fires and tell tales of things that they are going to do and things that never happened. With the smoke of his fire, he stained Stag-god so that He can hardly be seen. He has harmed the Deer-giver. Stag-god will be angry with us—" so clamored the elders. "He is trying to change the way of our fathers. He would have us burn our meat over the fire and sleep by the fire at night, instead of huddling together to keep warm as we always had done. If we took his advice, a family would no longer be like one being on a cold night. Each would lie by himself with his feet toward the fire and the evil magic would go in through his toes and keep him warm. We would come to worship fire and the Stag-god would be angry and send us no more deer and we would perish. Dosov is a destroyer, an upstart. Let him perish!"





Their outcries ended in a growl of hate and desperate horror.

Then Dosov's grandmother spoke into the menacing silence calmly. "We warm ourselves in the sun," she said. "That is good. If this fire also gives warmth, why is it evil?"

"But the sun is natural," ruled Evok. "It is one of the blessings Stag-god sends us."

He saw the women look at each other wisely, but no one spoke. He had heard it said that they had a secret cult of sun worship and moon worship, that they thought that those great lights shone on the little crops that they planted, and gave food for the tribe when hunting was poor. It was even hinted that they believed that the deer grew only by the grace of the sun and moon. But this was impious, and the women were silent.

"Fire is natural too," flung out Dosov contemptuously.

Then up spoke Patar, an aged man with unnumbered descendants.

"Fire comes from lightning, as every man knows," he quavered. "Now lightning destroys trees. Trees are wood and you make your fire from wood. Wood surely would not make the fire which destroys trees which are wooden, unless evil power forced it to."

All nodded their heads solemnly at the profundity of this argument.

"Besides," he went on, "I have lived a long life. I have many children. I have lain close to them every night of my life—to keep warm. Now each man can have his own cave with his own fire. No longer will families have to huddle together to keep warm at night. What is to become of our close family life, if this impious traitor has his way with our customs? Death to him!"

The clan became a mob. A shudder ran through them, and nearly all, even the young men, cried: "Death, death, death!"

Evok had a curious feeling as though his body were dividing. Here was his grandson whom he wanted to be headman after him, and here, the same young man, was the clan's worst enemy. Again he was covered with hesitation.

"Silence," he roared. "Let Dosov speak."

Gradually they paused; they were still.

"Speak, Dosov," said the headman. "Promise that you will never make fire again, that you will hold to the ways of old, to the worship of Stag-god."

"I am not against Stag-god," said Dosov,

Continued at top of page 171

Art for the Walls of America

Reeves Lewenthal found an unexplored market among people with chromo litho pocketbooks and easel painting tastes

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

It is not an easy matter to say what Art is . . . or what is Art. A much more obvious thing is what Art is not . . . or what is not Art; and among the many things which could never be considered Art—even in the most generous interpretation of that much-abused word—is what hangs on the average American wall.

Go through your friends', relatives', and employers' homes. Cast your jaundiced and critical eye on the walls. What do you find but a collection of polychrome emetics and sentimental inanities that would bring shame even to the cheeks of a collector for the Salvation Army.

Most of the folderol which festoons the walls of middle-class American homes should be given to the Government's scrap conservation committees. If we go along with Mr. Ruskin, who held that vulgar art corrupts the soul . . . we would be honor bound to conclude that the walls of the nation are creating a nation of intellectual footpads.

And by the irony of social law, it so happens that the higher the economic class in our native land . . . the greater the bulk and spread and cost of these monstrosities. One of our wealthiest publishers, for example, spent millions—until recently—buying, collecting, even hoarding the worst of the over-ornate art of seventeenth and eighteenth century Europe . . . a huge spread of baroque junk . . . fit only for some visual Jovian juke box.

All of this is the work of the past . . . of an America hard bent on getting on . . . a harder, more insensitive, heed-not-the-rumble-of-a-distant-drum world. Which leads to the strange culture-and-success saga of Reeves Lewenthal.

"Consider this hiatus," Reeves said to himself one day, "it toils not . . . neither does it spin." "What hiatus?" asked his wife, instinctively climbing on a chair.

"Artists are starving," he said, "and yet the people with average incomes can't afford what the artist turns out. The result is that there is little art in America . . . and little of America for the artist."

Lewenthal had always been opposed to the art gallery system . . . something he looked on as a hangover from the days of the pyramids. Art galleries sold great hunks of stuff . . . to the over-fed and over-stuffed, getting neither art to the public . . . or money to the average artist. He had done publicity for men like Cass Gilbert, the architect, and for members of the National Academy of Design . . . and he hated publicity as much as he hated the so-called art game. He had also been a newsboy, reporter, magazine publisher, hotel publicity man, and general factotum . . . in Detroit and Chicago.

At this particular moment, he was in New York . . . and broke. He had had a long siege of typhoid . . . and come out of it minus all of his money and most of his hair. Debts to doctors had piled up beyond the $8,000 mark—and here he was, juggling ideas in esthetics.

"The gallery system," he orated to Mrs. Lewenthal, "is doomed. Art can't get along with the sale of an occasional picture. Modern American art ought to be handled like any other American business. If people could buy works of art the way they buy . . ."

"Well," said Mrs. Lewenthal, "are you going to write a book about it . . . or do something?"

Now, Reeves is quiet, even gentle; but underneath his deceiving and intellectual surface is the ruthless drive of a tycoon. He thinks and feels like the languid, long-haired Bunthorne, in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience;* but he works as fast and tirelessly as a Detroit conveyor belt.

Dashing, at top speed, to see Tom Benton, the arch-illustrator of American folklore, he said, "I want to see American art in every American department store. I want to see it sold like yard goods . . . only faster."

"Good," said Benton, "I would like to see it in every saloon."

"I have no money," Reeves explained nonchalantly, as he wrote a note for $300, "but if you will let me have one of your old plates . . . I'll pay you this and royalties when and if I get any—which may mean never."

It so happens that artists are congenitally unworldly and impracticable; which makes them the best business men in the world—a world which no longer has rhyme or reason . . . and which defies the geometry of Euclid. "This is the most promising business proposition I have ever seen," Benton said; "of course I'll give you a plate . . . and I'll go to see some of my friends . . . Grant Wood, John Steuart Curry, Georges Schreiber . . . and I'll get you plates from them."

Soon Reeves had enough plates for a pictorial banquet. He got some printing done . . . on credit; borrowed enough money for a bus trip across the country . . . and within a few months had signed up practically every large department store in the country. He came home, relaxed, and sighed.

Unfortunately, there was a fly in his merchandising ointment. Personal enthusiasm is the beginning, not the end of salesmanship. All the big department stores had the prints; none sold them. Soon, Reeves found himself back where he had started: in debt, despair, and the doldrums.

Suddenly, Idea No. 2 flashed on his high-speed ticker. "I'm a publicity man by right and training," he said to himself; "and here am I merchandising things like some traveling salesman in the days of Ulysses S. Grant."

He went out, borrowed more money; for it seems to have been a quality of his peculiar genius that no matter how broke he might be,

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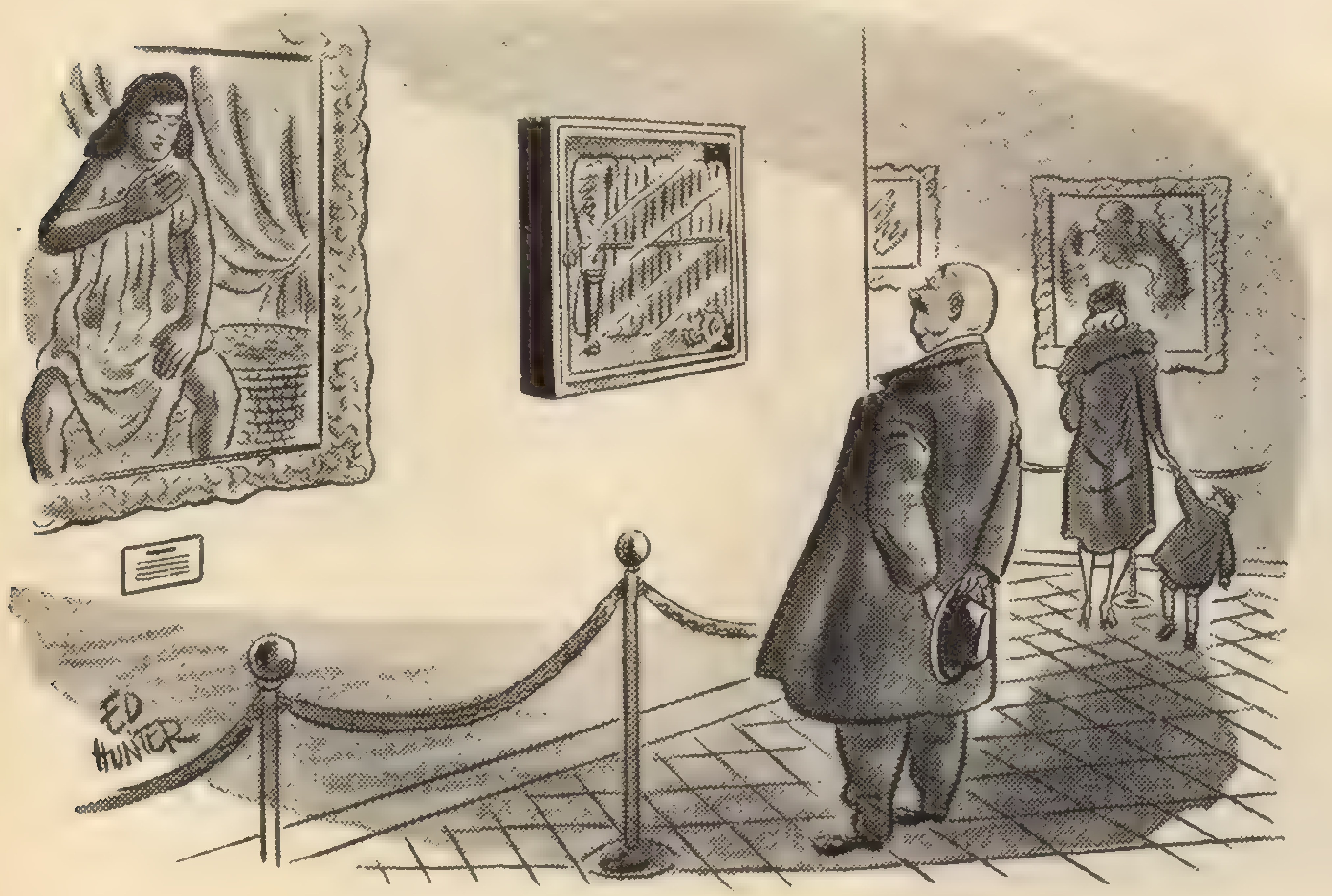

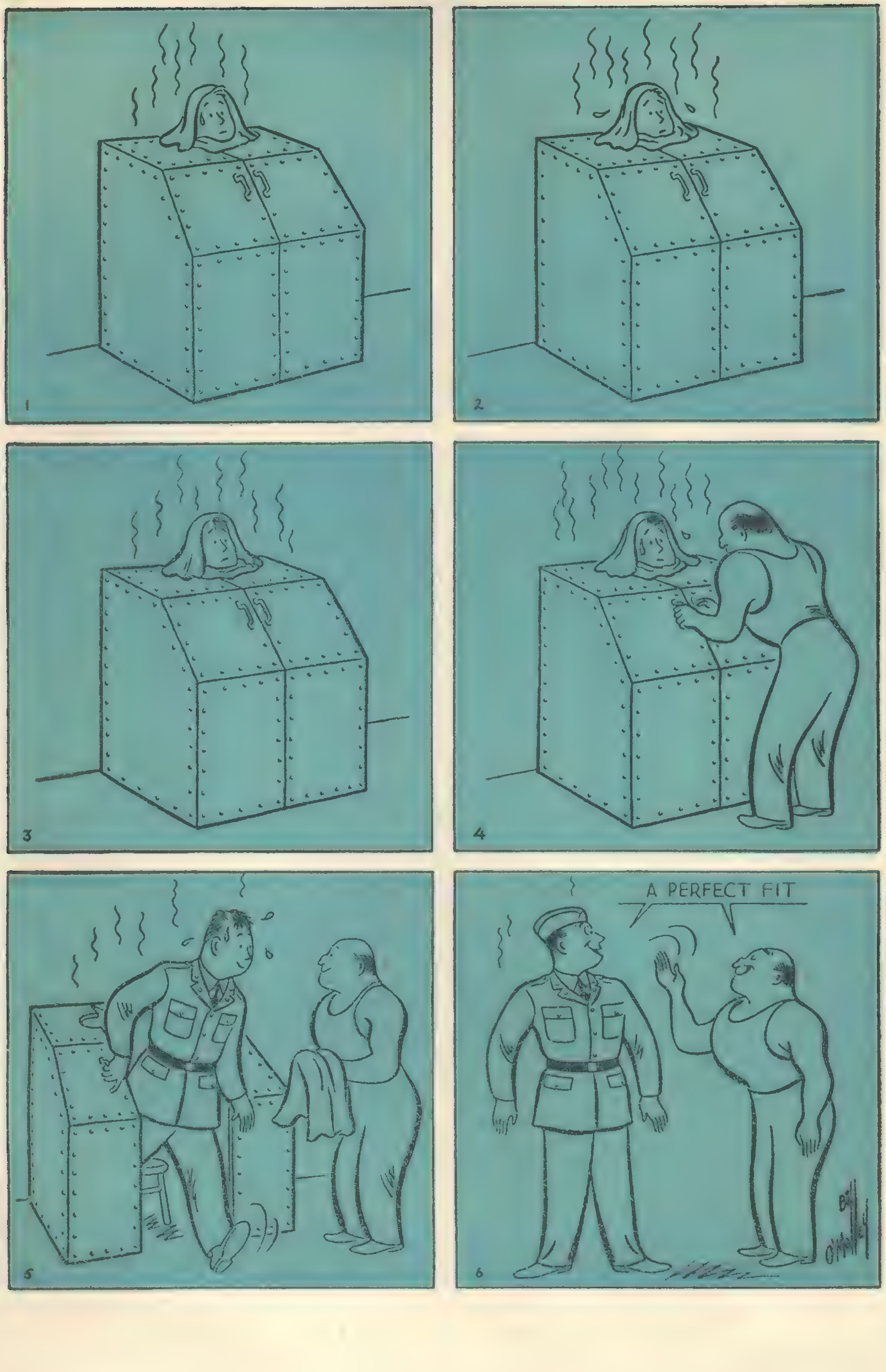
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A PERFECT FIT
6
Bill O'Malley

There's Gold In Them Camps

Entertainment's bright boys would like to guess war's probable effect upon radio, movies and the theatre

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

SOMEWHERE a lad in his late twenties or better is now observing the nature of entertainment in the camps where soldiers are training; if his twenties are late enough, he is able to compare this entertainment with what went on in the last days of the great boom and the best days of the New Deal; and if he is lucky, he will enter the late 1940's as the great master of entertainment of our time. Old dodderers will refer to him as a modern Billy Rose (and Rose will by then be known as "the dean" of American showmen). For this man's guidance, I will prematurely set down a few superficial observations of my own; by rejecting what I suggest, the maestro of the future can be sure of a fair degree of success.

Every one in the field of entertainment is walking on eggs, right now. The movies, lucky as usual, slipped out from under the meanest attack on their virtue: the congressional charge of dealing with living affairs, specifically with anti-Nazi ideas. Scuttling back toward escapism, digging down underground so as to avoid all suspicion of being concerned with the world's most pressing problem, the movies suddenly found that, by virtue of Pearl Harbor, they were stupendously wonderful, they had been attacking our born enemies, they were intellectual giants; and would they please supply a lot of romances and other escapes for everybody.

Radio, involved in litigations which have nothing to do with radio entertainment, is in a delicate situation because it is a carrier of vital information and at the same time a medium of general communication. It has to be censored (like every other carrier); its high potentialities require a high insulation. A bit of misinformation on the nineteenth page of a newspaper might cause a bit of trouble; but the minutest error on a network program is always in bold type on page one, because radio is always using its front page, having no other. (Perhaps a midnight broadcast isn't quite as conspicuous as a nine-thirty program; but the ease with which you get everything, the immediacy of communication to everyone, make broadcasters superlatively cautious.)

Theatre people are, on the whole, happiest about the new demands for entertainment. They have heard the cry for "flesh and blood" and they think it means them. They think that vaudeville and the road are coming back; the down-at-heels optimists think that second-rate companies in third-rate shows will again go on tour. The sober ones think that the theatre is going to have a new lease on life.

Of the three, I think that radio comes off best for one reason: it has concentrated on doing one thing (in its entertainment) and no one has suggested any basic change. That thing has been entertaining millions of people simultaneously, but in small units. Five thousand people may swarm into an auditorium to see a radio show; but the broadcasters have never tried to take the listener out of his home. There are excellent psychological reasons for this, not unconnected with the basic financing of programs; and there are serious artistic reasons, which account for much of radio's success. As a means of political communication, radio is used freely abroad, and thousands of people are ordered to stand by, in open squares and airdromes and halls, to listen; but no one has ever seriously tried to break out of the natural circle of radio reception. So no one could suggest that radio ought to alter itself and present programs to 15,000 aviation cadets all gathered in one spot. Nor did the cadets waver in their adherence to radio. When they were alone, or in groups of three or five or so, they wanted their Fred Allen and Abbott and Costello and Cantor and Crosby; but when they were in groups of five thousand, they wanted something they could enjoy en masse.

The movies were in an odd position. They had slowly evolved the big screen and the over-big theatre. They had shown themselves to three thousand people at a time. In theory, the problem of showing a movie to twenty thousand soldiers ought to be a problem in sight lines and acoustics; enlarge the screen, set it correctly, bring up loudspeakers to the right spots, and go ahead. But before the experiment on so large a scale was tried, it became clear that the soldiers wanted something else. At a distance of half a mile, they'd rather see a Carole Landis or a Lana Turner, in person, doing nothing in particular, than see the best of the stars doing their best on the screen.

This is, by the way, a thunder-striking confutation of all the best critics of the movies (including, if I may be so bold, myself). This proves that the diabolical star system in Hollywood is the McCoy and the nuts and the real right thing; and that we don't know the movie bosses' business any better than they know it themselves. Note how it works: the people would rather see the stars in person than in the pictures; proof that they go to the pictures to see the stars, not the story or the direction or the photography—nothing but the star, and sometimes only a specific portion of the star (if you know what I mean). Therefore, what the hell is the use of making the movie at all? Because no other medium of exciting interest in a person (or a body) has so far proved half as effective.

I have no data, precisely, on my guess that soldiers still like the movies. I could find some if needed. They do not, however, consider the movies alone sufficient entertainment when they are in vast assemblies. Five or ten thousand people may suddenly jeer at

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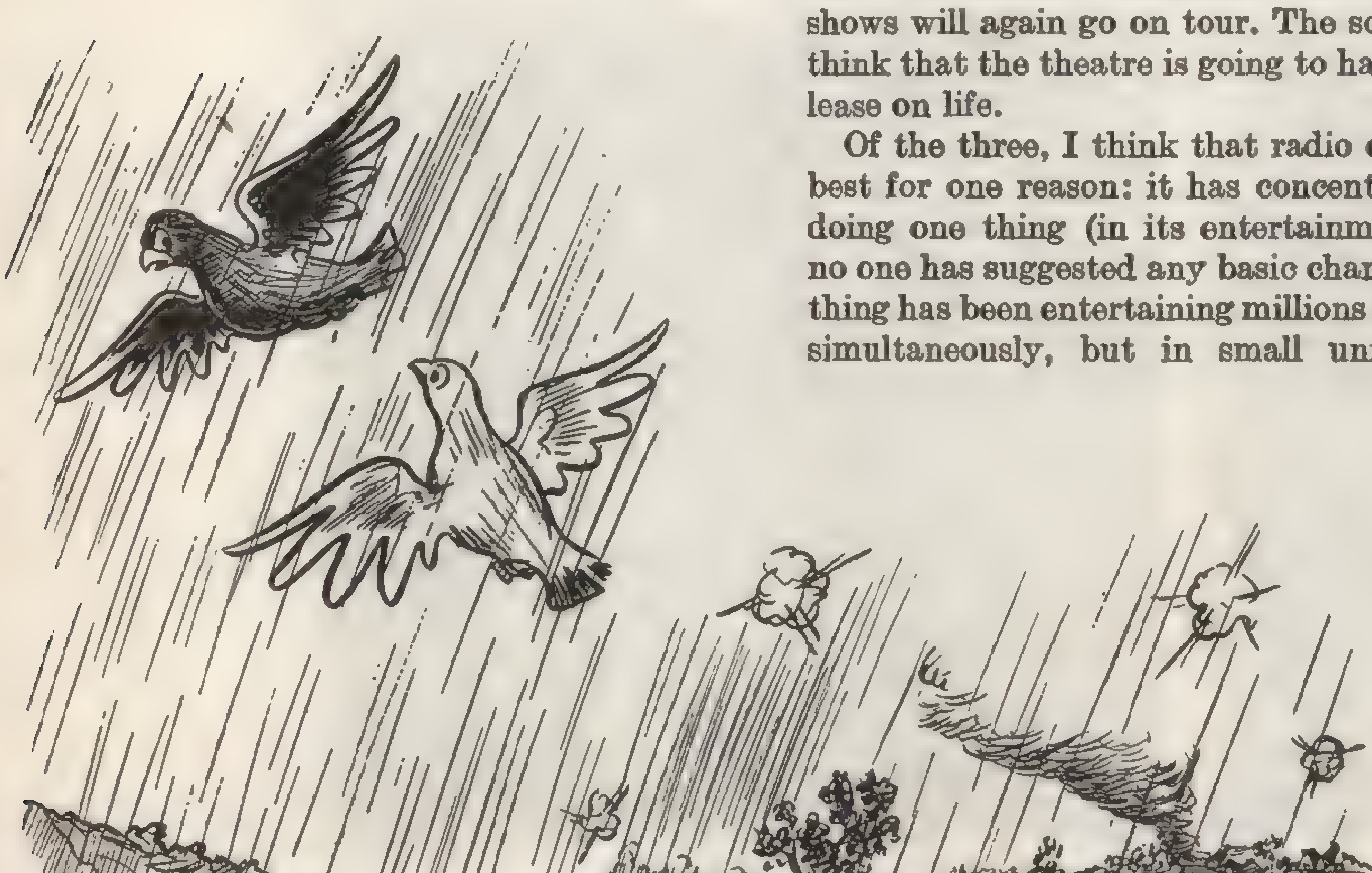
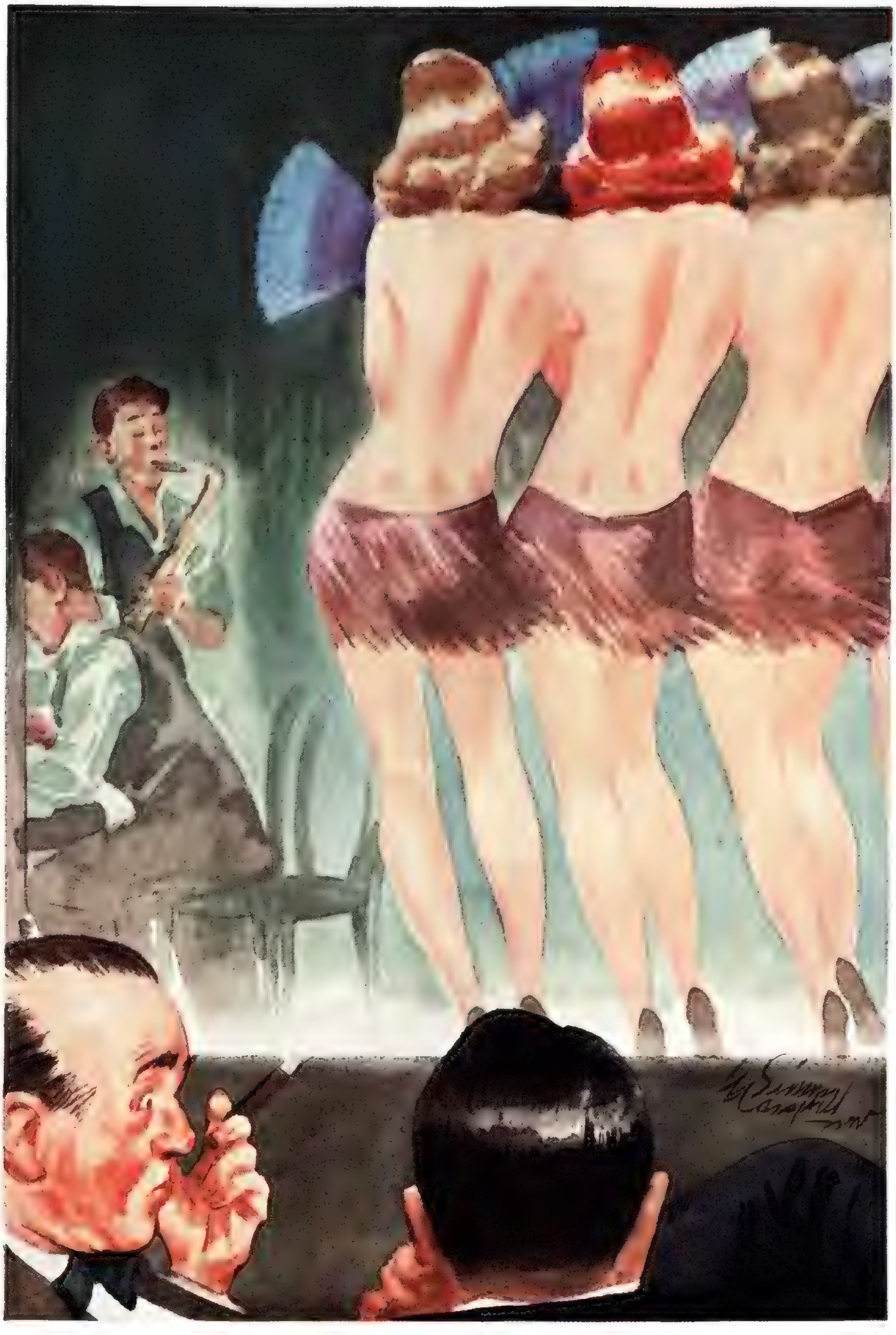
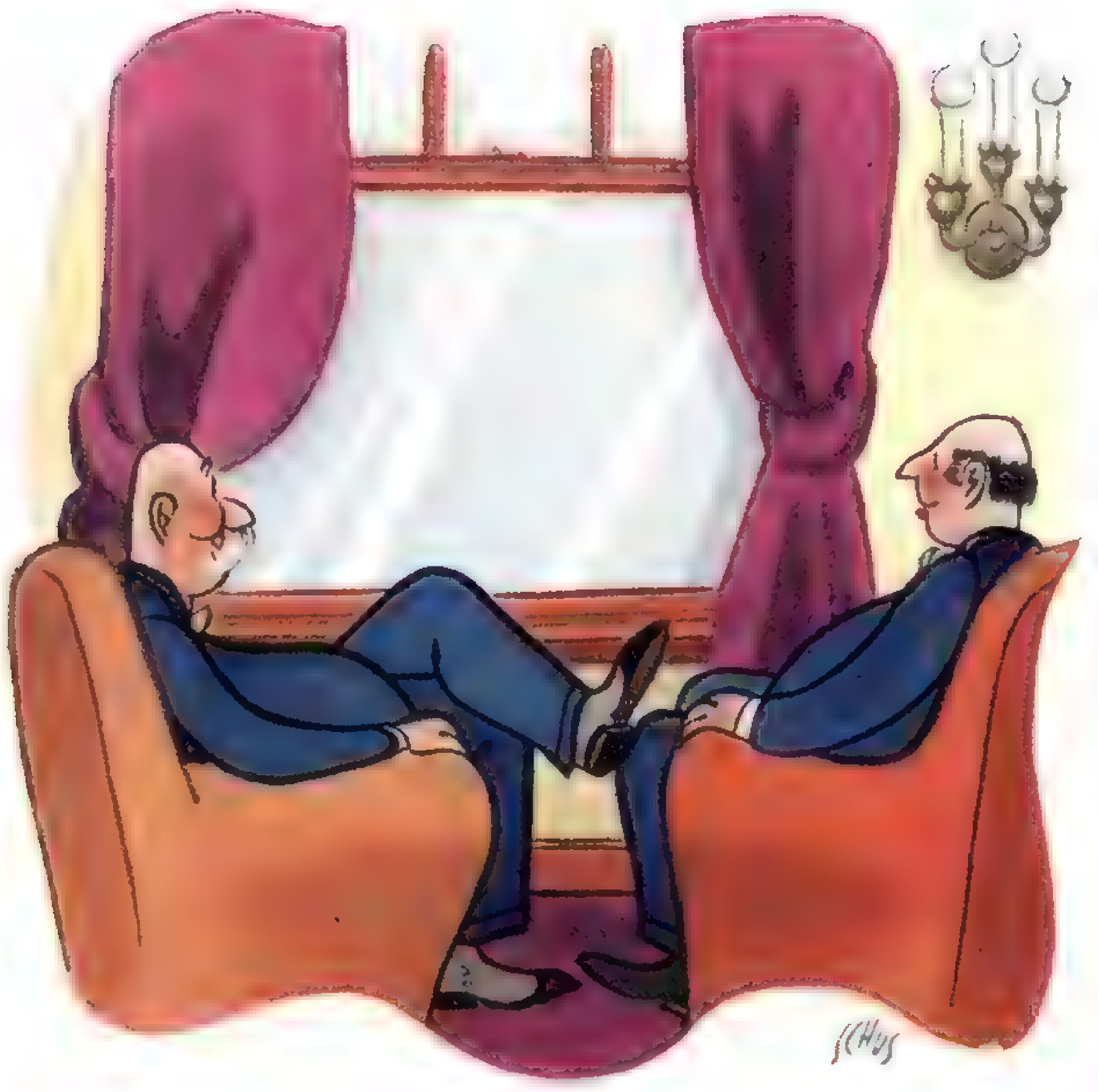


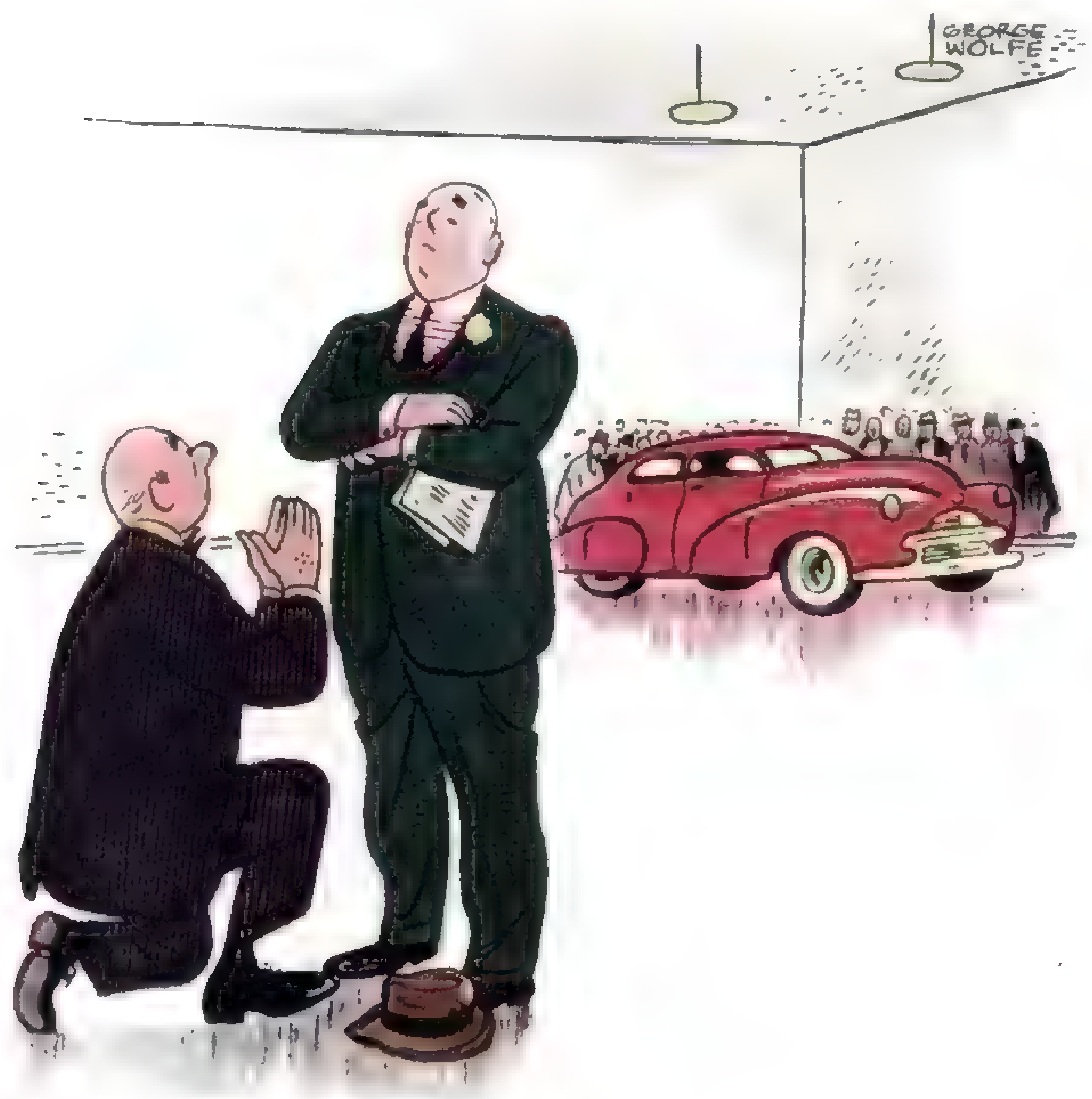
"Why the heck can't they phone their messages!"



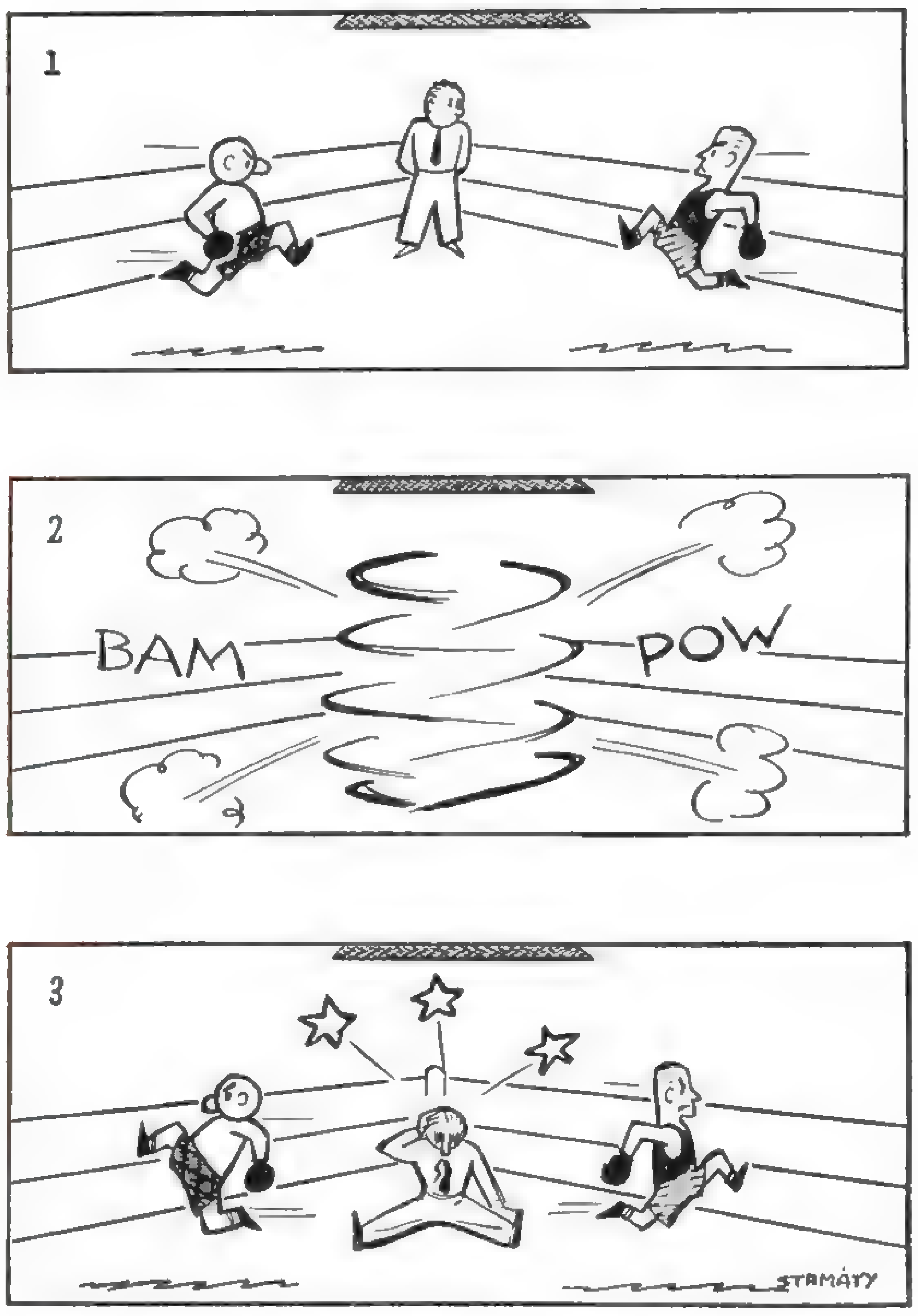
"It's a beautiful number—but why spoil it with those fans?"

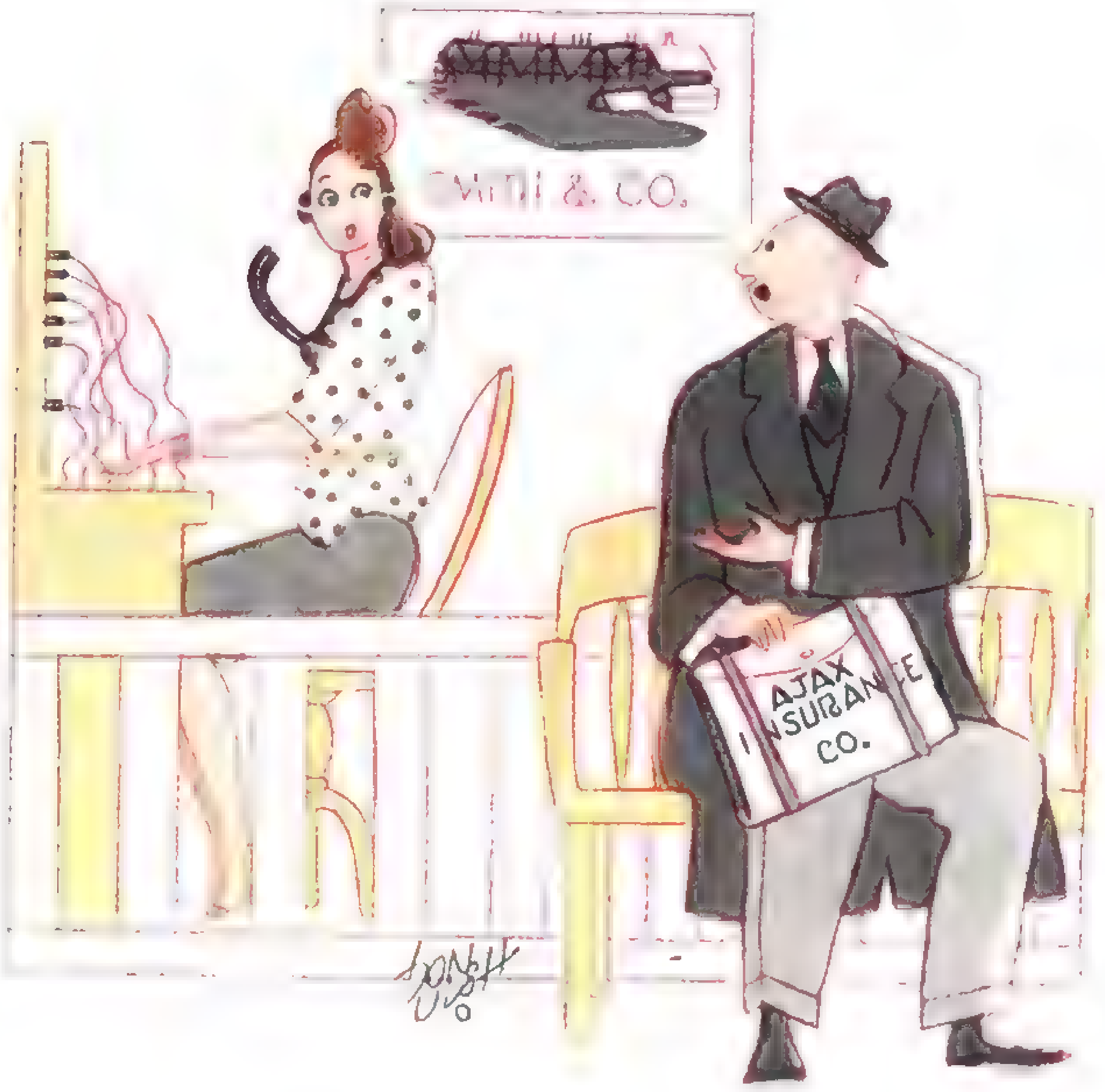


"Was my face red! I said, 'What's he got that I haven't got?'—and she told me!"



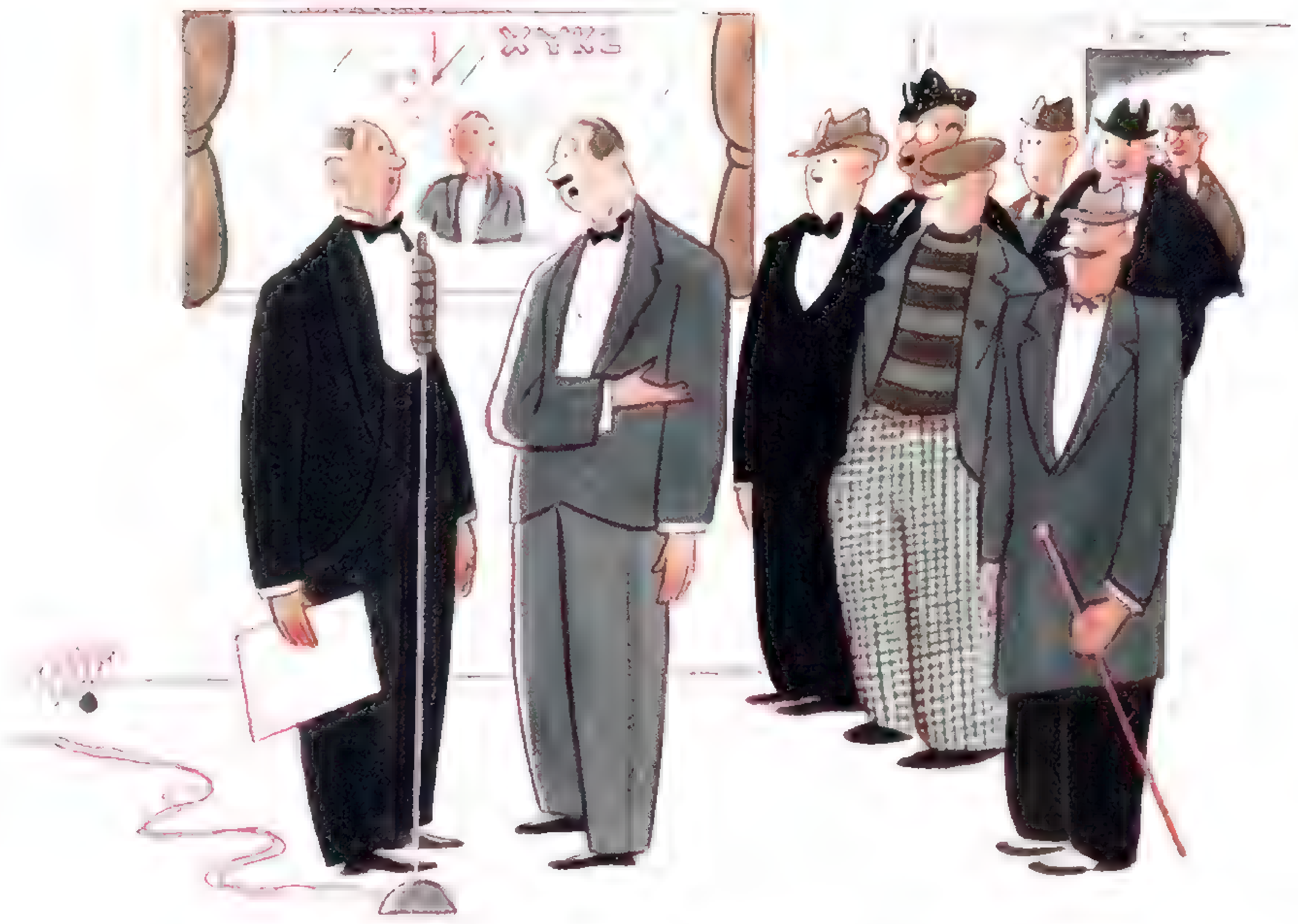
When a group of you get together and discuss amicably what time you shall get up in the morning, and then take a vote on it, that's democracy. When you are told to get up immediately, you $$-!-x-x@@!!! loafer!—that's your top sergeant.*



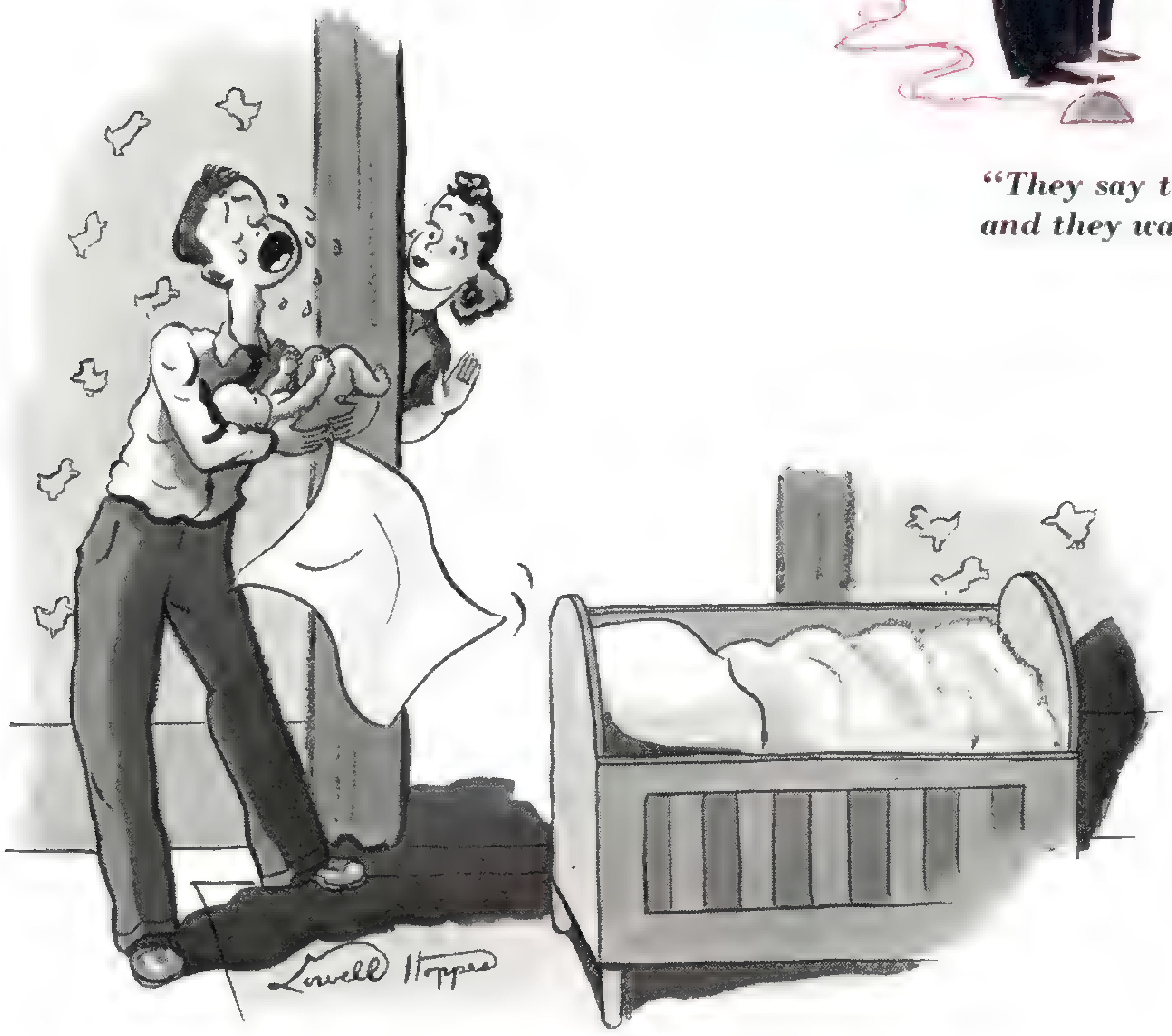

SMITH & CO.
AJAX INSURANCE CO.

"Tell Mr. Smith the longer I have to wait the older he gets, and the older he gets the bigger the premium will be"

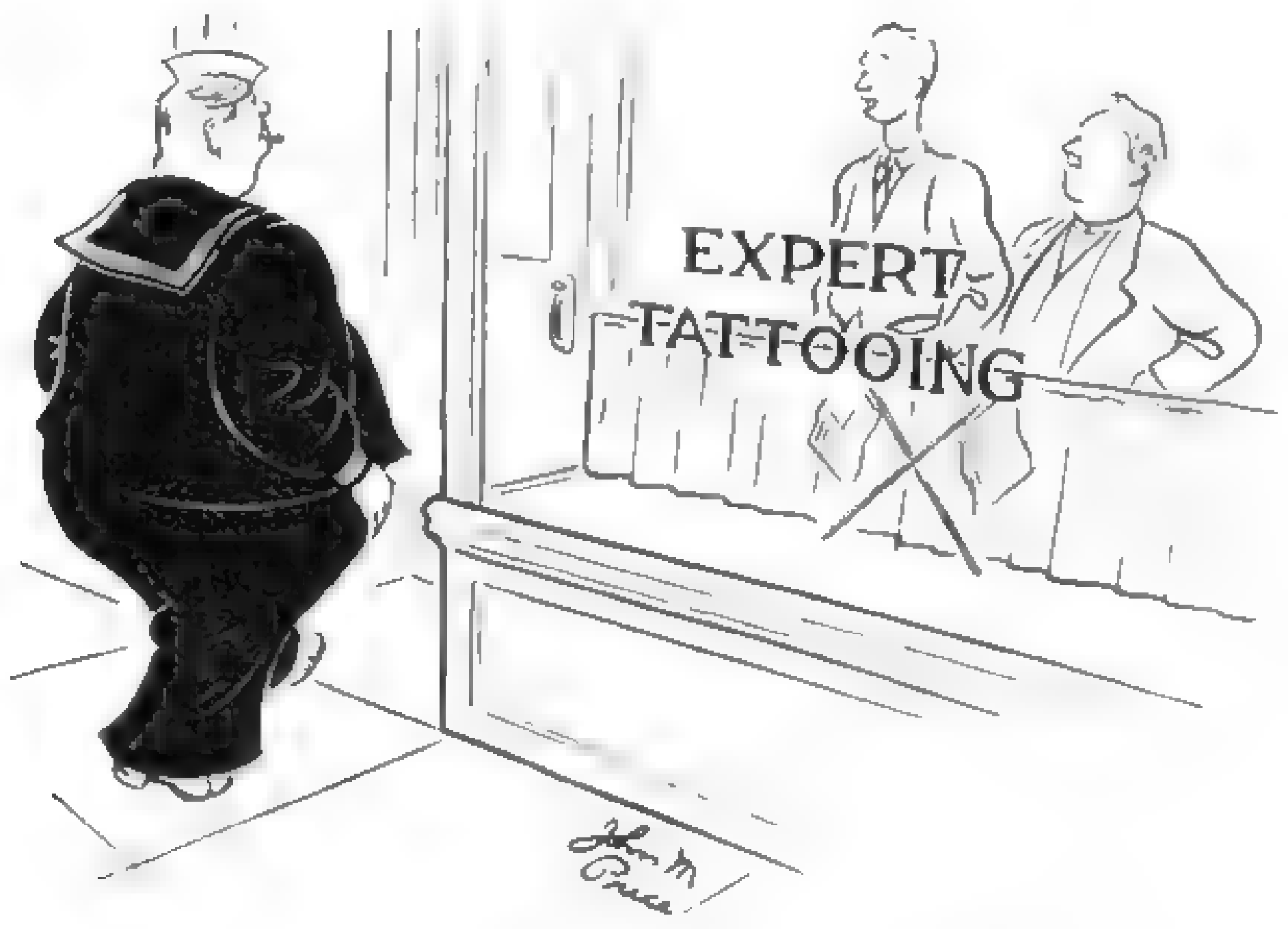
What with the war there's apt to be a shortage of lifeguards on our beaches this summer. Our prediction is that rescues will decrease by one per cent and beach resort engagements by about ninety-five.



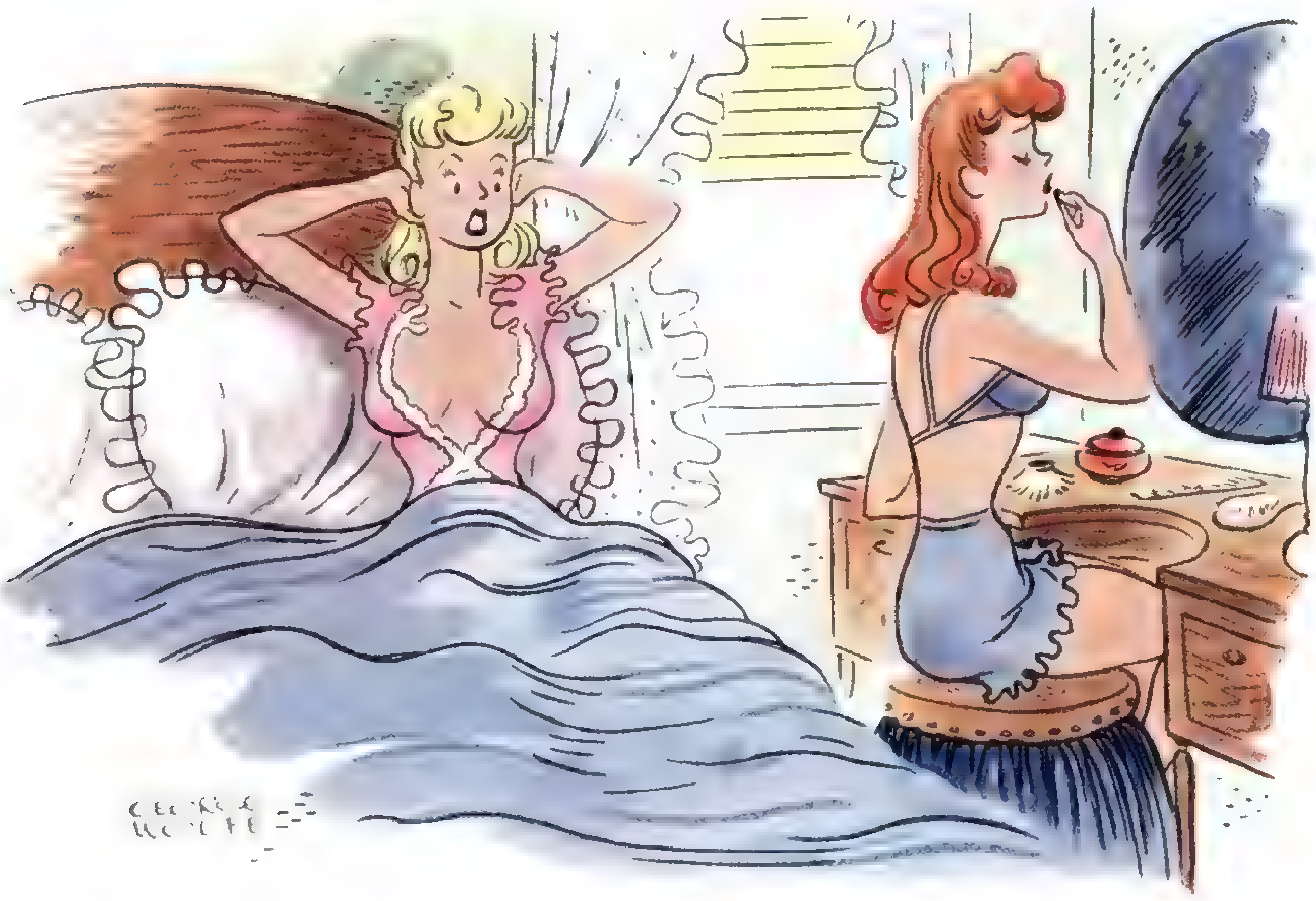
"They say their names are all Philip Morris and they want to know who's calling them"



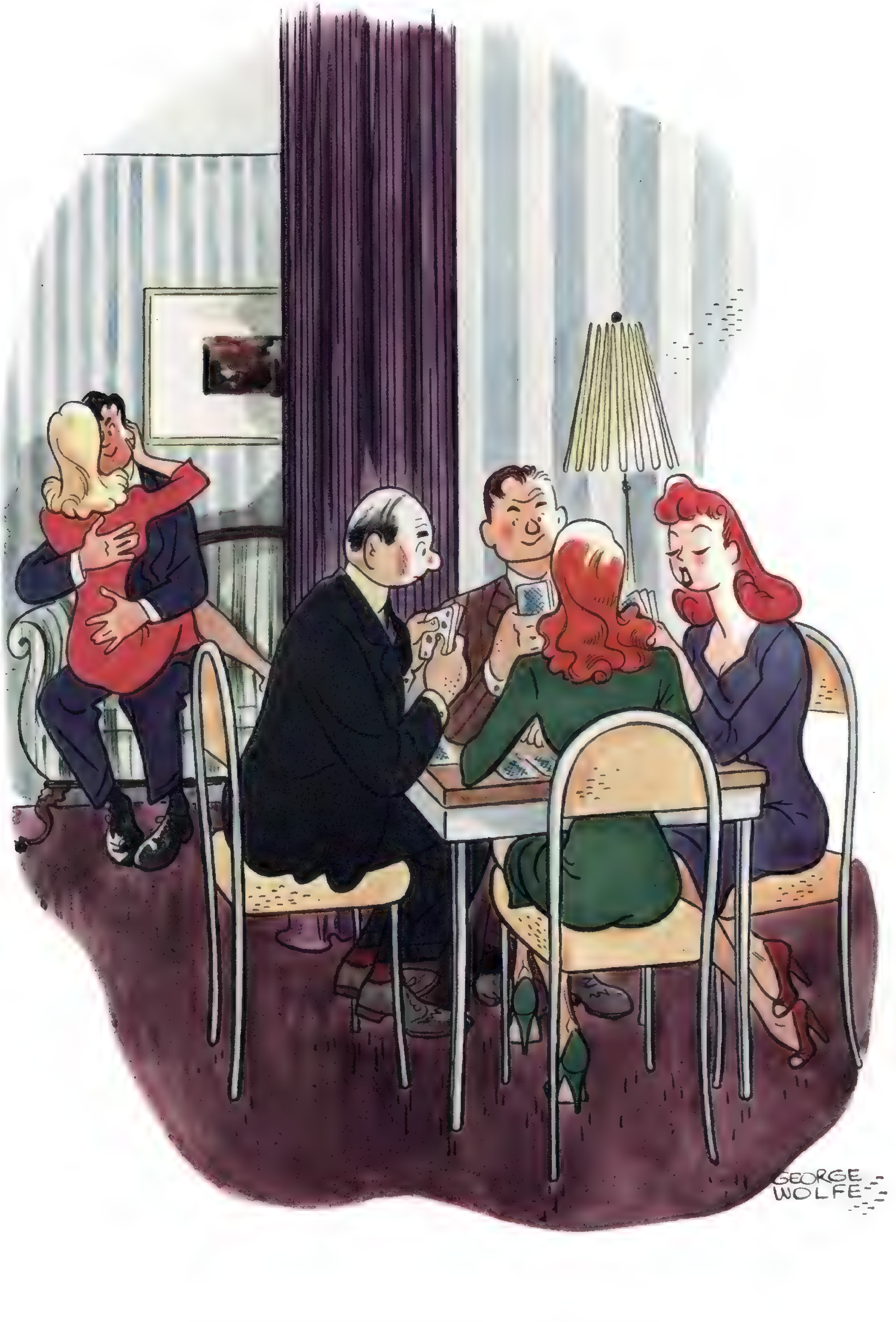
"No, he didn't swallow a safety-pin—I̲ did!"



"Oh boy, looks like my big chance to try a mural!"



"—and when Hitler put his arm around Churchill I knew I was dreaming!"


GEORGE
WOLFE

"I wonder why Irene never learned to play bridge"

Bluffing at Bridge

There's enough clean fun in making one of those asinine contracts to keep a lucky bridge player gloating for years

by HART STILWELL

• ARTICLE •

The time comes in the life of every bridge player when he gets sick and tired of following suit to the opponents' high cards, and finds that he has, without any visible explanation in logic, indulged in a remarkable bid.

Perhaps he feels that it will change his luck. I knew a player who held stubbornly to this theory. When I was his partner I was always on the lookout for an earth-shaking bid, based on a few tens and eights, after a protracted session of worthless hands. I was seldom disappointed.

"I got sick of following suit," he would explain after we had gone down a few thousand points. "Thought maybe I would change our luck."

Of course when the opponents got through with his bid it was usually too late for a change of luck to do him, or me either, much good. But at any rate, he had broken the monotony of following suit, for it seems that when a man starts getting a run of worthless hands, the distribution is usually 4-3-3-3.

Sometimes I believe his idea is not so bad. I know that every man who plays bridge is likewise tempted on occasions, but few yield to the temptation. There is a modest tingling of pleasure from suddenly calling out "four spades" when you have nothing higher than a jack or queen. You are flinging a challenge into the teeth of fate.

This tingling turns to downright humiliation when the double and subsequent disaster follow. But there are those rare occasions when these screwball bids pay off, and such happy incidents are likely to obscure the memory of those bids that met a sad but deserved fate. I have made many such screwball bids, which is just one of the reasons why you should not play bridge with me if you object to losing a few iron men.

Some of these bids have met disaster. Most of them have. Those I manage to forget in a hurry. No man enjoys remembering the time he went down six, doubled and redoubled, and I say redoubled for a man's partner usually has a nasty habit of redoubling on such occasions.

But when these screwball bids pay off, then I love to linger over them on some quiet afternoon months or even years later, playing the hand over once more, watching the look of astonishment on the faces of the enemy as their aces and kings are ruffed away, and gloating once more over that overtrick which was the crowning insult of all.

I am gloating right now over just such a hand. I had been meekly following suit until it began to lose interest. Any hand I picked up with a king in it began to look big, and I felt a strong desire to bid welling up within me. My partner must have realized this, for he sat there in stony silence when I was doubled, when he had sound reason to redouble if my bid had been based on anything near the values that it indicated. In fact, his thinking was even worse than that, for later he confessed to me that he was contemplating going to a small slam. I still shudder when I think of it.

Let us say I was South, since I always prefer to sit South in bridge, for then I am looking up toward the other hands and not sideways.

I sat South, then, and drew this mess of pottage:

North
S—Axx
H—KQJxx
D—xx
C—Kxx

West	East
S—Qx	S—K
H—xxx	H—Axxxx
D—QJxxx	D—AKxx
C—xxx	C—Axx

South
S—Jxxxxxx
H—none
D—xx
C—QJxx

The gentleman on my right, East, dealt and opened one heart. He had been doing it all evening. The only time there was any variation was when he opened one spade instead of one heart. I don't think I had played a hand in fourteen hours. When I did get some face cards they were clubs, and I was always outbid. When I finally work out my own system of bridge, there are going to be no clubs in the deck—just a few extra spades and hearts. They are the cards to hold.

So I figured it was time I played a hand. Holding this pile of junk I bid four spades at once, before I had time to reflect on the complete lack of logic in the bid. I realized that even a modest amount of thought on the matter would have resulted in a pass, so I was careful not to indulge in this thought.

This four spade bid rode all the way back to East, and after a casual glance at his aces and kings, and knowing full well that I was in a humor to make a bid regardless of what I held, he doubled.

When it arrived back at my partner he started studying his hand, and no matter how hard I looked at him he kept right on studying it and wouldn't pass. Finally, when I was on the verge of shouting at him to go ahead and pass, he did pass. I eased back in my chair, figuring I would lose no more than nine hundred or eleven hundred points, since we weren't vulnerable. I figured it was a cinch to take at least four of my spades, and I might even take a club—who knows.

Well, the opening heart lead brought down

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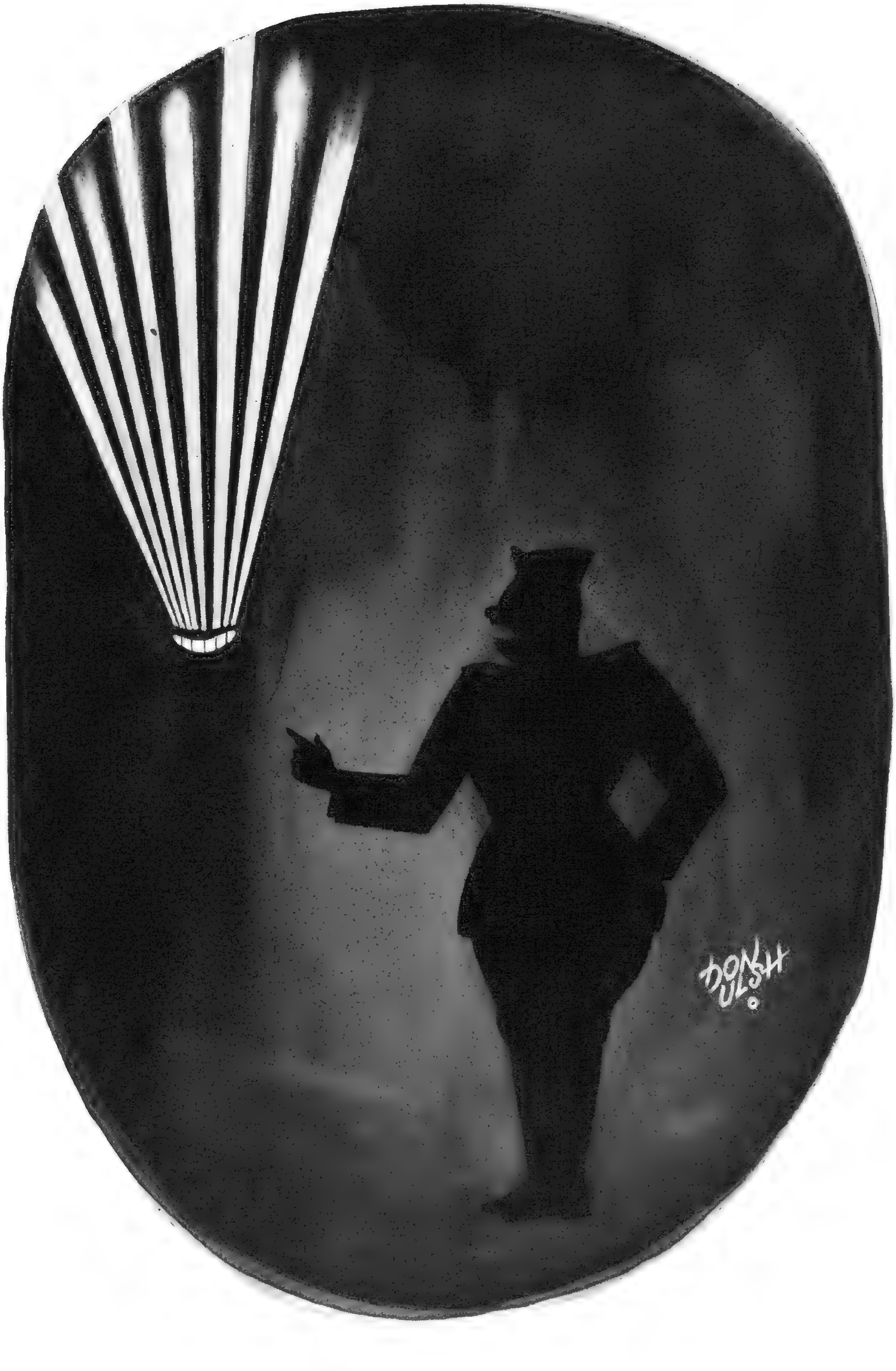
Frank BEAVEN

"Oh, well, it was beginning to eat oil anyway—"



"Private Henneberry! Either keep your mouth shut or quit using that Dazzle Tooth Paste!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Even this hard old heart was touched by the late play *Solitaire*, and tears coursed down this discriminating pan

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

In the dark of night, when the soul of mortal man is full of skepticism, despair and scrambled eggs and bacon, I sometimes ponder my own degree of critical virtuosity and am contaminated by a fear that I may at times be something of the mooncalf that late experience has led me to observe certain other critics are. It isn't drama critics I have particularly in mind at such gloomy moments but some literary critics. And I can only say, after perusing three or four of the species in connection with appraisals of a recent book of mine, that if—whatever his other admittedly painful faults—your stool-pigeon is not slightly more logical and a little less of a last-paragraph swindler in the matter of apologetic let-down, he should be promptly unfrocked, excommunicated, and henceforth assigned to cover ice shows.

I quote critic No. 1: "Mr. Nathan's opinions are often exceedingly dubious and his conclusions superficial, but it is impossible not to agree with what he says."

I quote critic No. 2: "Mr. Nathan apparently doesn't love the theatre and his writings clearly demonstrate it, but his book is an inspiration to those of us who do."

I quote critic No. 3: "Mr. Nathan's chapter on the strip-tease is informative and amusing, but it is not constructive."

I ask three questions.

No. 1: What kind of jackass can find it possible to agree with exceedingly dubious opinions and superficial conclusions?

No. 2: How can a book devoid of inspiration induce inspiration?

No. 3: How in all hell can you be constructive about the strip-tease—unless the girls don't take off all their clothes, which they do?

What theatrical criticism follows may not be sound but, at its worst, I can only hope that it will be a bit clearer than such peasoup. Yet I am, as you shall see, not sure.

One of the latest specimens of the *drame à clef* is Samson Raphaelson's *Jason* and I lead off with it because, as in the critical delicatessen above noted, it is broadly alleged that I am the model for the central figure in it. This figure, as the author presents him, is a cynical drama critic resident more or less in an ivory tower. He has written many books on the theatre, on the relations of men and women, on the state of the nation, and various other topics. He is given to a certain cold hardness and is fond of the use of lofty words. He is a bit stuck on himself, something of a prig, rather on the dressy side, and admires blondes. Into his critical life comes one day another figure, unmistakably meant to be Saroyan. This Saroyan is, save in one respect, the antithesis of the critic: impassioned, in rapt love with all humanity, a friend of the birds, bees, flowers and waterfront bums, a sloppy dresser, yet also an admirer of blondes.

Now comes the author's point. This Saroyan character, with his fervent plays and hot parlor rhetoric, gradually warms and melts the icicle supposed to be me into a creature appreciative of the aforesaid birds, bees, flowers and waterfront bums, but then makes the mistake of flirting with the blonde who, in the play, is married to me. This makes me very sore, since the author and Saroyan have, as noted, by this time inculcated human feelings in me, and I accordingly tear up a laudatory review I have written of Saroyan's new play and dictate a bitter denunciation of it in its stead. But so much honorable humanity has Saroyan inoculated me with, and so essentially godlike a critic am I, that I now tear up the roast and dictate still another review that gives Saroyan his due.

The play in which all this happens causes me, like its central character allegedly patterned after me, to write three different kinds of reviews of it. The first review allows that it is an often witty and interesting and here and there very shrewdly observed play. The second, doubtless because of the circumstance that it makes me out something too much of an ivory tower tenant and, more offensively, something too much of a chilblain when it comes to blondes—to say nothing of hinting that after all these years of Yeats, Synge, O'Casey and the like it took Saroyan to give me the hot-water bag—the second review is in the nature of a pan. The third review, in conclusion, is a combination of the other two, as in the play itself, and with some reservations honorably gives Mr. Raphaelson his due.

This kind of criticism is what led me in my opening paragraphs to doubt my value as a critic, as I doubted the value of the literary critics whose exercises I recorded. I write that *Jason* is a good play, a not good play, and a 50-50 good and poor play at one and the same time, so maybe I should be assigned to cover ice shows after all. But that is the best I can do about it, and there you are.

One or two more items. In the play, Saroyan influences me as a critic for the better. Though Mr. Raphaelson may not realize it, Saroyan has also influenced him as a playwright for the better. *Jason* clearly indicates at various points this beneficent effect Saroyan has had on him. It is visible in such amusing character invention as the Irish steam-fitter, his wife, the harmonica-playing young husband, the humorously touching ex-Metropolitan Opera House stagehand and seaman who is perfectly content to be a failure in life and who, though he has been all over the world, hasn't seen anything anywhere that was of any slightest interest to him, and, above all, the character of Saroyan himself. As a consequence, it is Raphaelson's best play, and, maybe for the

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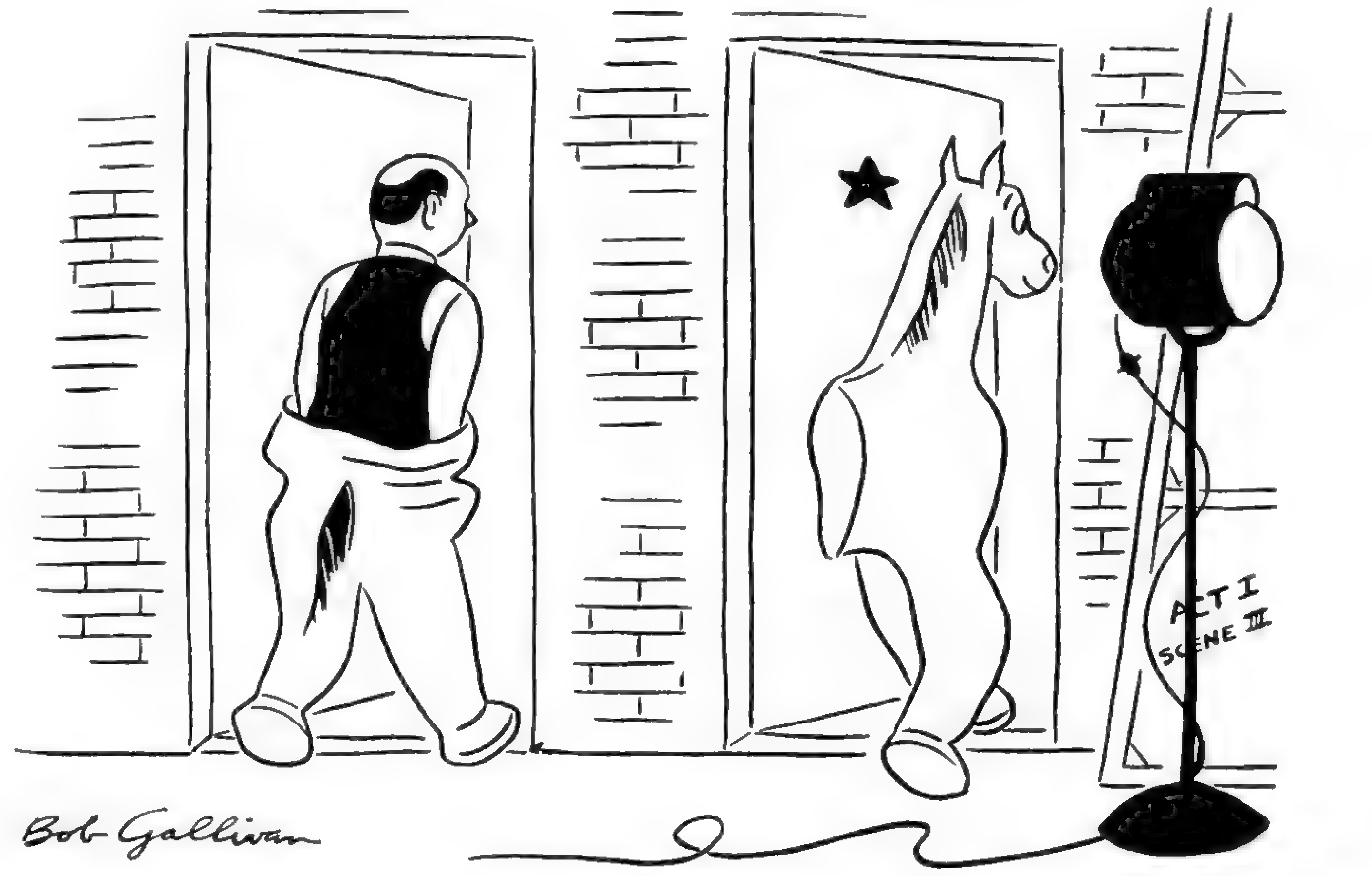
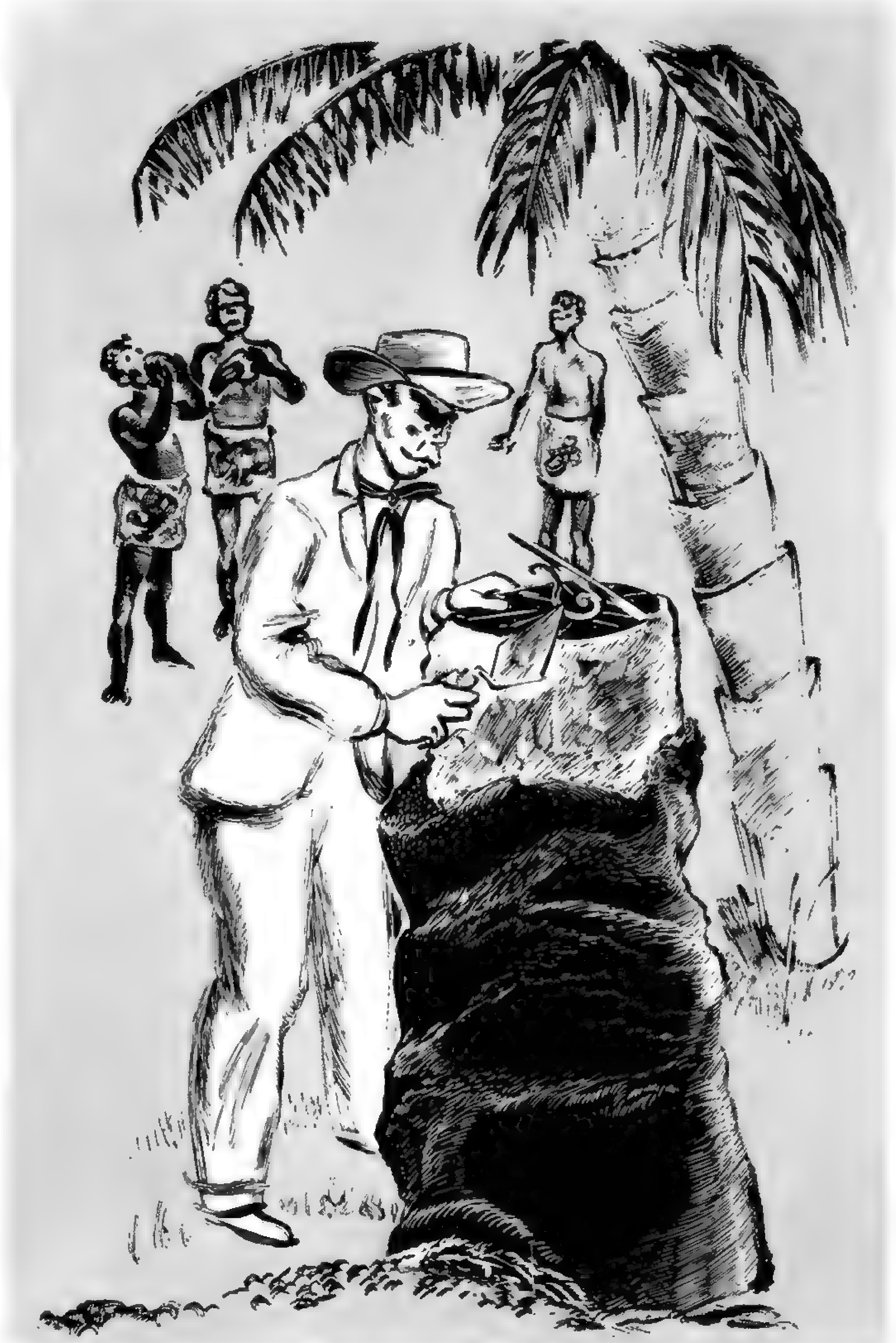


You Don't Wind a Sundial

Tahitians are pushovers when they have any money, still why should they give a damn what time it is?

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •



Our agent in Los Angeles was a nitwit but for a place like Tahiti you can't afford to confine yourself to just a few regular lines. You've got to branch out now and then. I'd told George Kett that and so we'd instructed the agent that any time he got a chance to pick up something cheap as dirt to go ahead and buy it and ship it down to us.

But we expected him to use some discretion, which he didn't the time he sent us the sundials.

"Absolutely your fault," George told me. "You told him to buy anything as long as it was cheap enough."

This wasn't really fair, because George had backed me up. And now we had these sundials, six hundred of them. They were on the ship that had just arrived.

We sat on the veranda of the Concorde, drinking and feeling sorry for ourselves.

"With vanilla where it is, too," he crabbed.

It happened that at this particular time, though George and I were embarrassed, the rest of the island was being rich. Tahiti lives on copra mostly, but it has a little vanilla too. The price had been so low that the natives had not been taking the trouble to pick and dry the vanilla; but now all of a sudden the price had taken a jump, and the dough was rolling in.

George and I were as hard up as we had ever been in our lives. We were practically down to our last sou.

Now when a Polynesian has a little money he only knows one thing to do with it, and that is to spend it right away.

Here was a time when you could sell almost anything to the simple Tahitians, and the two smartest business men on the island had nothing to sell! Except six hundred sundials.

"Listen," I said, trying to get some pep into my voice, "maybe they won't be so hard to move after all. You got to admit the price is low. We could sell 'em for maybe seventy-five apiece and make some profit."

"What of it? Who'd want 'em, here?"

"Well, you can't tell."

He scowled down at the quay. The lagoon was a dizzy blue, and the coconut palms out on Motu-iti jittered and twittered around all bright in the sunshine. The sky looked as if it had just come back from the wash.

"What we got to do," I said in exasperation, "is to make this island time-conscious."

George said just one word, a dirty word. Time is a thing the Tahitians never do have any use for. If you ask a native what time it is he looks up at the sun and after a while he answers "*Aita vau i ite. Fatata i te hora piti,*" or in other words, "Oh, I dunno. Maybe about two." They go to bed when they feel like sleeping, and they get up when they feel like getting up, and they know when it's time to eat dinner because that's when they feel hungry.

Even white people get that way after they've been living here a little while. They figure what the hell. Most of them don't even know what day of the week it is, or what month, much less the hour. George and I are practically the only exceptions. We have never let ourselves sink so low that we don't know what time it is—though it's true our watches more often than not act like they'd caught the fever too, and they don't usually agree, which worries us.

"All the same, we got to make them time-conscious," I persisted, being full of the old never-say-die spirit. "Maybe we can sell them the idea that if they don't know what time it is they won't know when the copra truck's coming?"

But George knew the answer to that. The drivers of the trucks never knew what time it was anyway, and if a native was late sacking his copra they could always pick it up the next day, or the day after that, or sometime.

We cleared and unpacked them the following week, the customs crowd having finally consented to get the usual half-ton of forms straightened out. I'd always thought of a sundial, the way I guess, you have, as a brass plate on a nice fluted column of stone or maybe wood, and a triangular piece that sticks up from the middle of the plate, and numbers all around. Well, we had the plates all right, 600 of them, as per notification, and each with the triangular sticking-up thing, which it seems is called a style; but no pedestals.

I suppose we really shouldn't have expected pedestals, at the price. The agent had explained in his letter that the reason he had been able to get them so cheap was because some crackpot real estate developer in L. A. had started to promote a Vista Gables or Meadowlea Cottages or something, six hundred shacks in all, each one exactly like the others—not only the houses themselves alike, but the grounds. Each and every house was to have a weeping willow tree, and each was to have a sundial, quaint as can be. Then he'd gone bankrupt and never built the houses. Things like that are always happening in southern California.

The sundials had been sold by the receivers. I suppose our agent's was the only bid. I guess we were lucky that he didn't buy up the six hundred weeping willow trees too, and send *them* to us.

"They got to be mounted," I said. "We'll have to mount them on chunks of coral, as we sell them."

"That'll mean more money," said George. "For cement."

Well, in addition to the six hundred dials there were six hundred sheets of paper containing information about them, which of course weren't going to do a bit of good in Tahiti, being printed in English, and what's more in English that even George Kett and I couldn't make out.

As far as we could make out, the dope wasn't so much practical dope on how to set up a sundial as it was a sort of fancy history of sundials throughout the ages. There was a lot about the hemicycle; and about Berodus's dial, whoever he was, and Herodotus's albategnius, and Ptolemy's analemma, and the compass dial, cylinder dial, altitude dial, scratch dial, vertical dial, declining dial, *pro*clining dial, equinoctial dial, ring dial, and I don't remember how many other kinds; and quotations from Münster's *Horologiographia* and from Clavius and Desargues and Findlay and Kircher and Abu'l Hassan and Q. Marcus Philippus and so-forth—all of which didn't mean any more to George Kett and I than it probably does to you.

"The science of gnomonics," it said solemnly a couple of times, "is incalculably complicated."

What with one thing and another we felt pretty blue, and so we went to the Concorde to talk it over, and when Bob Allen saw us coming in and offered to buy a drink we said yes right away, not knowing when it might be before we could buy one for ourselves.

This guy Bob Allen was a guy who had skippered his own sailboat from the coast down to Tahiti a year or so before. He asked us what we were feeling so low about, and we told him, and he laughed like a fool.

"Of all places," he guffawed, and asked us how we ever expected to set up in the Society Islands a flock of sundials that had been manufactured for Los Angeles, U.S.A.

"What difference does that make? Aren't they exactly the same all over the world?"

"Of course not! It all depends on what latitude you're in, and this is about eighteen south and L.A.'s thirty-something north. If each one isn't exactly right," Bob Allen went on cheerfully, "they'll not only all tell the wrong time, but they'll all tell *different* wrong times!"

We wanted to know if we couldn't borrow some ship's chronometer and set them all according to that, but he said no. He said there were two kinds of time, the kind a clock tells, which is called mean time, and the kind a sundial records, which is called apparent time, and these were exactly the same for only four days of the year. But the other days they were practically the same, he said. Except that if the dial was set up wrong in the first place, then it might go on getting wronger and wronger, though I don't know why they do.

"Not that *you* ought to care," he said, "once you've sold the gol-darn things."

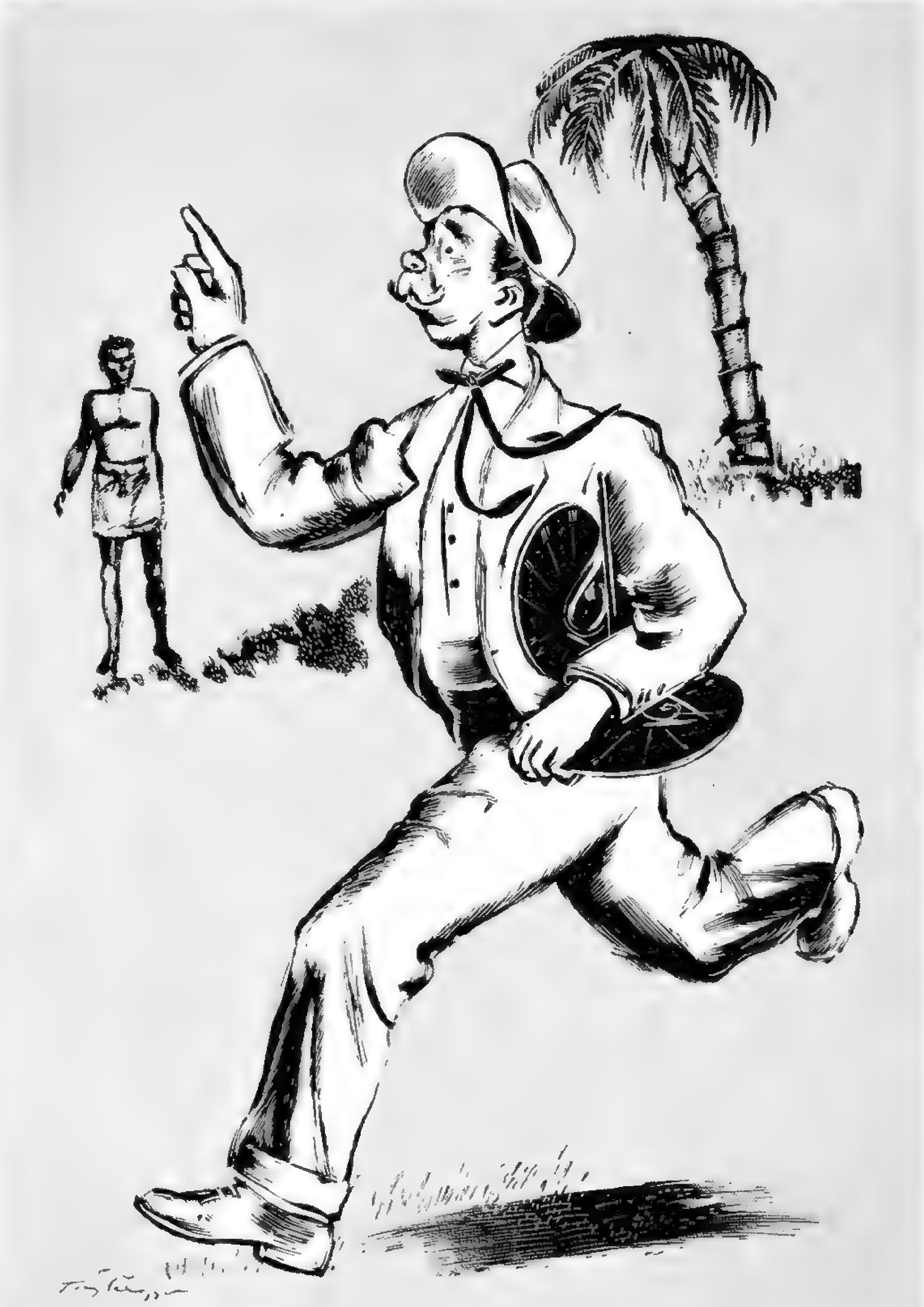
But we shook our heads. We have ethics, George Kett and I. We believe in being honest. After all, we're making a living in this group, and we got to think of our reputation.

"Couldn't maybe you set one of them up for us?" George asked.

"No, I couldn't do it!" he said. "What you need is a gnomonist."

"Which," wailed George, "would be about as easy to find down here as a left-handed polar bear with a Hitler mustache!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Take Masterson over there in the corner. He used to be a professor of mathematics at some university in England. To hear him tell it he knows more about relativity than Einstein himself. Maybe he's a gnomonist. It's worth trying. He'll do anything for a drink."



Masterson was a nasty little old man with dramatic upturned white mustaches, rickety glasses on a snooty nose, and who-the-blazes-are-*you*-sir blue eyes. He was always immaculate. He had a lot of dignity: I don't remember ever seeing him pass out.

He was not absolutely on the beach. Every time a mail boat arrived he'd get a small check, and every time he'd cash it there would be a crowd to meet him outside the bank with bills he owed, and if he saved enough out of it to get drunk on once he was lucky. Then the rest of the month—this was before the war when we used to get a ship here every month, sort of—it was up to him to scratch. He was never whiny about cadging drinks, and in fact he was pretty uppity about it, that being his manner. He *permitted* you to stand treat.

George and I hadn't heard before that Masterson was a professor, but we weren't surprised. You meet all kinds of people down here, and in fact you don't meet any *other* kinds. When you come to think of it, it's kind of strange that George Kett and I should be down here ourselves, George having been an engineer while I've spent most of my life spieling with carnivals, though I'd always wanted to indulge in legitimate business, like now. But George and I at least kept working, even though we might sometimes operate on a pretty slim capital. Masterson was one of those guys who I guess just must have come here with the idea of drinking themselves to death.

I went up to him, to where he was sucking a dry glass, and said, "Have a punch?" He nodded his head thoughtfully, and at last said that he didn't mind.

"Listen," I plunged. "You know anything about gnomonics?"

He looked at me so funny that I thought I hadn't pronounced it right.

"Of course," he answered. "I studied gnomonics for two years at Heidelberg, under Leadbetter first and later under Walper. Yes. And I've had considerable correspondence with Müller. You've heard of Müller's work, of course?"

The drinks arrived, and he consulted his. After a while he looked up and asked, "Why?"

Well, I explained the situation as best I could, and he seemed to get the idea, and I finished by asking him if maybe we could hire his services to set up one of the dials for us.

"Ah, well," he said, "of course I'm not interested in trying to commercialize my accomplishments—"

"Oh, if you'd do it for nothing, I'm sure—"

"I didn't say that," he said in a hurry. "Causing a dial made for another latitude to record time properly here, wouldn't be simple. The plate itself has to be made perfectly horizontal, and the style has to be fixed in a direction parallel to the earth's axis and it has to make an angle with the horizon equal to the altitude of the place where it's set. And then there's the exact determination of the meridian plane which passes through the point where the style is fixed to the surface—that would be very, very difficult. Not even an ordinary gnomonist could do that as it should be done."

Well, it turned out he wanted five hundred francs for the job; and it took some arguing, and I had to call George in to help me, and we had to sign for another rum punch, but eventually we got him down to fifty francs, which even that is a lot of money in Tahiti.

The upshot of it was that Bob Allen agreed to buy the first sundial for one hundred

Continued on page 181

"G's" in the Jaws of Japan

A primer on dive bombing containing as many explanations as can be made without divulging military secrets

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

R

Dive bombing, like corn whiskey and bundling, is a peculiarly American institution. It is the irony of history, however, that this . . . and so many of our other choice contributions to a questionable civilization . . . has turned out to be a cuckoo egg, incubating best in another bird's nest.

Dive bombing was a creation of the United States Navy, spawned and nurtured during the last war. The first planes dedicated to this dizzy and accurate purpose were nicknamed "Helldivers"—a fact that is abundantly clear to all admirers of that dazzling, platinumesque symbol of the aviator's plunge, Miss Jean Harlow.

The American Navy, in the 1917 period, had been seeking for a means of planting bombs neatly and accurately on small targets. The answer was found in diving—a procedure which brought plane and objective together with lightning speed, and which offset a great many of the deflecting influences of wind, sand, and stars.

But, once having created this simple and effective weapon, American fighting aviation had a tendency to give it a "Billy Mitchell." "Dive bombers," it was once said, "are as vulnerable as a buzzard: a fast pursuit plane can crawl up under their bellies and blast hell out of them."

Our erstwhile friends of the Beerhall Putsch had no such qualms. They took the American dive-bomber idea, coddled it, hot-housed it, and fed it high-octane Vitamins. The result was the Junkers Ju-87, otherwise known as the *Stuka*.

Life in modern Germany is as cheap as Ersatz liverwurst; and if a few pursuit planes were going to climb up under the ventral areas of the Stukas . . . and pour lead into their navels . . . that, och, was life.

The first testing ground was Poland. Later, Norway, France, Belgium, Holland, and Crete blossomed for a short space into infernal Stuka laboratories—and promptly relapsed into anguished silence. For, this much was proved: if and when air domination is obtained and maintained, the dive bomber is the most formidable weapon in the modern, explosive, catapulting bishopric.

In the hands of the Germans, dive bombers became a substitute for, or successor to, artillery. They allowed greater range and provided greater accuracy than artillery fire—and they had the marked advantage of speed and mobility.

The only place the Stuka met its doom—during the early phases of the war—was over England and the Channel. For, here, the analysis of the American experts proved to be justified. The Nazis were unable to dominate the air; and Hurricanes and Spitfires pinked the Stukas out of the skies like clay pigeons.

The U. S. Navy, meanwhile, refined the "Helldiver," and developed an even more efficient fighting plane, the Curtis SB2C-1—about which little can be said at this moment, for reasons of national security.

England's answer to the Stuka was the Blackburn *Skua*, a two-place ship, powered by a Bristol *Perseus* XII 745 h.p. engine, and flying at a maximum level speed of 240 m.p.h. It was armed with four forward-firing machine guns . . . and suitable armament.

Compare this, for a moment, with the specifications of the Ju-87 B Stuka. The German ship, also two-place, was armed with a forward-firing machine gun in each wing, and a machine gun with flexible mounting in the rear cockpit. The Ju-87 B's maximum speed was an apparent five miles less than the *Skua*.

The power plant of the Ju-87 B was a Junkers *Jumo* 211 engine, which delivered 1,000 h.p. Carrying five bombs, four of fifty kilograms, and one of five-hundred kilograms . . . it had a cruising range of some 498 miles. There was no protective armament.

It should be pointed out, however, that the Ju-87 B has been superseded by the Ju-88—which has a great deal of protective armor, and heavier fire power.

Our own dive bombing activities, these days, center around the Navy's Curtiss SB2C-1, Brewster SB2A, Douglas SBD and Vought-Sikorsky SB2U; and a high-speed, heavily-armored plane recently developed for the British, the Vultee *Vengeance;* our Army dive bomber is the Douglas A-24, a version of the Navy model. It is conceded to be wise, at this point, not to discuss any of these ships in detail. It may be significant to note, though, in passing, that the SB2C-1 is powered by a Wright "Double Row Cyclone 14" engine, reputed to deliver almost twice that of the Stuka's engine.

* * *

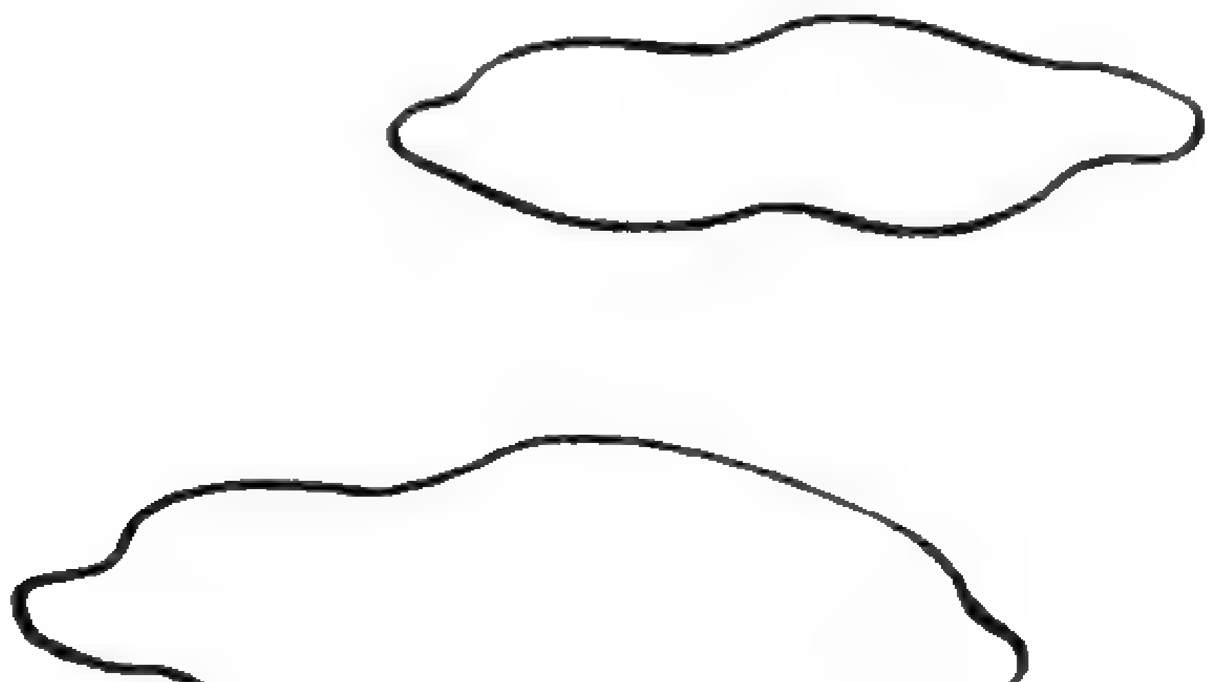
Suppose we look, for the nonce, at some of the problems, advantages, techniques, and hexes of diving—and equate these with types of existing equipment:

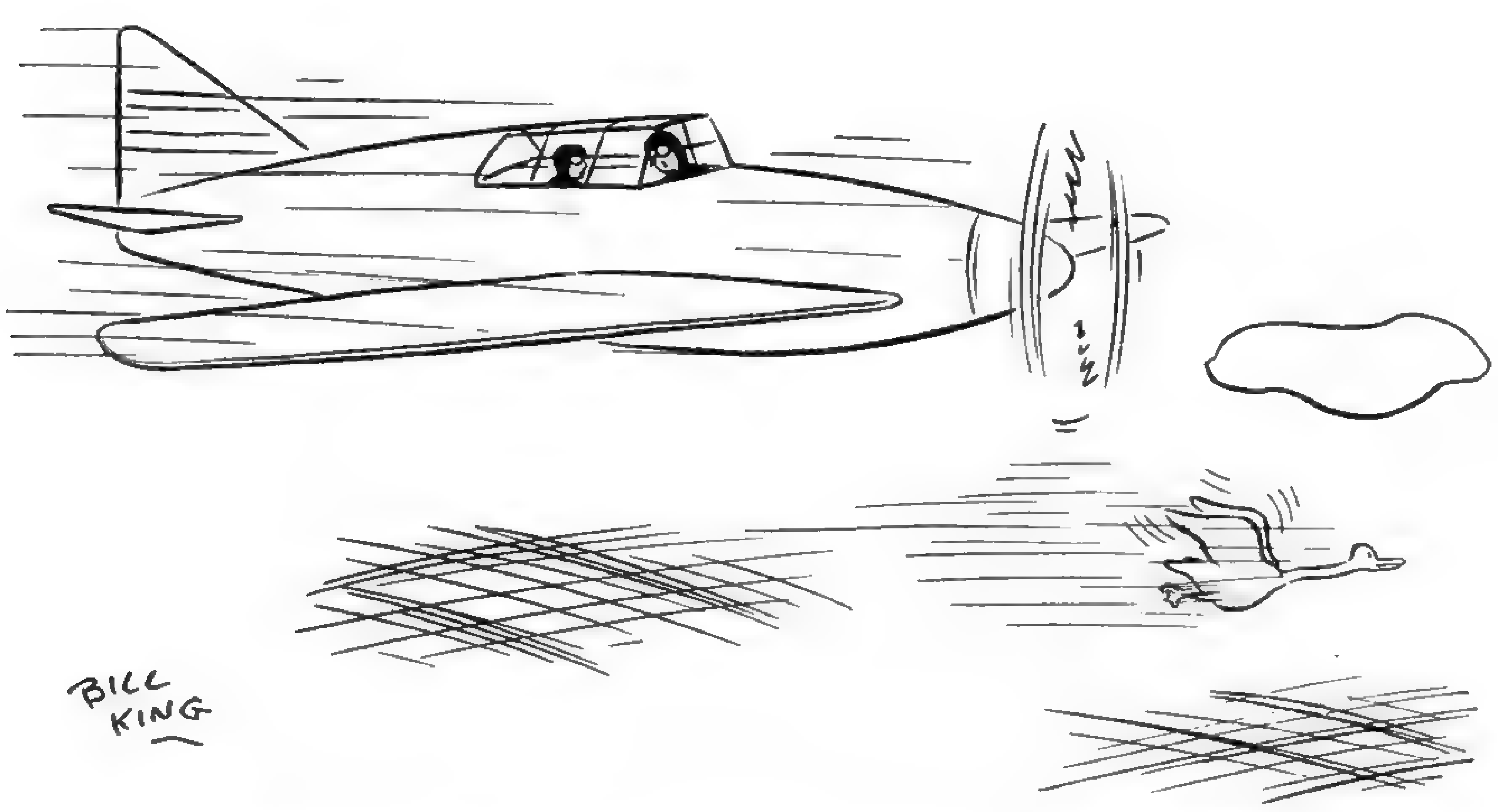
The primary function of the practice, it is clear, is to obtain exceptional accuracy on small target areas. If you consider the difficulties the level-flight bombardier faces, in attack, the justification for the dive will be more marked.

Our old friend, Galileo, who invented the telescope, also discovered the precise fact that an object dropped from the leaning Tower of Pisa falls sixteen feet the first second... and thirty-two feet per second faster with each additional second that it falls.

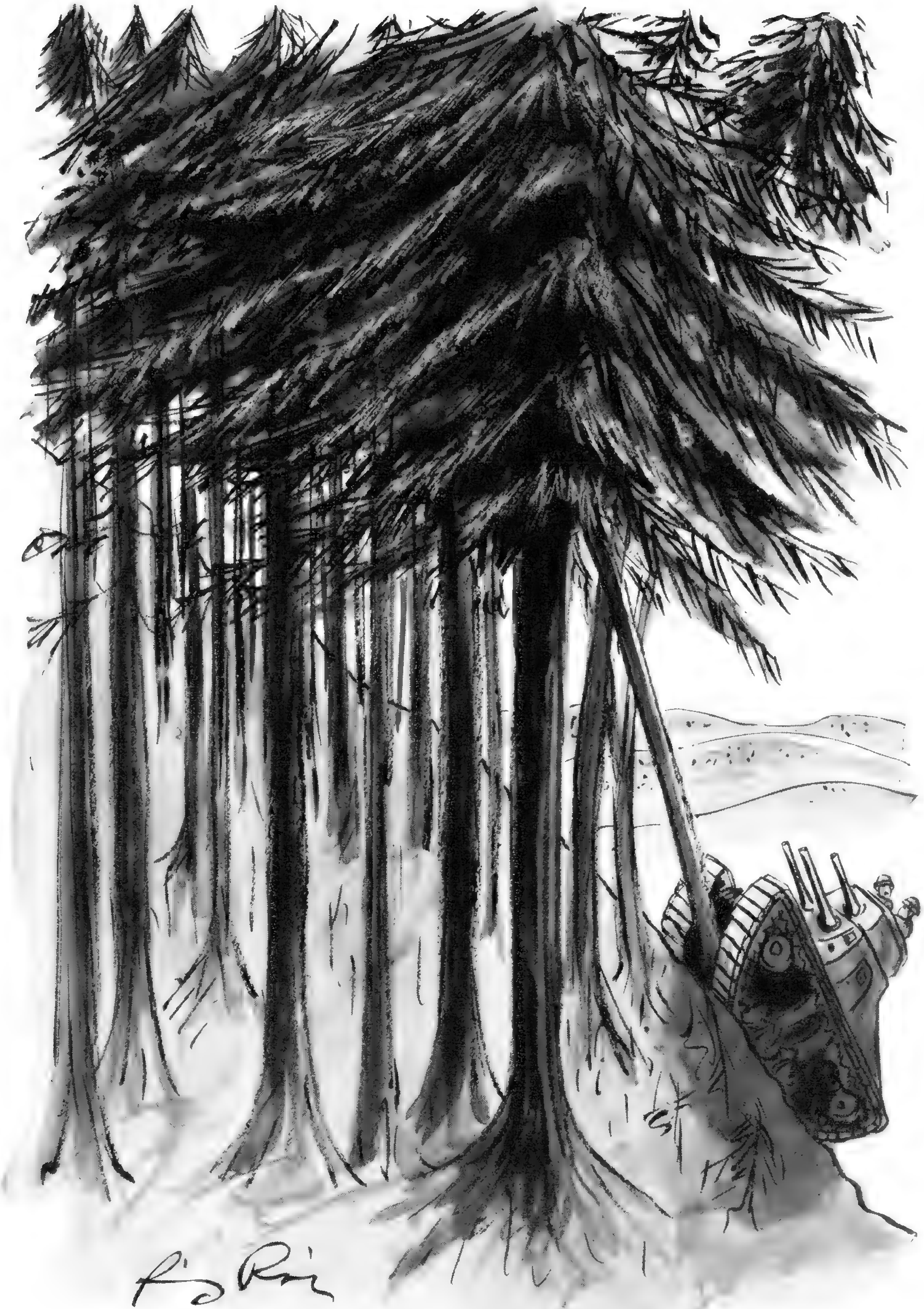
It scarcely requires the genius of an Einstein to observe that what holds true for a fall from the leaning Tower of Pisa, also holds true for a fall from the observation tower of the Empire State Building, the Rainbow Room of Radio City . . . or a

Continued on page 108





"We'd better check that speedometer—I doubt that we're doing 400 miles an hour"

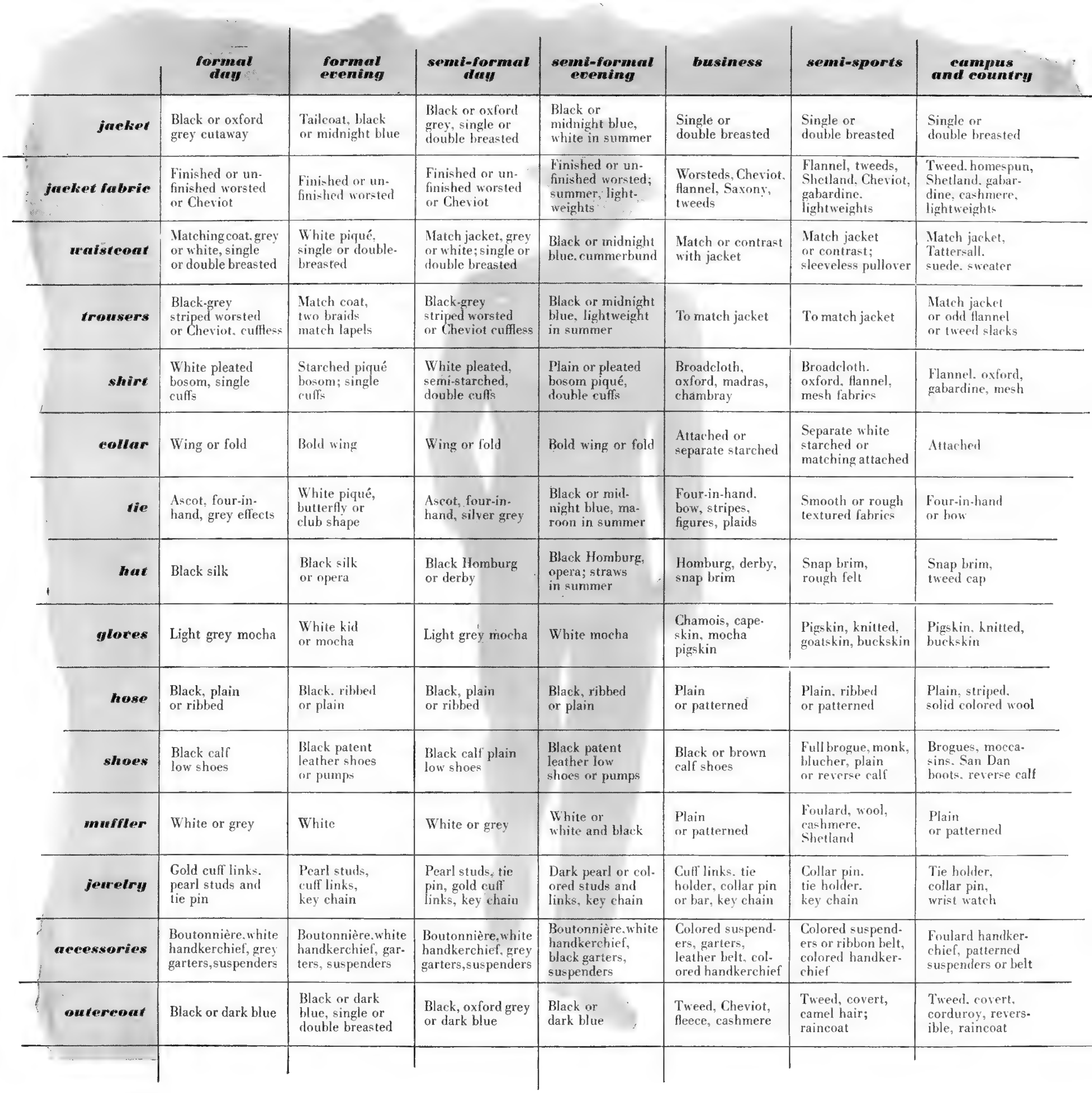


"Watch me make it in high"

Correct Dress Chart

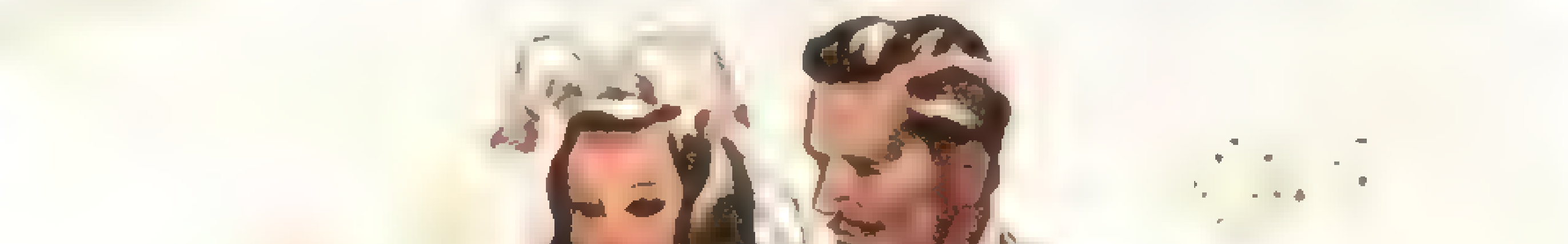
You need not excite laughter when you enter the drawing room, office or barn if you'll adhere to these simple rules

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •

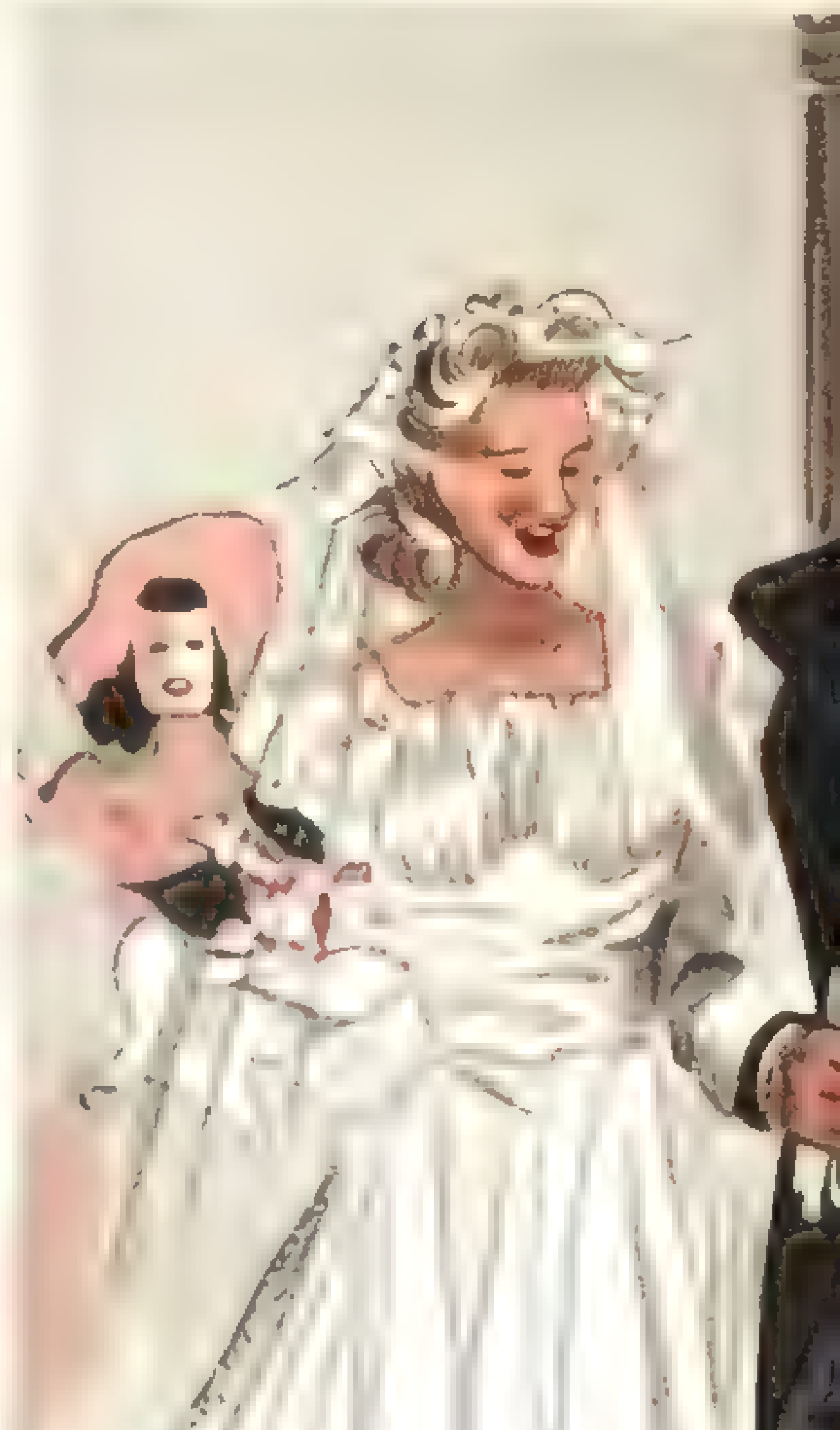


	formal day	*formal evening*	*semi-formal day*	*semi-formal evening*	*business*	*semi-sports*	*campus and country*
jacket	Black or oxford grey cutaway	Tailcoat, black or midnight blue	Black or oxford grey, single or double breasted	Black or midnight blue, white in summer	Single or double breasted	Single or double breasted	Single or double breasted
jacket fabric	Finished or unfinished worsted or Cheviot	Finished or unfinished worsted	Finished or unfinished worsted or Cheviot	Finished or unfinished worsted; summer, lightweights	Worsteds, Cheviot, flannel, Saxony, tweeds	Flannel, tweeds, Shetland, Cheviot, gabardine, lightweights	Tweed, homespun, Shetland, gabardine, cashmere, lightweights
waistcoat	Matching coat, grey or white, single or double breasted	White piqué, single or double-breasted	Match jacket, grey or white; single or double breasted	Black or midnight blue, cummerbund	Match or contrast with jacket	Match jacket or contrast; sleeveless pullover	Match jacket, Tattersall, suede, sweater
trousers	Black-grey striped worsted or Cheviot, cuffless	Match coat, two braids match lapels	Black-grey striped worsted or Cheviot cuffless	Black or midnight blue, lightweight in summer	To match jacket	To match jacket	Match jacket or odd flannel or tweed slacks
shirt	White pleated bosom, single cuffs	Starched piqué bosom; single cuffs	White pleated, semi-starched, double cuffs	Plain or pleated bosom piqué, double cuffs	Broadcloth, oxford, madras, chambray	Broadcloth, oxford, flannel, mesh fabrics	Flannel, oxford, gabardine, mesh
collar	Wing or fold	Bold wing	Wing or fold	Bold wing or fold	Attached or separate starched	Separate white starched or matching attached	Attached
tie	Ascot, four-in-hand, grey effects	White piqué, butterfly or club shape	Ascot, four-in-hand, silver grey	Black or midnight blue, maroon in summer	Four-in-hand, bow, stripes, figures, plaids	Smooth or rough textured fabrics	Four-in-hand or bow
hat	Black silk	Black silk or opera	Black Homburg or derby	Black Homburg, opera; straws in summer	Homburg, derby, snap brim	Snap brim, rough felt	Snap brim, tweed cap
gloves	Light grey mocha	White kid or mocha	Light grey mocha	White mocha	Chamois, capeskin, mocha pigskin	Pigskin, knitted, goatskin, buckskin	Pigskin, knitted, buckskin
hose	Black, plain or ribbed	Black, ribbed or plain	Black, plain or ribbed	Black, ribbed or plain	Plain or patterned	Plain, ribbed or patterned	Plain, striped, solid colored wool
shoes	Black calf low shoes	Black patent leather shoes or pumps	Black calf plain low shoes	Black patent leather low shoes or pumps	Black or brown calf shoes	Full brogue, monk, blucher, plain or reverse calf	Brogues, moccasins, San Dan boots, reverse calf
muffler	White or grey	White	White or grey	White or white and black	Plain or patterned	Foulard, wool, cashmere, Shetland	Plain or patterned
jewelry	Gold cuff links, pearl studs and tie pin	Pearl studs, cuff links, key chain	Pearl studs, tie pin, gold cuff links, key chain	Dark pearl or colored studs and links, key chain	Cuff links, tie holder, collar pin or bar, key chain	Collar pin, tie holder, key chain	Tie holder, collar pin, wrist watch
accessories	Boutonnière, white handkerchief, grey garters, suspenders	Boutonnière, white handkerchief, garters, suspenders	Boutonnière, white handkerchief, grey garters, suspenders	Boutonnière, white handkerchief, black garters, suspenders	Colored suspenders, garters, leather belt, colored handkerchief	Colored suspenders or ribbon belt, colored handkerchief	Foulard handkerchief, patterned suspenders or belt
outercoat	Black or dark blue	Black or dark blue, single or double breasted	Black, oxford grey or dark blue	Black or dark blue	Tweed, Cheviot, fleece, cashmere	Tweed, covert, camel hair; raincoat	Tweed, covert, corduroy, reversible, raincoat

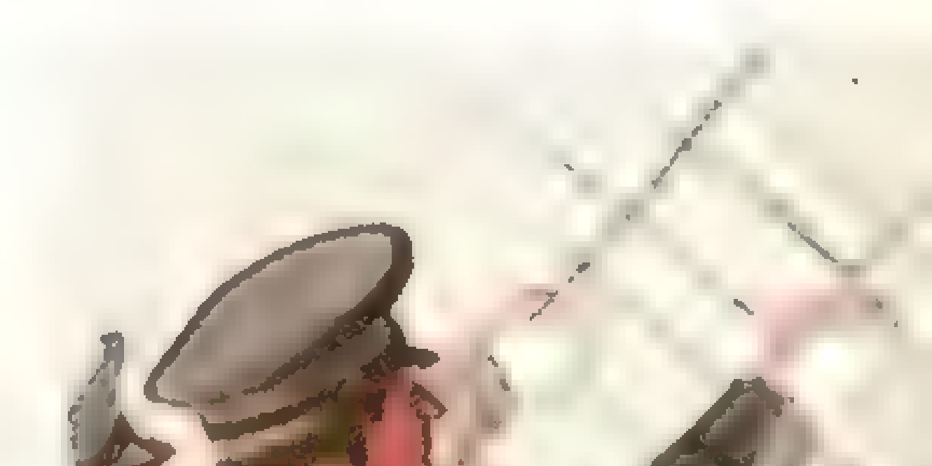
Esquire's Guide to good Grooming



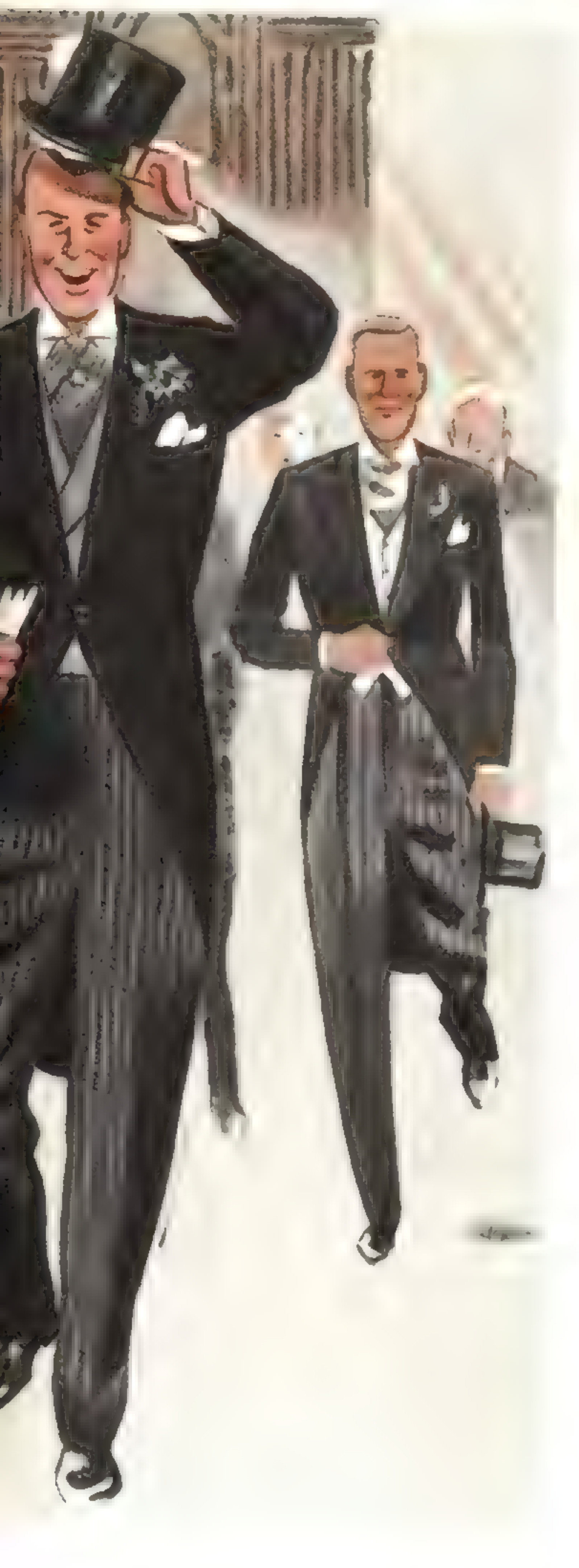
Summer Evening White double breasted dinner jacket with shawl collar, pleated bosom shirt, attached collar, midnight blue studs, midnight blue bow tie, red carnation, midnight blue dress trousers, black hose, black patent leather shoes. Coconut palm or other soft summer hat is correct.



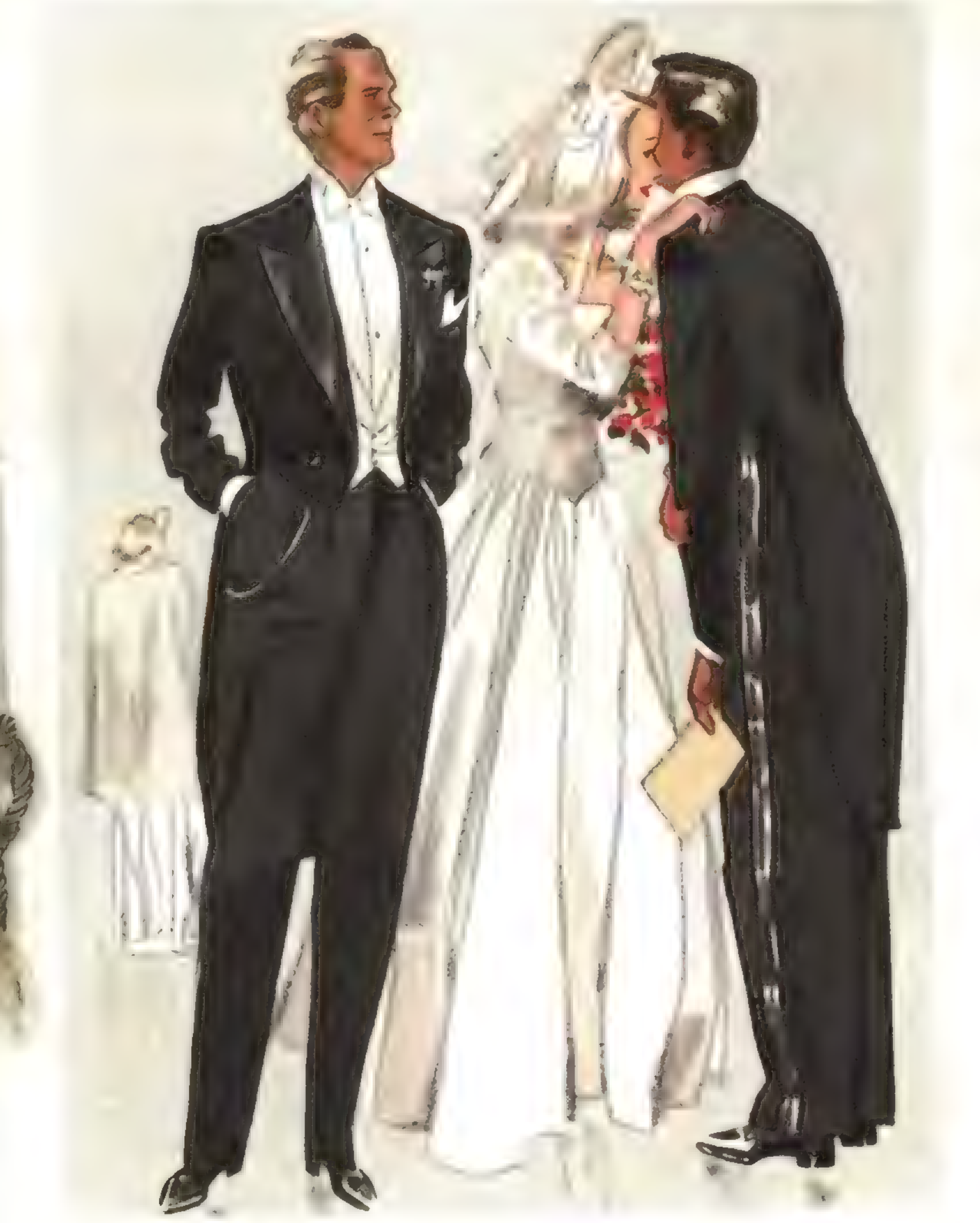
Formal Day Oxford gr
lilies of the valley boutonnière, pale gr
trousers, white pleated bosom shirt, bla
black silk hat, grey mocha gloves, black b



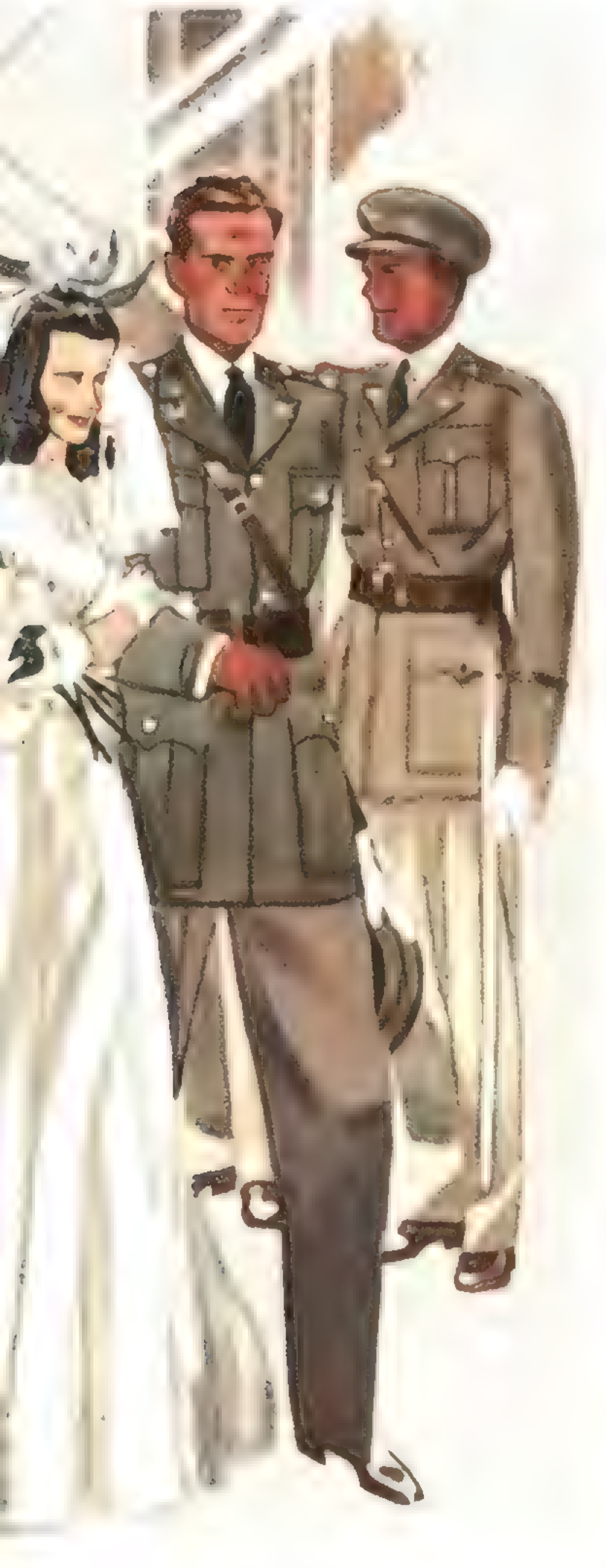
Military Regulation unifor
worn by all men in the service, in a
duration. This applies not only to th
in the other branches of the armed for



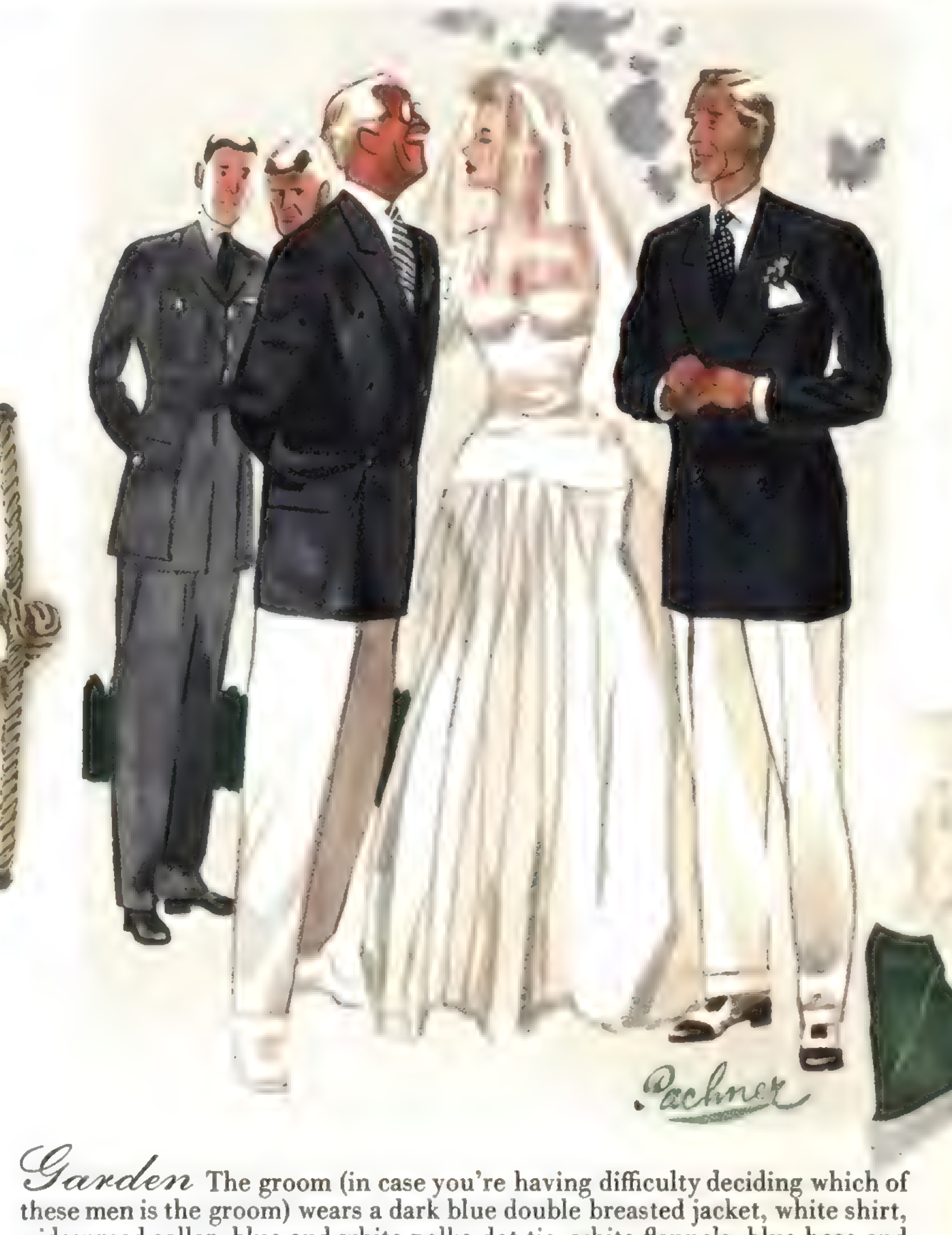
ey cutaway coat with plain edges, ey waistcoat, black and grey striped k and white silk Ascot, wing collar, alf hose and black straight-tip shoes.



Formal Evening Midnight blue tailcoat with satin lapels, trousers to match, lilies of the valley boutonnière, wing collar, white piqué butterfly bow tie, white piqué starched bosom shirt, pearl studs, white piqué waistcoat, black hose and black patent leather shoes. Black silk hat is correct.



s are the required wedding attire to be ccordance with official orders, for the men in the Army, but also to those es as well—the Navy and the Marines.



Garden The groom (in case you're having difficulty deciding which of these men is the groom) wears a dark blue double breasted jacket, white shirt, widespread collar, blue and white polka dot tie, white flannels, blue hose and brown and white straight-tip shoes. Outside he will wear a soft-body hat.

ELEANOR PARKER

Hurrell Photograph

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 157

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Passing from letters of George Bernard Shaw to Lanier, Wodehouse, John Mason Brown, enjoyment of hotels and baseball

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

Reading the correspondence to (not with) Florence Farr (of whom I had never heard) by Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats, edited by Clifford Bax and now first printed, is like listening to a man talking on the telephone where the response is audible only to the speaker; or perhaps it is more like listening to ardent prayers; for the surprising thing is that this girl was the recipient over a span of years of eager and sometimes passionate petitions from two first-class writers. I can easily answer the question why Florence Farr, whose intelligence was mediocre, should have held on a leash men of genius. She was beautiful; nothing else is required.

Mr. Shaw has never lacked courage; he has never cared what "they say," or even what they think. He permitted the unspeakable Frank Harris to publish astonishing details about him, and he gave his consent to the publication of these letters, written long ago. Curiously enough, he says in his "explanatory" preface, "It was a one-sided correspondence; for I cannot remember that she ever wrote to me." But in this tiny volume a letter-card by him in 1896 begins, "You wretch—to write me a nasty letter just when a really sympathetic, original woman would have written a particularly nice one."

Florence Farr had one great honor; she was chosen by Mr. Shaw to appear in the world's première of his first play to reach the stage—*Widowers' Houses*, December 9, 1892; and he said he wrote *Arms and the Man* for her, "selecting the cast myself." This work of genius was produced April 21, 1894, with Florence playing Louka. This was also the first Shaw play produced in America (1894) by and with Richard Mansfield; actor and playwright held violent exchanges. Mr. Shaw told me that a lady said to him, "Mansfield ought to thank God that you have written such a play," to which Shaw replied, "Yes, but he wishes to God somebody else had written it." Shaw had cabled Mansfield something about love-interest; Mansfield cabled back, "Love-interest be damned," and Shaw cabled, "The same to you."

Florence never appeared in any other plays of Shaw after these two. All who are interested in Shaw (and who is not?) will find his letters to her amazingly interesting; the one thing he was sure of was his own genius and as Browning would say, "he saved his soul" by taking care of his health so that nothing could check or disturb the development of his powers.

Yeats's letters are almost as interesting as Shaw's, and there is an entertaining foreword by Mrs. Yeats. It is fortunate that this strange girl left these letters to Clifford Bax, and that he printed them. In my opinion, it is the "find" of 1942.

Incidentally, there ought to be some notable celebration of Fifty Years in the Theatre, 1892-1942. In 1892 appeared Shaw's and Wilde's and Barrie's first original plays, and Pinero was writing his first important one. These fifty years include the greatest creative period in drama in English since the death of Shakespeare in 1616.

Although I always hated mathematics, I have always loved the study of formal logic; and I devoted a great deal of time to it. I remember the definition of a *petitio principii*, it is "when the thing to be proved is started with as the basis of the argument." A beautiful illustration in 1942 is a book called *George B. McClellan: The Man Who Saved the Union.* This seems to be a desperate attempt to save McClellan; much better to have let him rest in peace.

P. G. Wodehouse is a notable addition to the list of famous authors who have written in prison; and his latest, *Money in the Bank*, is one of his best. Because Mr. Wodehouse has made speeches in Germany whose tone I dislike is no reason why I should deprive myself of the pleasure of reading his books. A man's character and his behavior and his opinions do not affect my appraisal of his works of art; and I would rather read Mr. Wodehouse's masterpieces of humor than read a dull book by anybody politically orthodox. My opinions are my own; and so are my tastes. I rejoice that the Russians, supported by their non-existent Creator Who made the climate, have fought so efficiently against the Germans; but when an *American* said the other day, "No one now can object to being called a Communist," what nonsense!

In Boswell's *Journal* for September 14, 1792: Lord Camelford made an observation that sounds today strange coming from British lips:

"He said there was a word he wished to be struck out of our Language—*Liberty;* for that in truth the essence of civilised society consisted in a surrender of each man's liberty into a common stock for the advantage of individuals. He would substitute the word *protection*, by which person and property were secured. He wished also to abolish the political word *Constitution.* His argument for this I do not accurately recollect. But I think he said that there was no definite political constitution of any country, as its *laws* were undoubtedly *alterable* at the will of the Government. He scouted the notion of *Representation* in Parliament."

This statement was made while the crimes committed in the name of Liberty were attracting horror-struck attention in England; also he can hardly be blamed for not being familiar with the U.S. Constitution, for it was only five years old, and the first U.S. President had been in office only three years. Our Supreme Court, however, was created to protect our people from Executive and Con-

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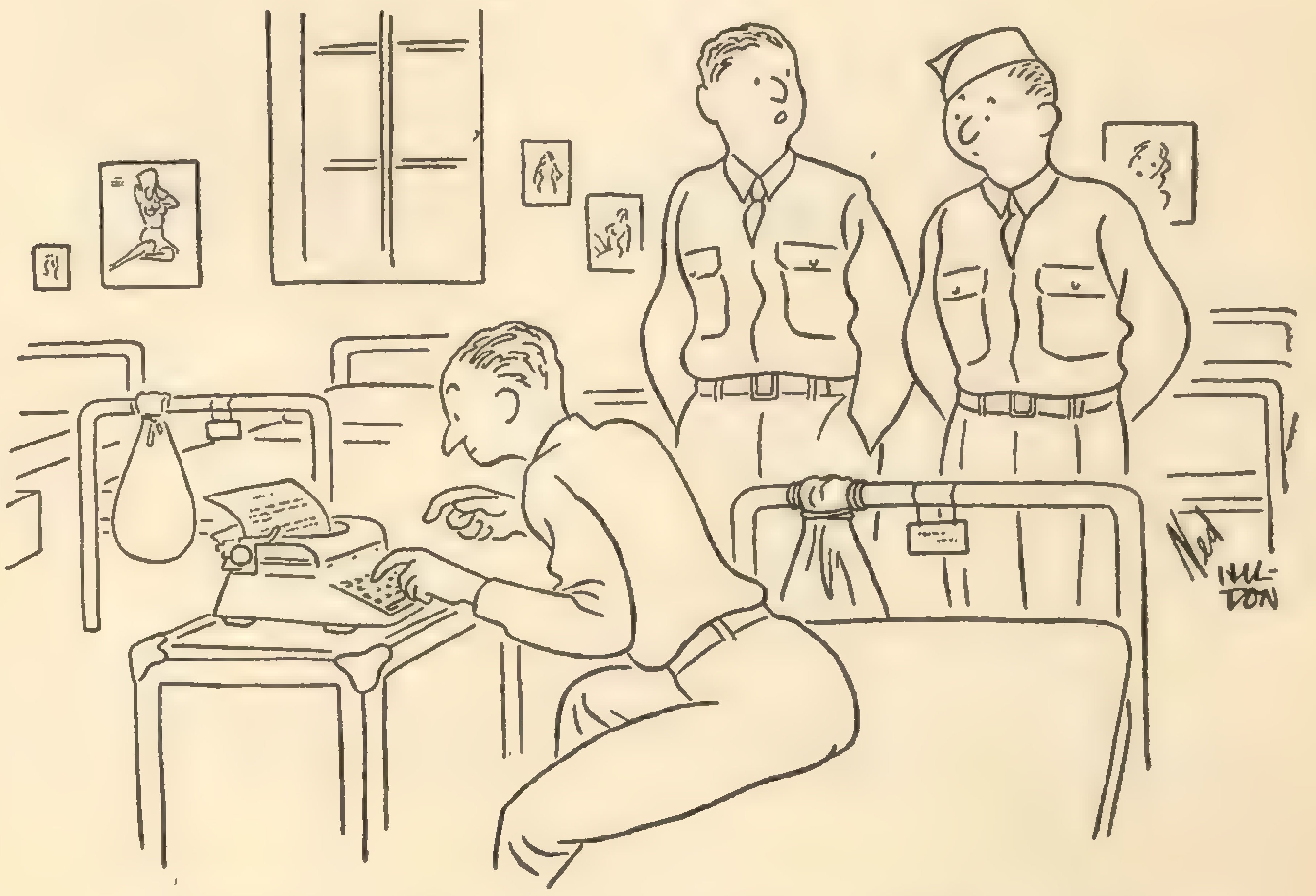
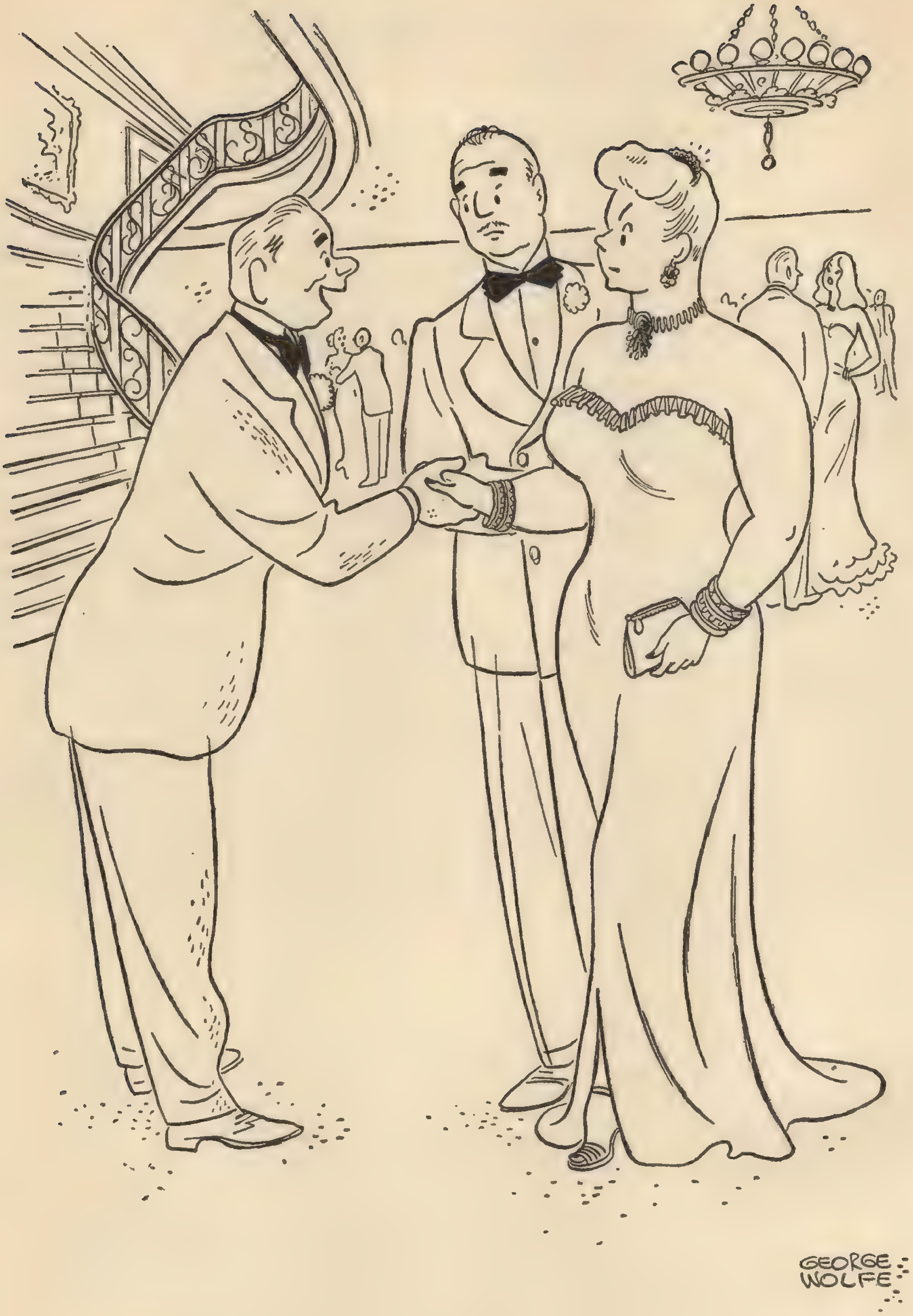


"He expects it to be a best seller—'How to Live on $21 A Month'"


GEORGE WOLFE

"Your face is familiar—do you endorse anything?"

Man the Kitchenette

After wangling dinner invitations from some Russian princes your reporter has recipes for Blinis, Paschka and Bortsch

by ILES BRODY

•EDIBLES•

My bags were packed and I was ready to fly to the Russian Ambassador, Maxim Litvinov, for an interview about food—his own in particular and that of the U.S.S.R. in general, when I received a note from His Excellency that after all he couldn't talk on such a subject. Sadly but in a revolutionary spirit, I resigned myself to the fact. I simply can't understand why in our age the great are loath to discuss eating. They have a tendency to treat gastronomy, such an innocent and yet such an important subject, in a secretive manner. For years now no one from the outside world has been allowed in the Presidential kitchen. Can you get hold of the recipe of that marvelous spaghetti sauce Mayor La Guardia is reputed to prepare? No! Do you know the diet that worked so miraculously for the formerly corpulent Crown Princess of the Netherlands? No! Have you the slightest idea what Churchill's favorite dish is? No! Do you know if Stalin eats at all? He looks as though he does, but no direct evidence is available to substantiate it. And I stand here utterly helpless. The hand of the culinary writer is tied. Food of the eminent is treated in the way secret diplomacy used to be handled in bygone days.

The great of former ages were always ready to take the curious public into their gastronomic confidence. To cite just one example, Louis XIV of France made himself tremendously popular by allowing his humble subjects to watch him eat once a week in the banqueting hall of Versailles. The starving populace sat on the balcony and looked with awe and admiration at their magnificent king, the wonderful dishes, the splendid pomp and circumstance of it all. However, three quarters of a century after his death, the Louis' found they had a revolution on their hands, so maybe it isn't such a good idea, after all.

Thus, what interested me immediately about Russian food was to find out whether it had altered since the Czarist epoch. It seems that it hasn't very much, at least in the methods of preparation. Of course the insanely lavish feasts of certain grand dukes are no more—but neither are the grand dukes. The late Czar Nicholas II used to have 350 chefs all at one time! Not ordinary apprentices or white-coats, mind you, but full-fledged chefs. All his palaces were always staffed. For instance, in one of them in the Crimea, which he visited for a few days every several years, fifteen chefs were in constant readiness to await the emperor with their fancy dishes. As though to counteract this terrible waste and extravagance, the czar ate with a crude wooden spoon after the fashion of his poor muzhiks.

Despite a great culinary culture, the majority of Russians were totally indifferent toward fine eating before the present regime, but it seems they are even more so now. For the first half of this statement the Nobel Prize winner physiologist, Professor Pavlov is responsible. The latter thought is based on scattered information that is allowed to trickle out. The Russians, always ready for any sacrifice for a great idea, are today even simpler in their tastes than before. I am, of course, talking in general about the peasantry and the industrial workers, the bulk of the nation. Their diet in former times consisted of black bread, stchi, a kind of a sauerkraut soup, tea, and vodka. It remains the same. The vodka (voda is water in Russian and the word vodka is the diminutive, "little water") is not there merely to intoxicate. In such a cold climate it is almost necessary to drink a great deal of alcohol. Good vodka is made from grain alcohol, and the poorer grade from potatoes. During the Czarist regime the seal on the bottle of the good vodka was white, and on the potato vodka, red. The latter cost only four kopeks (four cents). The manufacture of it was a state monopoly and the revenue was tremendous. As a matter of fact, I think it still is. The late Will Rogers, who made a trip to Russia in 1927, described vodka making in the following terms: "Take one half bushel of old potato peelings; fourteen ears of Russian corn, or maize, cob and stalk included; four tops and soles of worn Russian boots; five grams of Giant Powder; three bombs chopped up fine. Mix all this in a washtub full of Vulgar River water, add two revolutions and serve."

I asked my friend, Ariely Kittine, city editor of the pro-Soviet newspaper, *Russky Golos* (Russian Voice) if there was such a thing as a "present-day Russian" restaurant in New York. Ariely—he likes people to call him Jerry, but since this is a Russian article, I am hanging on to "Ariely" to give the piece atmosphere—invited me to dinner at the Skazka, down in Greenwich Village's Barrow Street, a narrow thoroughfare with a romantic aspect. The restaurant is an ex-blacksmith shop, and has an immense fireplace and plenty of color. Rather naïvely painted murals, episodes from Pushkin's poems, decorate the walls. A phonograph plays those virile and moving new Russian songs. As soon as we sat down, I literally stuffed myself with that wonderful black Russian bread, which the snootier European nations used to disdain (among them the French, who hated anything except bleached snow white bread). They sneered, and devoured it just as some people do with tabloid newspapers here. One simply cannot resist that Russian bread.

The same is true of the shashlik at the Skazka. Shashlik is a Caucasian dish, and I shall give you its recipe. If it is the real stuff it is never made of any other meat but baby lamb; and never seasoned with

Continued on page 110

Bob Gallivan

"We'd love to have you over to dinner some time, Mr. Gardner"

The Esquire Sports Poll

That sports have many values for soldiers is voted by all classes in monthly survey of the nation

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

•SPORTS•

This one of Esquire's Sports Polls endeavors to appraise the wartime value of sports. There has been some suspicion that the sporting vigor and spirit of the American male is expressed more by beating of the chest and howling of Tarzanic challenges than in actual physical fitness. Rejections of armed service candidates on physical disability counts also exposed the American sports policy to criticism as having put a premium on highly specialized skill at games rather than having developed sound and thorough physical condition.

Despite these uncertainties American youth's performance under war pressure has assured the larger part of the polled public and sports authorities that American sports are fundamentally O. K.

However, not all competent observers joined the general stampede to designate sports as a primary factor in making the enemy say Uncle. The minority's notion was that sports are merely a more adult expression of the play instinct and not an essential prep school for the victorious warrior.

An interesting judgment on the comparative values of spectator and participant games was made by General Johnson Hagood. In a statement that bluntly defined post-game performance as the true test of sports value in life, the General also declared that the best recreation for soldiers, active men, is to sit and watch games rather than compete in them. His point may be highly significant. If active men subconsciously prefer to sit and watch sports for their recreation, the great crowds at our sports spectacles may signify that we are mainly an active people. The sedentary workers' preference for active participation in golf, tennis, and other games, seems, according to General Hagood's implication, to balance the books on physical exercise.

In admitting deep interest in General Hagood's observations the collaborators who present Esquire's Sports Poll must confess to having regarded unfavorably the tendency of so many Americans to take their sports sitting down. The critiques have been written from positions that develop thick callouses on the critics' rumps so it may be that the General, a very active man, outranks us in this phase of the spectator-participant sports debate.

And now for the blow-by-blow report, spotting some pertinent comments from the public, newspaper and radio sports experts, and giving opinions of the men at Langley Field, Virginia, the Army's oldest air field, founded in 1916 in honor of that pioneer in aviation, Dr. Samuel P. Langley.

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Are Americans with their training in competitive sports more likely to possess the type of courage that can fight to the bitter end and come back from adversity than the mass military-trained men of the Axis nations? .... Yes ☑ No ☐
95.90%

II

Will our war with the Fascist nations who employ "stab-in-the-back," treacherous, sneaking, ruthless, underhand methods in trying to win at any cost, ultimately result in a lower standard of sportsmanship in Americans? .... Yes ☐ No ☑
91.12%

III

Do you believe that it is justifiable to continue spectator sports as usual on the grounds that by providing diversion they bolster public morale? .... Yes ☑ No ☐
96.12%

IV

What do you consider the most valuable entertainment feature in the military camps? .... Sports
49.70%

V

Do you believe that experienced hunters, or men trained on the rifle range, develop better the type of marksmanship needed in military action? .... Hunting ☑ Rifle Range ☐
56.27%

VI

Do you believe that as a part of the post-war program for the betterment of international relations, the Olympic Games should be resumed? .... Yes ☑ No ☐
83.67%

VII

Should the time traditionally given to athletics in our high schools and colleges now be devoted to some phase of military training? .... Yes ☐ No ☑
65.07%

VIII

What sport, in your judgment, best develops the attributes most necessary in an effective soldier? .... Sport
Football 54.30%

IX

With boxing a leading sport in the military camps, do you favor use of a protective headgear for the upper half of the head in all camp bouts, as another step in the same direction that in the past brought the boxing gloves? ... Yes ☑ No ☐
73.72%

X

Has your interest in sports diminished since the entrance of the United States into the war? .... Yes ☐ No ☑
76.00%

QUESTION I

Are Americans with their training in competitive sports more likely to possess the type of courage that can fight to the bitter end and come back from adversity than the mass military-trained men of the Axis nations?

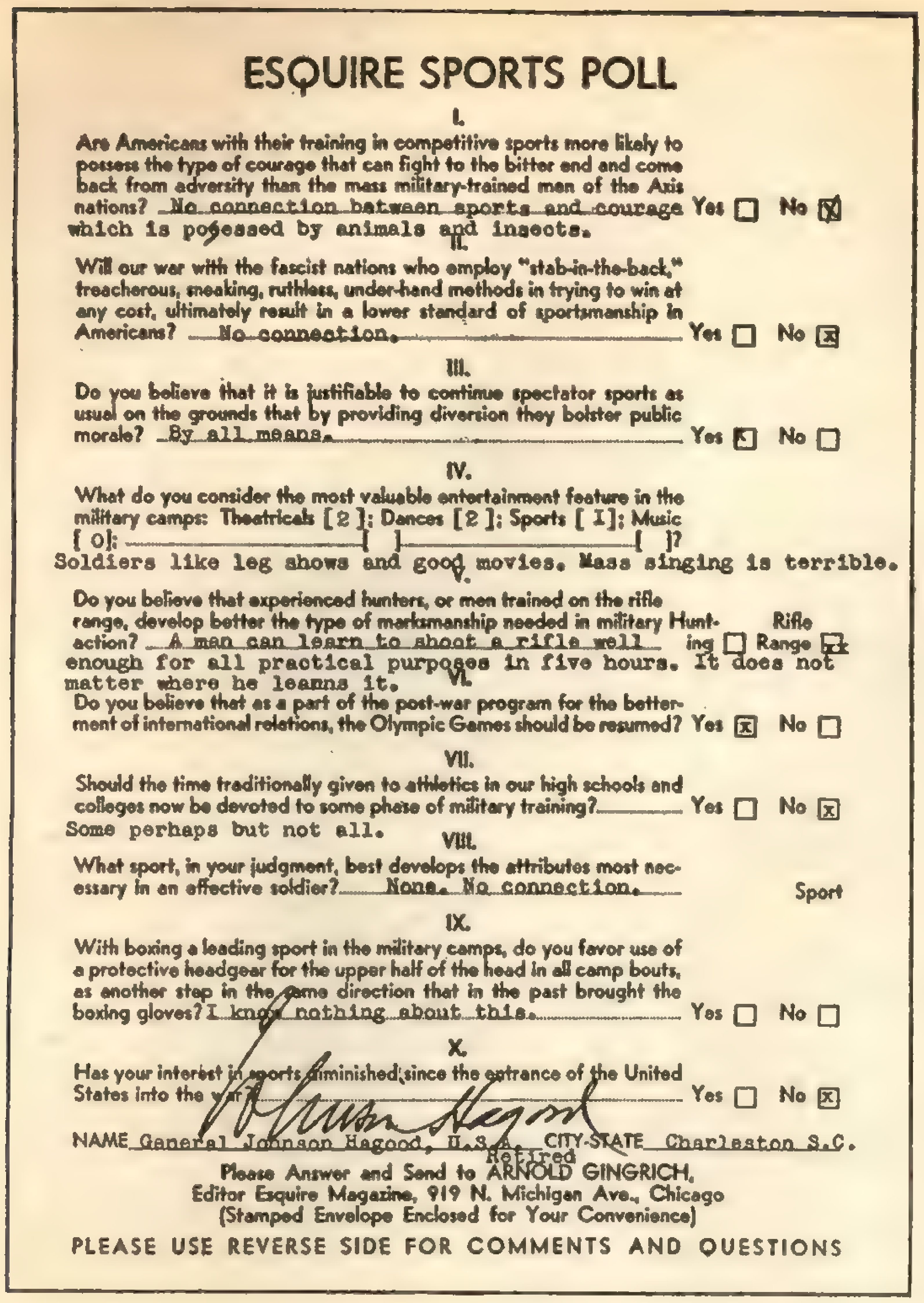
The public Yes 93.64%
Sportscasters Yes 97.05%
Sports editors Yes 97.51%
Langley Field Yes 95.40%

About 95% of every-day, average Americans subscribe to the intrinsic philosophy of sport so adequately expressed in General Douglas MacArthur's classic inscription engraved on the corner stone of the gymnasium at West Point: "On the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds which in other years on other fields will bring forth victory." Strong voices, however, were raised expressing sincere doubt whether sports have any real value in war. "I don't think sports have anything to do with the question, one way or another," wrote Struthers Burt, the author. "The assumption that organized sports, especially as now practiced, have anything to do with public morale or courage, even on the part of the contestants, save when on the field, seems to me a complete *non sequitur*. All history disproves it. Courage is a spiritual matter. The French were great soldiers when they had no sports at all. So today is the Serbian peasant. In the last war a number of the greatest aces were not athletes at all. Guynemer was a consumptive."

Supporting this viewpoint forcefully also was General Johnson Hagood, who stated: "There is no connection between sports and courage, which is possessed by animals and insects. Military training requires intensive direct action, and any time spent on incidental or related matters is thrown away. A surgeon, a radio operator, or a truck driver, may bring his talents into the Army. But a wrestler, a polo player, or a high jumper, is of no more value than a soda jerker, a street car conductor, or a watchman. Experience has shown beyond all doubt that star athletes from West Point and the colleges do not show to any advantage as officers. Champion athletes in the Army are good for nothing else, as they are in civil life."

A champion college athlete who made good as an officer, however, is Colonel Edward O. Gourdin, who is at present commanding the 372nd Infantry of the Regular Army, a Negro regiment. Twenty years ago Gourdin was known to sports as a champion broad jumper and national pentathlon champion from Harvard. In 1921 he set the world record for the broad jump at 25 feet 3 inches. Colonel Gourdin voted yes on this question.

"The value of contact sports," wrote Dick Cullum, Minneapolis *Times-Tribune*, "in the development of a soldier cannot be too heavily stressed. The competitive factor is important. It teaches a boy boldness, wariness,



ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I.

Are Americans with their training in competitive sports more likely to possess the type of courage that can fight to the bitter end and come back from adversity than the mass military-trained men of the Axis nations? No connection between sports and courage which is posessed by animals and insects. Yes ☐ No ☒

II.

Will our war with the fascist nations who employ "stab-in-the-back," treacherous, sneaking, ruthless, under-hand methods in trying to win at any cost, ultimately result in a lower standard of sportsmanship in Americans? No connection. Yes ☐ No ☒

III.

Do you believe that it is justifiable to continue spectator sports as usual on the grounds that by providing diversion they bolster public morale? By all means. Yes ☒ No ☐

IV.

What do you consider the most valuable entertainment feature in the military camps: Theatricals [2]; Dances [2]; Sports [1]; Music [0]; ______ [ ] ______ [ ]?
Soldiers like leg shows and good movies. Mass singing is terrible.

V.

Do you believe that experienced hunters, or men trained on the rifle range, develop better the type of marksmanship needed in military action? A man can learn to shoot a rifle well enough for all practical purposes in five hours. It does not matter where he leanns it. Hunting ☐ Rifle Range ☒

VI.

Do you believe that as a part of the post-war program for the betterment of international relations, the Olympic Games should be resumed? Yes ☒ No ☐

VII.

Should the time traditionally given to athletics in our high schools and colleges now be devoted to some phase of military training? Yes ☐ No ☒
Some perhaps but not all.

VIII.

What sport, in your judgment, best develops the attributes most necessary in an effective soldier? None. No connection. Sport

IX.

With boxing a leading sport in the military camps, do you favor use of a protective headgear for the upper half of the head in all camp bouts, as another step in the same direction that in the past brought the boxing gloves? I know nothing about this. Yes ☐ No ☐

X.

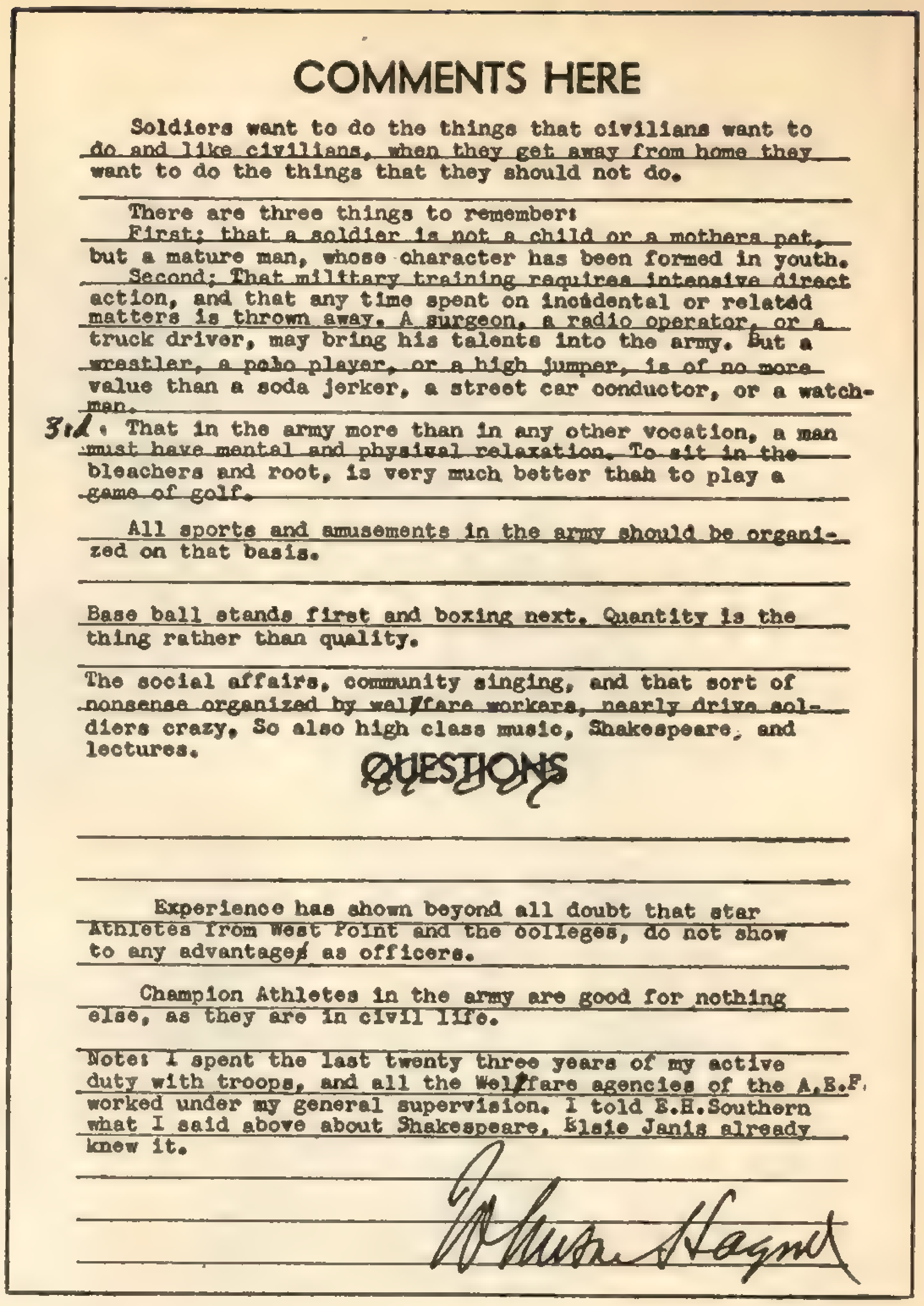
Has your interest in sports diminished since the entrance of the United States into the war? Yes ☐ No ☒

Johnson Hagood

NAME General Johnson Hagood, U.S.A. Retired CITY-STATE Charleston S.C.

Please Answer and Send to ARNOLD GINGRICH,
Editor Esquire Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
(Stamped Envelope Enclosed for Your Convenience)

PLEASE USE REVERSE SIDE FOR COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS



COMMENTS HERE

Soldiers want to do the things that civilians want to do and like civilians, when they get away from home they want to do the things that they should not do.

There are three things to remember:

First: that a soldier is not a child or a mothers pet, but a mature man, whose character has been formed in youth.

Second: That military training requires intensive direct action, and that any time spent on incidental or related matters is thrown away. A surgeon, a radio operator, or a truck driver, may bring his talents into the army. But a wrestler, a polo player, or a high jumper, is of no more value than a soda jerker, a street car conductor, or a watchman.

3rd. That in the army more than in any other vocation, a man must have mental and physical relaxation. To sit in the bleachers and root, is very much better than to play a game of golf.

All sports and amusements in the army should be organized on that basis.

Base ball stands first and boxing next. Quantity is the thing rather than quality.

The social affairs, community singing, and that sort of nonsense organized by welfare workers, nearly drive soldiers crazy. So also high class music, Shakespeare, and lectures.

QUESTIONS

Experience has shown beyond all doubt that star Athletes from West Point and the colleges, do not show to any advantage as officers.

Champion Athletes in the army are good for nothing else, as they are in civil life.

Note: I spent the last twenty three years of my active duty with troops, and all the Welfare agencies of the A.E.F. worked under my general supervision. I told E.H.Southern what I said above about Shakespeare. Elsie Janis already knew it.

Johnson Hagood

courage, leadership and the desire to win. Above all it teaches him that occasional reverses do not always mean ultimate defeat. In American sports boys learn how to take punishment, how to hold their poise when they are being outscored, how to come from behind, how to hold that proper respect for an opponent which impels them to put forth their best efforts."

"I think Americans are better fitted for war than are regimented nations," wrote **Bob Considine,** *International News Service,* "because the war seems to be developing along individualist lines, instead of mass frontal attacks. We're individualists."

Budd Sweeney, WHKC, Columbus, Ohio, thought: "Competition in sports raises the individual responsibility not to be found in the whip-cracking methods of regimentation of the youths of foreign nations. I'm for America's 'secret weapon'—GUTS!" **R. G. Lynch,** *Milwaukee Journal,* found it "problematical. Desperation and fanaticism can produce remarkable exhibitions of courage and recklessness." **Howard A. Miller,** WGIL, Galesburg, Illinois, believed, "the Axis military machine is based on a philosophy which lends itself to war." **Ed Danforth,** *Atlanta Journal,* observed that: "Mass military training is geared to victory alone. Competitive sports teach boys both to dish it out and take it." **Knox Armstrong** of the Texas Tanning Company, Yoakum, Texas, said: "All sports are wars in miniature. Probably a people highly trained in competitive sports is better prepared for war than a people whose time has been given to war preparation itself. That is, for the long pull."

A foreboding note was struck by **Peter Bickford,** Monongahela, Pennsylvania, *Daily Republican,* when he wrote:

> Should we smugly presume that we outshine our enemies in competitive training? The traditional American love of competitive sports, it seems to me, consists chiefly of sitting in bleachers and watching others play. Axis peoples, for a generation, have been hardening themselves with mass athletics (competitive or otherwise) and have laid greater stress upon universal physical fitness than have the Americas. Let us not under-rate our enemies, or jump to the school boy conclusion that we excel in every phase of human activity. I am afraid that so far as athletics are concerned, the advantage lies with the enemy.

QUESTION II

Will our war with the Fascist nations who employ "stab-in-the-back," treacherous, sneaking, underhand methods in trying to win at any cost, ultimately result in a lower standard of sportsmanship in Americans?

The public	**No 90.69%**
Sportscasters	**No 95.09%**
Sports editors	**No 89.25%**
Langley Field	**No 89.53%**

Recollection of previous post-war operations in which young vets were employed by the prohibition-era hoodlum czars, might give foundation to fear that war would nullify the American sporting code. Others have expressed concern that the Axis policy of all-out son-of-a-bitchery might erase principles of decency and forgiveness ingrained in the American youth by his sports competition. Consensus on this question indicates that the American will kick below the belt if he must for survival, but, as the winner, will restore the doctrine of good sportsmanship.

Wishfully thinking that such a hypothetical decline would be only temporary was **Ed Bolton,** Marshall, Minnesota, *Messenger,* who wrote:

> Underhand tactics of the enemy will result in a lower standard of sportsmanship—if there is such a thing at all in war—on the part of American soldiers. World war vets will tell you that. But such a lowering will be only temporary. Good sportsmanship is too much a part of America's creed.

A good reason for this was given by **Edward Bradley,** Fort Madison, Iowa, *Evening Democrat,* who said:

> Our sportsmanship code will not be influenced by foul tactics. One of our great loves in America is for complete statistics, details and technicalities on our sports contests. This indicates that we are not so much interested in how a contest results as in how that result was accomplished. In other words, we want it according to Hoyle!

Among the minority answering yes was **Harold Armsheimer** of New York who declared:

> Sportsmanship and war no longer mix, as proven by recent events. Who in his sane mind wants to give a murderer a sporting chance? War at its best is a dirty business. Let's strike whenever it is to our advantage without any warning.

Agreeing that our sportsmanship would be besmirched by the war experience was **Howard G. Reynolds,** *Boston Post;* but **Cyril Scott,** Kansas City, Kansas, *Kansan,* reminded that: "You don't adopt the methods of a loser; it's the winner you copy. So I think that after it's over the others will be more likely to admire our tactics, because we will win." **Charles Burton,** *Dallas News,* said: "An American only fights back harder when fouled."

Private David Sword of Langley Field explained: "In sports when one contacts a dirty player it is only natural to employ his

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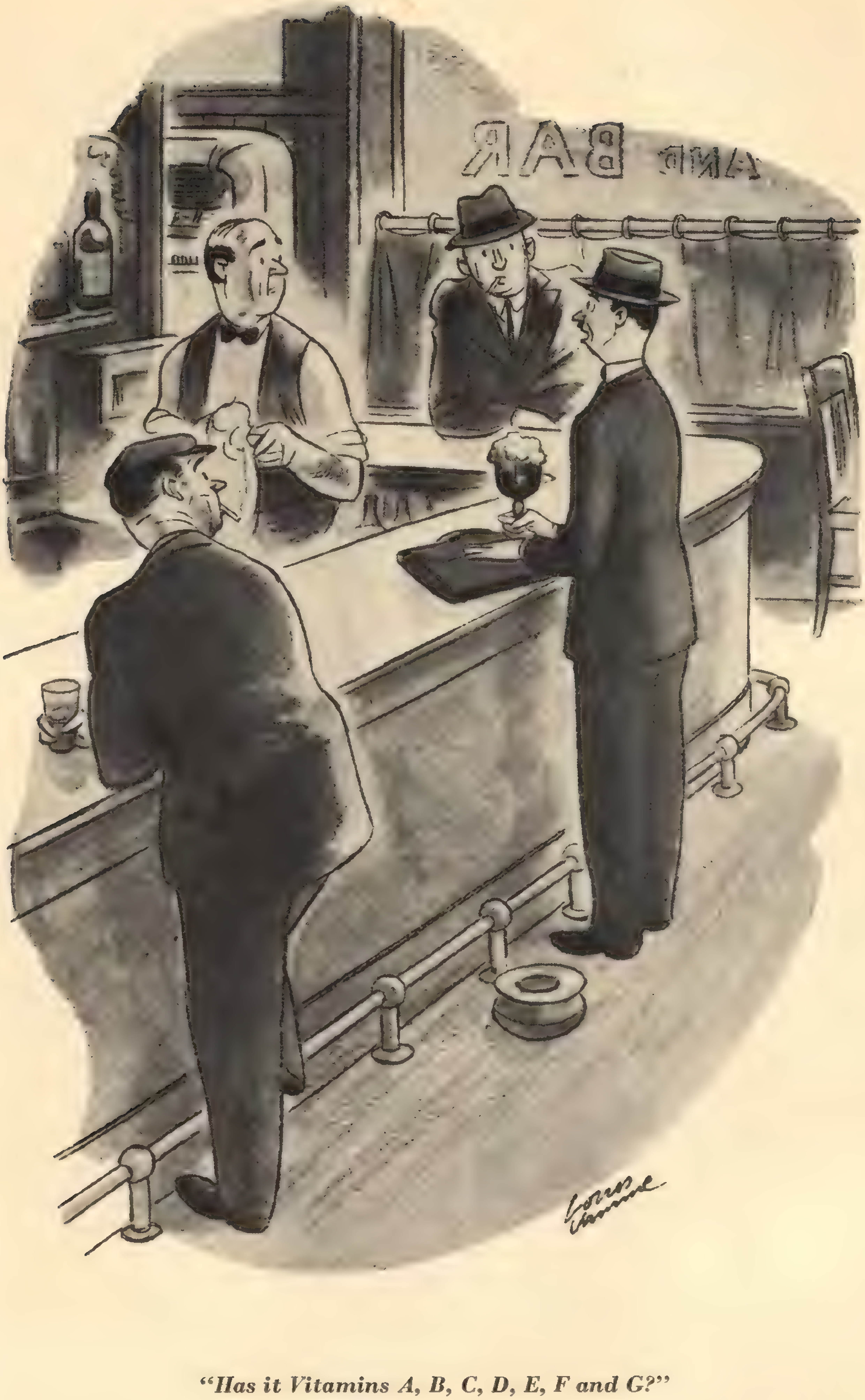

"Has it Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F and G?"

Thirst Wardens, Attention

After joyous sipping and sampling of American vermouths, Esky comes forth with his own Esquire Cocktail

by LAWTON MACKALL

•POTABLES•

At the first detection of dryness in the hatchway between the port and starboard tonsils, Alert No. 1 is sounded, calling for proper measures such as ponies, jiggers, wineglasses, et cetera. So be sure to have these handy and the ice-cube trays loaded.

Alert No. 2, meaning the situation has reached the "scorched earth" stage, is the signal for unlimbering elbows and palate and clearing all shakers for action. N. B.: Don't let go that Ramos Fizz till you see the whites of its eggs.

Alert No. 3. Battling the storming party. If you've ever taken part in the theatre-intermission mob that bears down on the lone bartender at Sardi's of West 44th Street, you'll grasp what I mean without diagrams or topographical maps.

But the emergency we are envisaging is apt to occur earlier, especially around sunset—a time of day when tongues, fagged with saying, "Take a letter, Miss Tapper," show a tendency to droop outward in anticipation of a drop of evening dew. Make a sound like ice tinkles to such a one, and watch his ears perk up. And how restful the hospitable rail is to feet that have fidgeted under the conference table. Grim Mr. Board Chairman becomes all smiles as Mr. Highchairman.

In these stirring times, what say you to a Martini?

Oh, so it's got to be *your* way—made according to your preferred proportions. Well, O.K. This is a liberal country isn't it?—with every concocter his own dictator, convinced that *his* prescription is sheer perfection.

For instance, there's the host who prides himself that nobody in seven counties can turn out a Martini as dry, dry, dry as the one *he* serves. It's practically a best-Gin solo, with a fillip of Vermouth and a bit of lemon peel twisted over and tossed in; no olive. Sipping it, you feel as though angels were hoisting you by your coat collar. But be cautious about these in the plural. Ceilings are so puzzling to climb down from.

Slightly less ambushy is the Martini made with three parts grand Gin and one part Sweet, I said Sweet, Vermouth. I encountered this at a party given by a certain genial guy who vaunted himself on it, and nobody who tasted it could regard him as misguided.

The preponderant formula nowadays specifies two-thirds Gin to one-third Dry Vermouth, either with dash of orange bitters or with lemon-peel twisting act over top (merely the drop of oil thus obtained goes in, not the peel), and an olive, or maybe a pearl onion.

Old timers who cherish memories of the Old Waldorf, Delmonico's, and Café Martin recall that the history-making Martinis served in those places were put together on a fifty-fifty basis. If that strikes you as odd, try it and be agreeably surprised. One thing that remains unaltered is the making: you simply stir with cracked ice in a mixing glass—never shake—and strain into cocktail glass already dressed with olive.

But today Martinis are a trio. In the best hotels, restaurants, and night clubs, if you merely say, "Martini," the waiter or barman will inquire, "Dry, Medium, or Sweet?"—the Medium Martini being made with a combination of Vermouths (half Sweet, half Dry), balanced against one-half (or more) Gin; the Sweetie has one-third Sweet Vermouth to its Gin cargo, with olive replaced, if your taste says so, by a maraschino cherry. And there's another, called the Golden, constructed of two-thirds Orange Flavored Gin, one-third Dry Vermouth; dash of Angostura; olive accessory.

Fireside craftsmanship in breeding this noble tribe has involved a close study of the new and gladsome American Vermouths which have come into existence (after much sage sampling behind the scenes), and already have earned quite a play on their individual merits. It's gotten so that we United Statesers really know our herbs and the right-bodied and proper fragranted wines to vehicle them into Sweet and Dry Vermouth—which, especially the Dry, carry enough alcohol to qualify as bracers on their own. A Vermouth Highball or Collins, while offered usually as a "light refresher," is found to have distinct morale hoist besides its graciousness to the gizzard.

Weighing up one flavor possibility with another, the turret-eyed pleasure pursuer whose latest portrait appears on the cover of this magazine now comes forth with

THE ESQUIRE COCKTAIL

3 parts Dry Vermouth
1 part Gin

Stir with cracked ice in mixing glass. Strain into cocktail glass. As final zest-note, wring a piece of lemon peel over drink.

Esky didn't confide to me the exact nature of the response of his lady friends to this potion, but the tone of his voice hardly denoted frustration.

Nothing, however, could alienate the affections of a Manhattanist. Those boys are the prize fuss-makers over the fine points of their staple tipple. The glass must be a three-ouncer or better, the Vermouth (Sweet) of the best, the Rye of the superbest of the superb.

One army of mixing-glass maneuverers uses Angostura as the dashed-in aromatic of the Manhattan; on the opposite side are the equally vehement advocates of Orange Bitters. As for proportions, the whiskey and Vermouth are stirred two to one in favor of the whiskey—though there are antiquarians who still cling to the fifty-fifty system which this famous cocktail started its career on.

Unreconstructed Bourbonians hold out for the Bourbon Manhattan, made with that kind

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"I'm sorry, Higgins, but we don't consider a night club singer a musical instrument!"

The Middleweight Artist

Experience shapes his work, and his studies of women invite comparison with America's best studio painters

by HARRY SALPETER

•ARTICLE•

FLETCHER MARTIN isn't cotton pretending to be wool, nor wool pretending to be silk. Whatever he is, he is the genuine article, self-made, self-taught, without any of that insufferable conceit from which the self-made become ill. He is an American painter, American by the accident of his birth and the circumstances of his life, and a painter by grace of that aesthetic initiative and impulse which Nature plants in the unlikeliest of places.

In spite of the heavy dossier to the contrary, the impression continues to prevail that art is a pursuit of the gentler sex, the gentler born, the more tenderly nurtured, of those, in other words, who are short on health and muscle and long on refinement and sensitivity.

The life and career of Fletcher Martin is the latest and most successful contradiction to this most erroneous of beliefs. By all the tokens that appeared on the surface, Fletcher Martin should have followed an occupation in which the tough and muscle-bound are engaged, or, if he became an artist, his art should have followed the profound and subtle lines of the outdoor billboard poster. But—damn the indications!—Martin is not only tough, he can be, and is, delicate and illusive in the art he creates.

Consider the indications. He has been on his own since the age of fifteen, when he became a migratory worker in the Far West, in wheat field, fruit orchard, lumber camp. Not until he was twenty-three, after he had completed a four-year stint in the U. S. Navy (in which he distinguished himself chiefly as a good middleweight and a bad crap-shooter) did he even see an artist, and that was the Sunday painter who ran the Los Angeles print shop in which he worked. In that year, 1927, he began painting, without benefit of instruction, and then, as he says, "it would have been hard to find an adult in that day and age who knew less about painting than I did."

When anyone tells you that So-and-So is an artist who never took a lesson in his life, prepare for the worst; you are expected to marvel at any dog that can walk on his hind legs, no matter how short the distance and how haltingly that distance is maneuvered. In the case of Martin, however, your wonder should be genuine, for this uninstructed lad has covered a tremendous distance under his own power and under his own capacity to study, absorb and reject influences.

Not until 1933 did Martin paint his first easel pictures and the things that have happened since then go to prove the adage that the hazards which break the weak test and strengthen the strong. The bulk of his exhibited work has not been overwhelming, but it has been full of individual character, full of the life and memories that have been distinctive to Martin. And once recognition came, it didn't go away, or, rather, it made frequent repeat visits. Also, the West had the courage of its convictions; it made a fuss over Martin without waiting for the East to put its obiter dicta upon him. Years passed before the East gave the painter so well known in the West the nod of recognition. But this is the cream of the jest: the young painter who never had an art lesson in his life (or much formal instruction of any other kind) has succeeded in their posts the two most distinguished artist-teachers in the United States, Thomas Hart Benton and the late Grant Wood. He filled Wood's shoes as instructor in painting at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, during the Spring and Summer terms of 1941 and early in the Fall of that year began a two-year contract as head of the painting department of the Kansas City Art Institute, succeeding Benton who left that institution after delivering a sultry blast at all the aesthetic boys and girls who go in for art in America. "I don't believe in teaching art," Martin told a New York interviewer during one of his infrequent visits. "It isn't something you can teach. If you're a painter you have a statement to make and you just sit down and try to make it. . . . The only thing I can do is to try to keep them in a state of excitement about their work. . . . If I were to teach them to paint the way I paint I'd turn out a lot of half-baked imitations of myself." If only Martin could keep hewing to this line!

Martin's has been an American life and an American career; his painting is American but not regional. He has roamed all over the Far West but has never lived long enough in any one part of it to become identified with it in the manner of a Benton or a Curry. But in his case, the experience of a region is only the jumping off place for a picture which has a message and an implication, maybe a feeling and a moral, for others than those who know the place and have shared the experience. Fletcher Martin's paintings tell us more about his age and his spirit than about the places which he has visited and in which he has lived. They tell us about his dreams, they tell us of the vivid play of imagination upon memory, which is itself a refining process. They tell us that football, baseball, the rodeo, the fight ring, the saloon, the gambling hell, girls and ships are part of his experience, his memory and his dreams. For better or worse, his experience is a limited and insular one. Let him be judged not by the locale or the nature of the experience, but by the manner in which he has enlarged, or failed to enlarge, that experience on canvas. "I am an American product," he says. "What the hell else would I paint but the things about Western America that I have seen and know?"

Martin was born in 1904 at Palisades,

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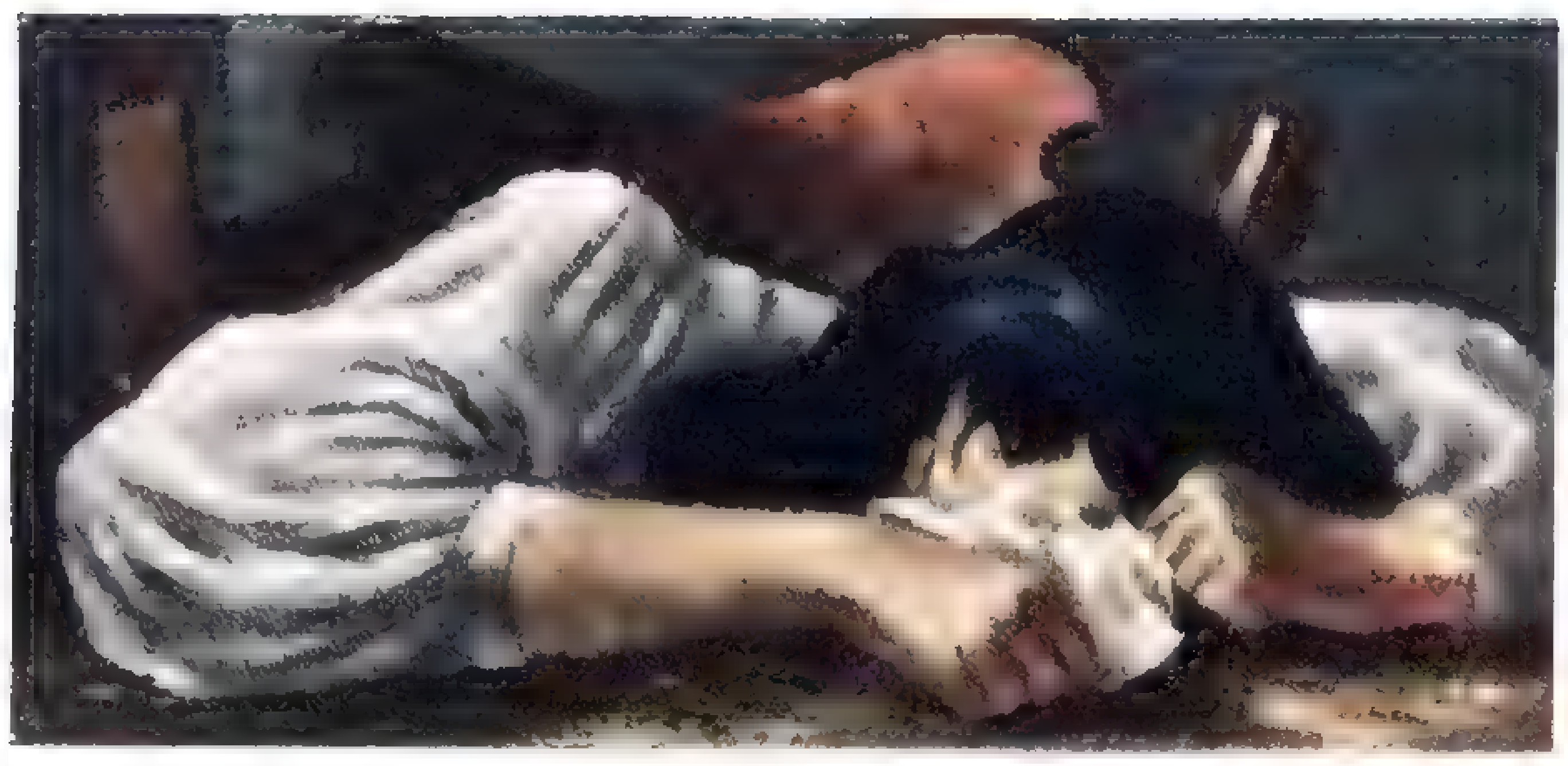
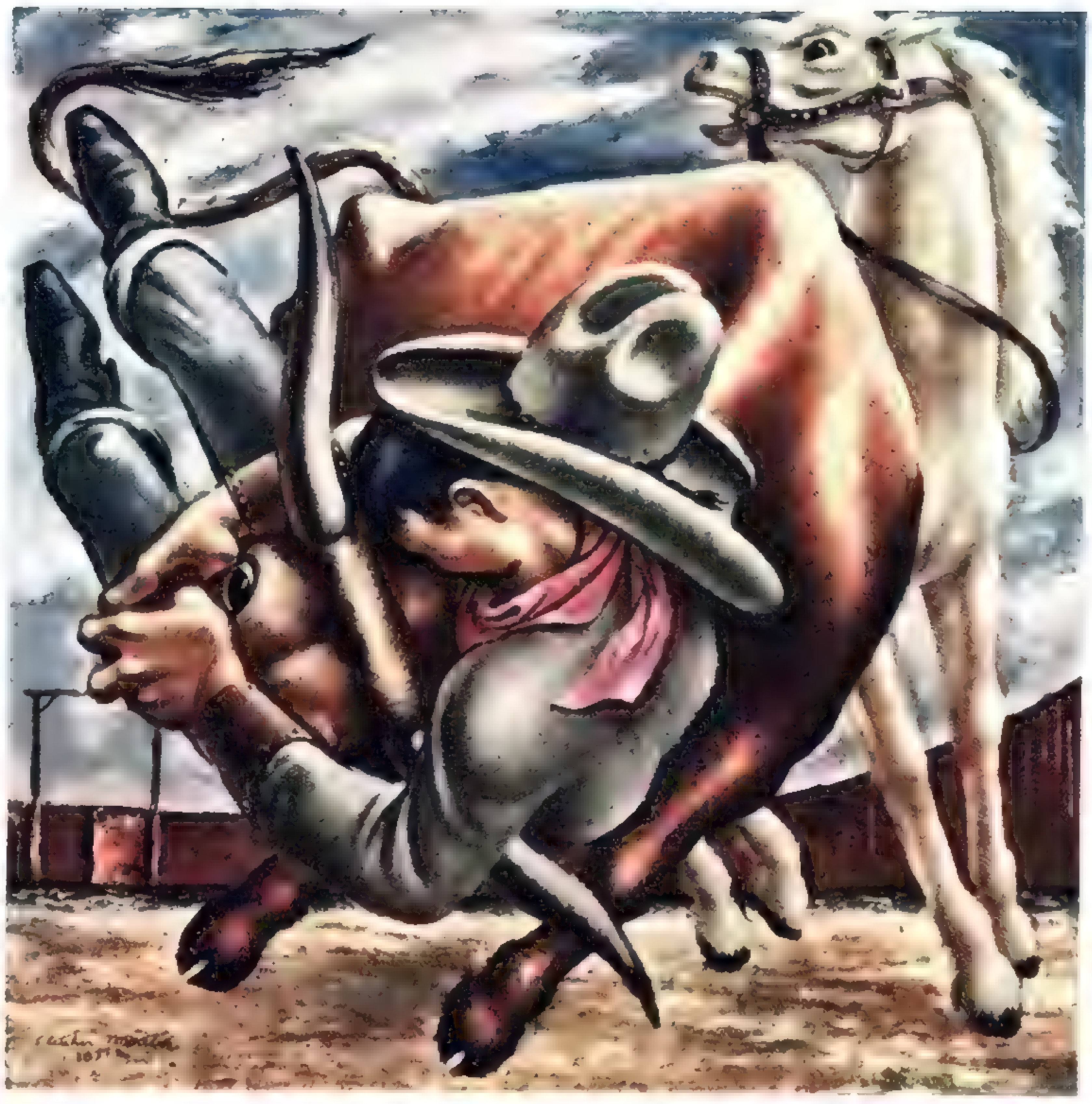


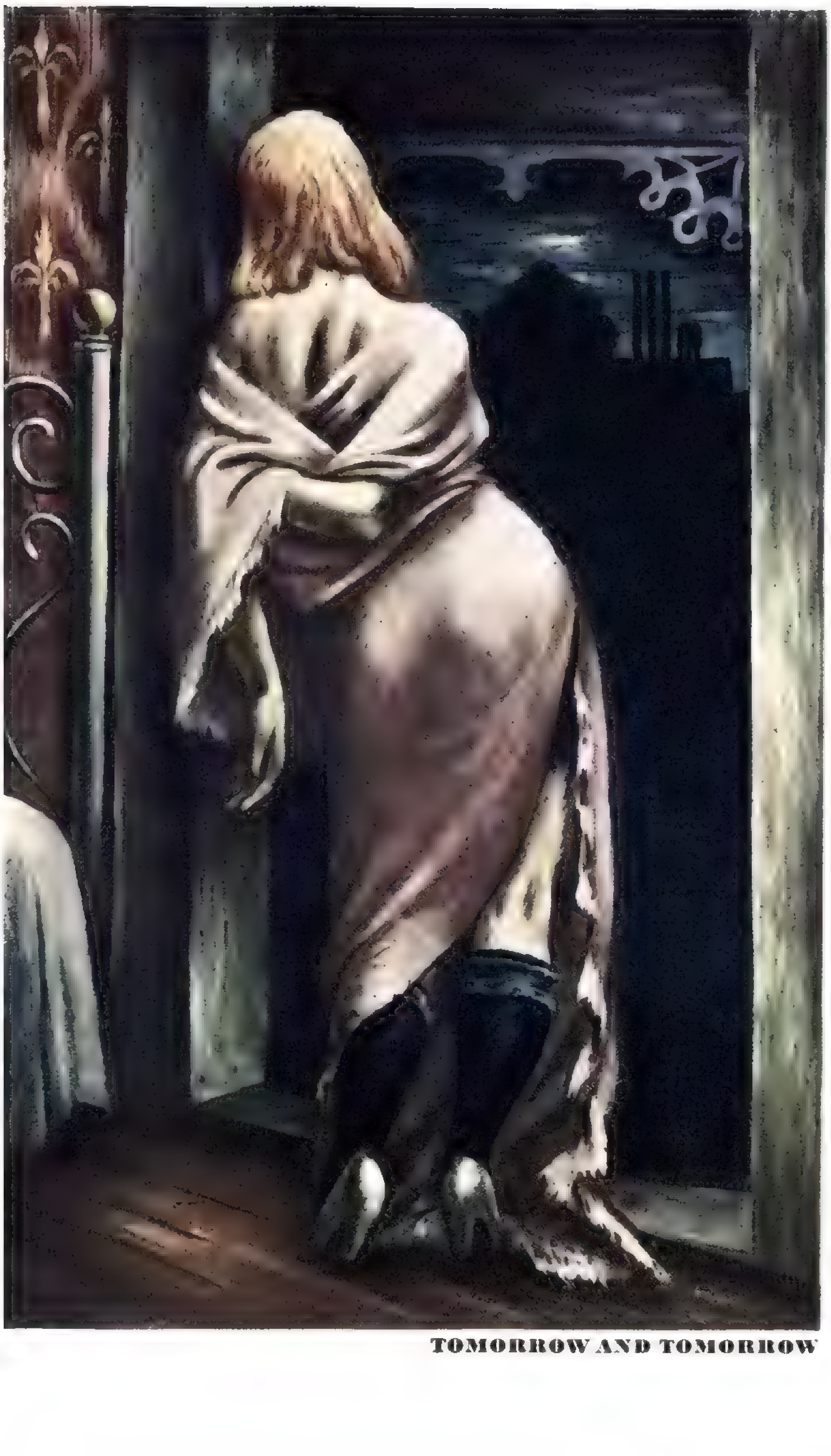
WEEPING GIRL



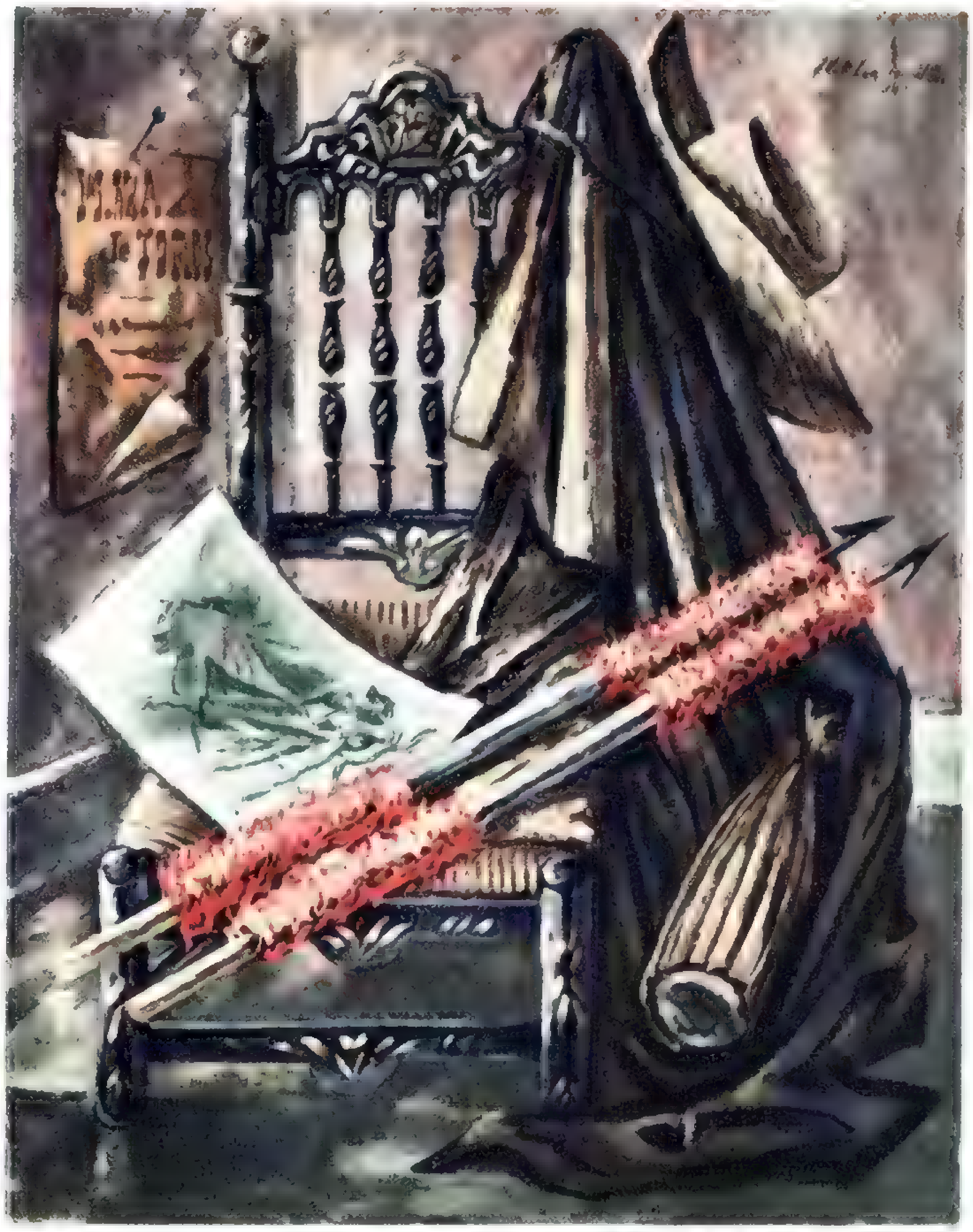
THE EMBRACE

A Group of Paintings

by FLETCHER MARTIN

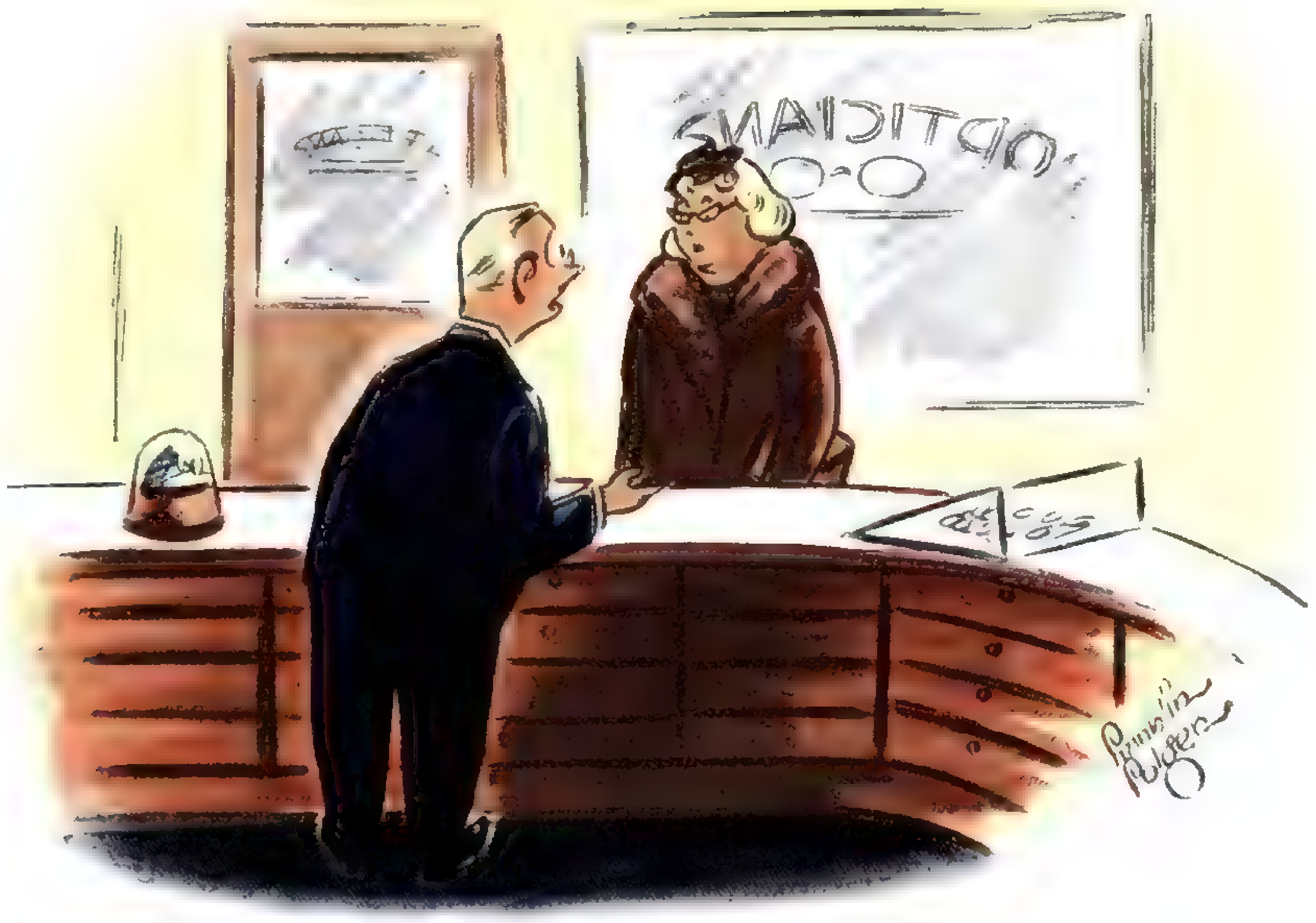


TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

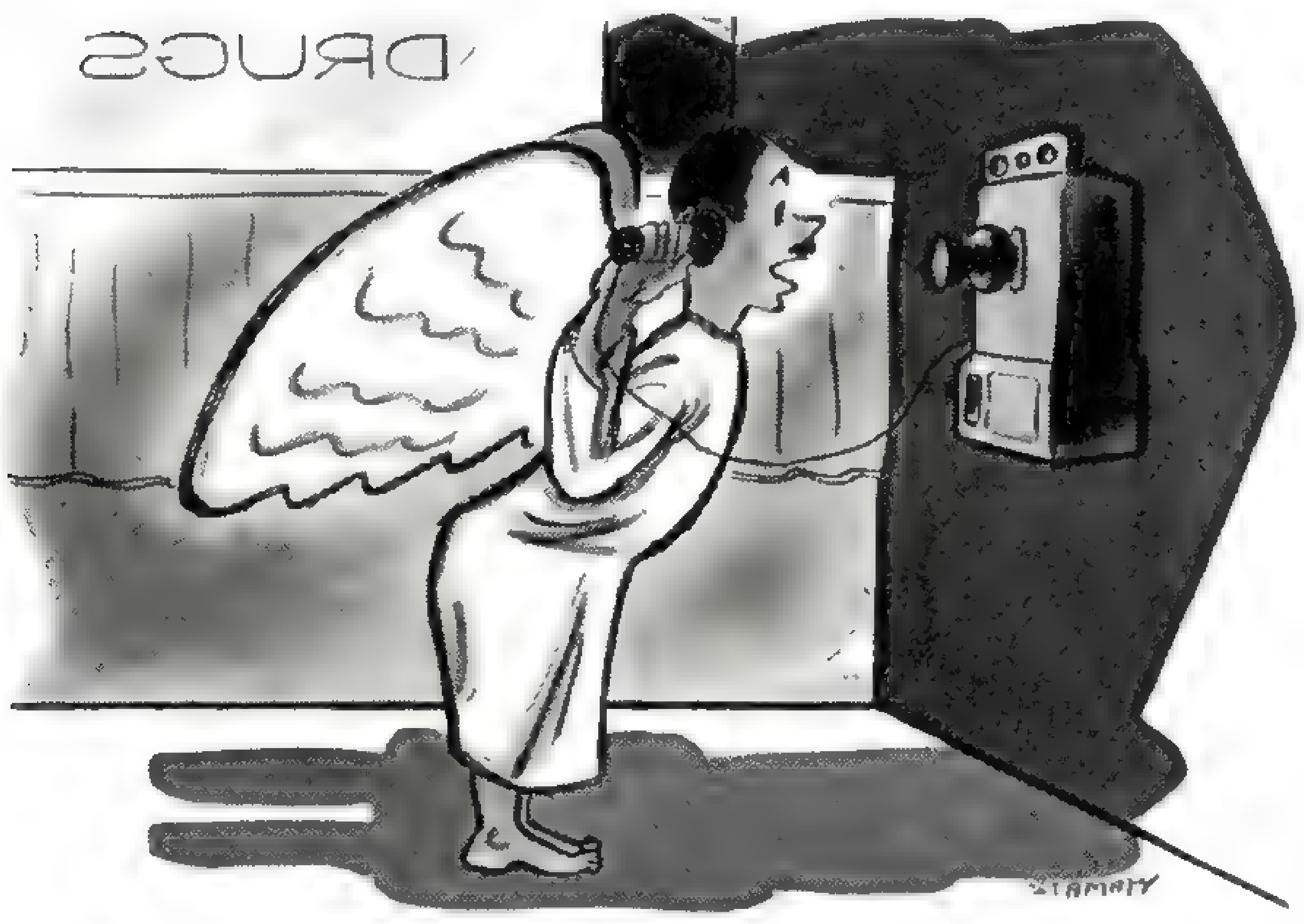


TRAVELER'S RETURN

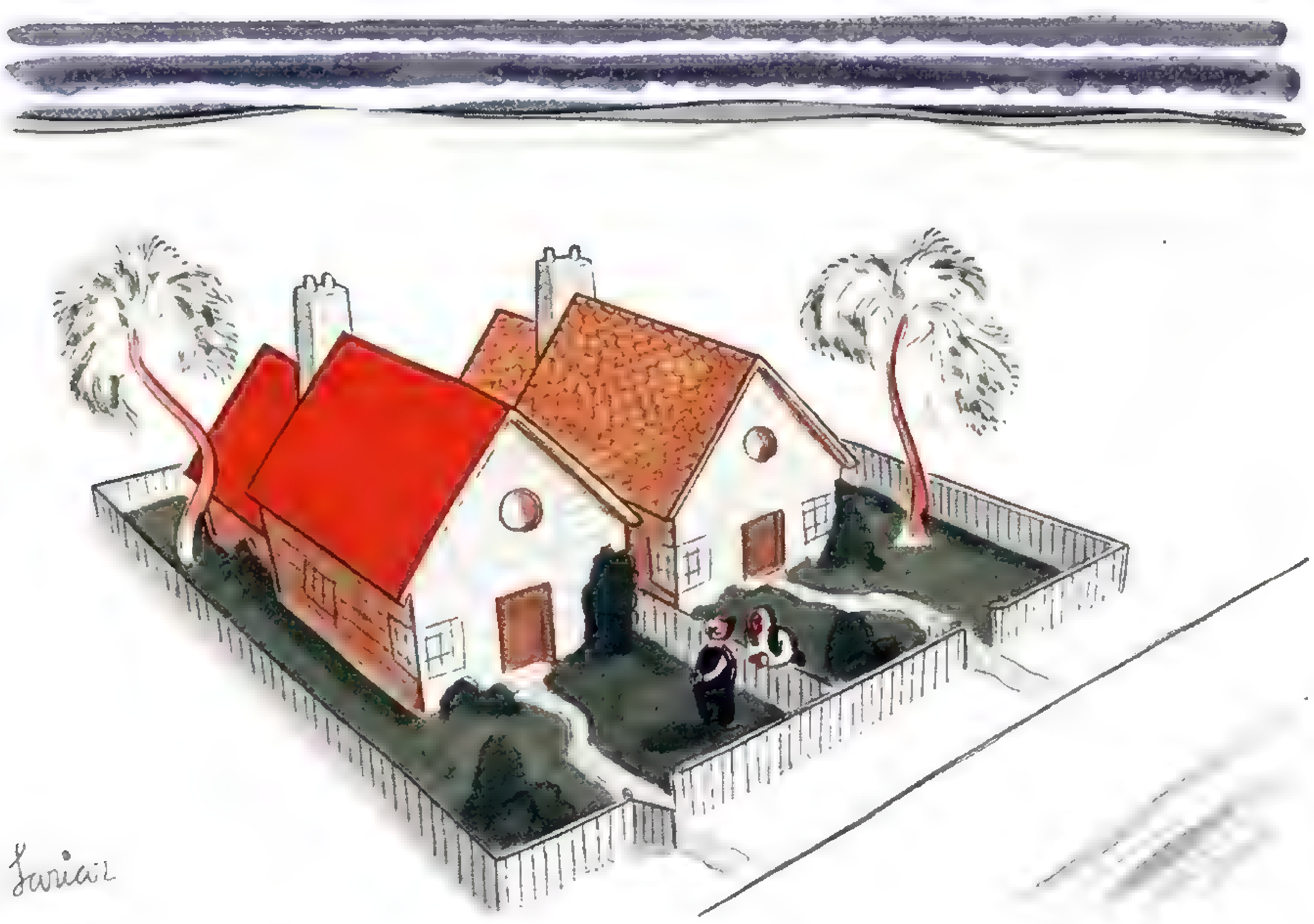
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Mr. A. D. Gruskin, Director of the Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Avenue, New York City, at whose galleries of contemporary American Art, these and other representative examples of Fletcher Martin's work are permanently on display and sale.



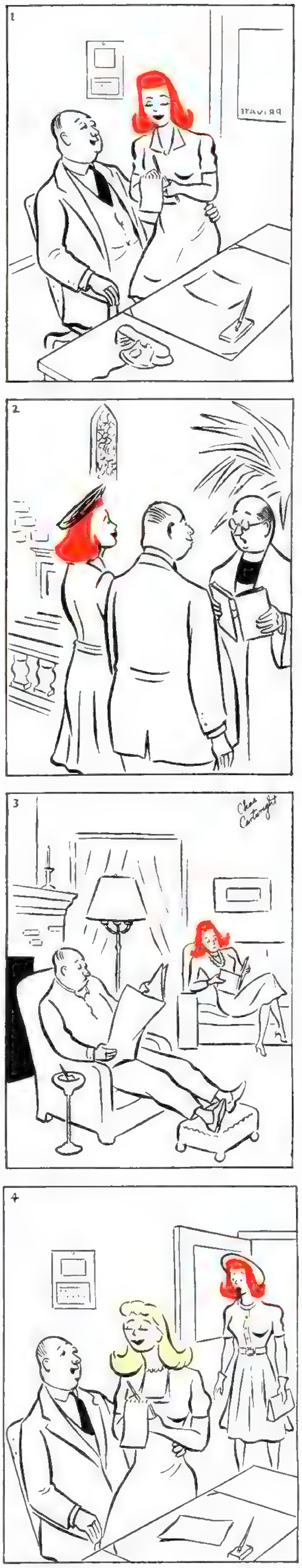
"You might wear them upside down until it's over"



"Hello, Victory Garage? I've just had an accident at Fifth and Main!"



"Whatever made you take up the saxophone?"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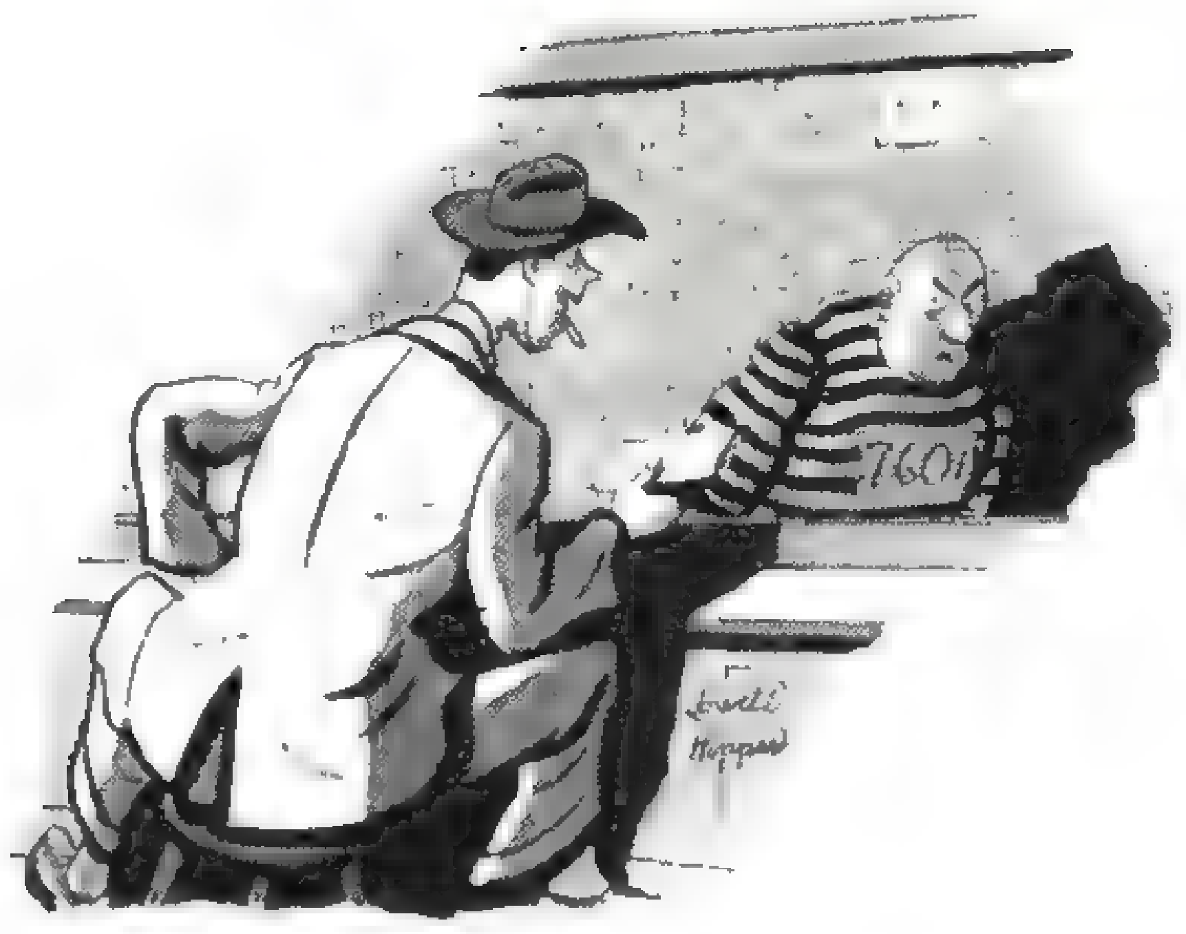
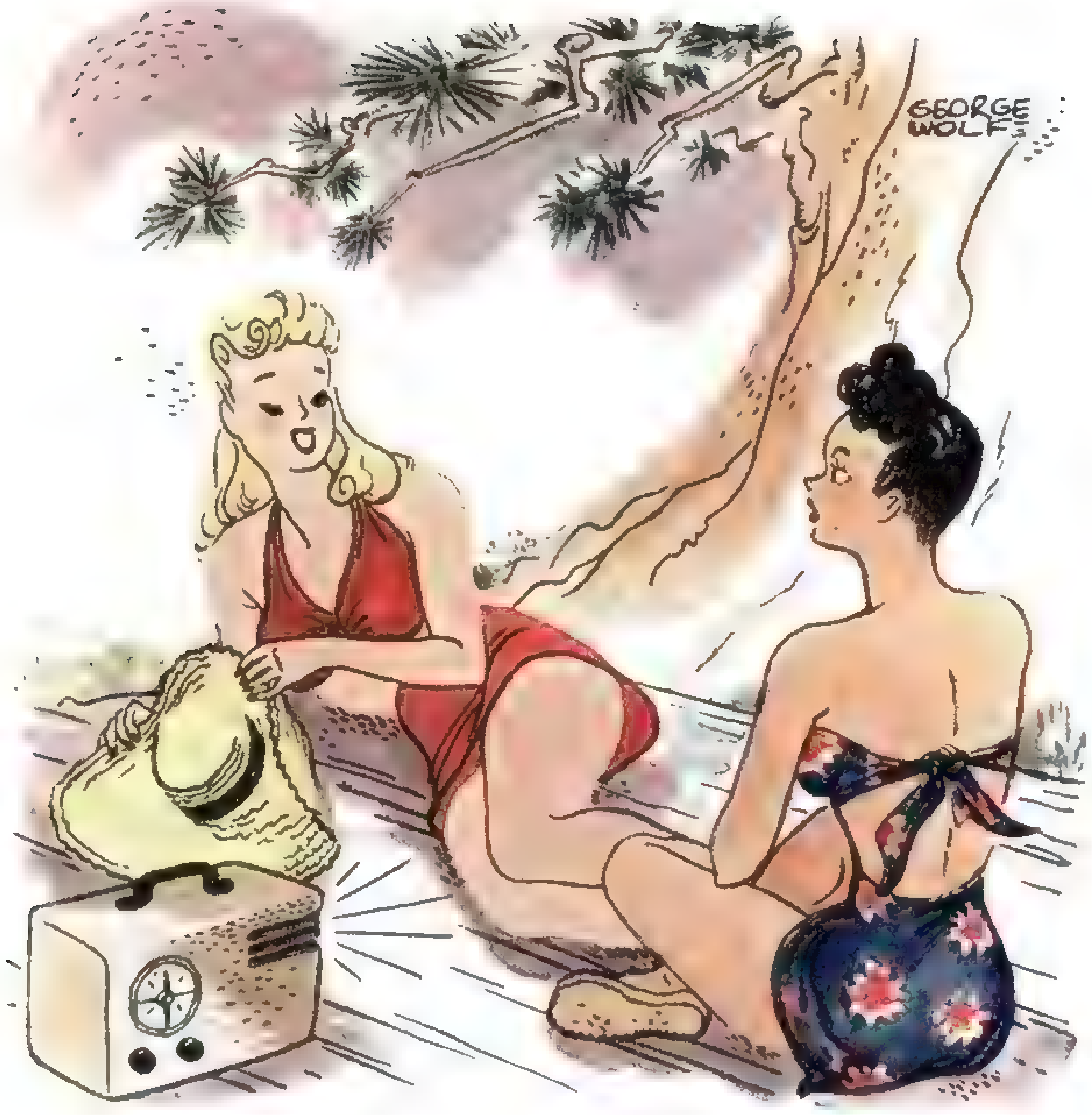
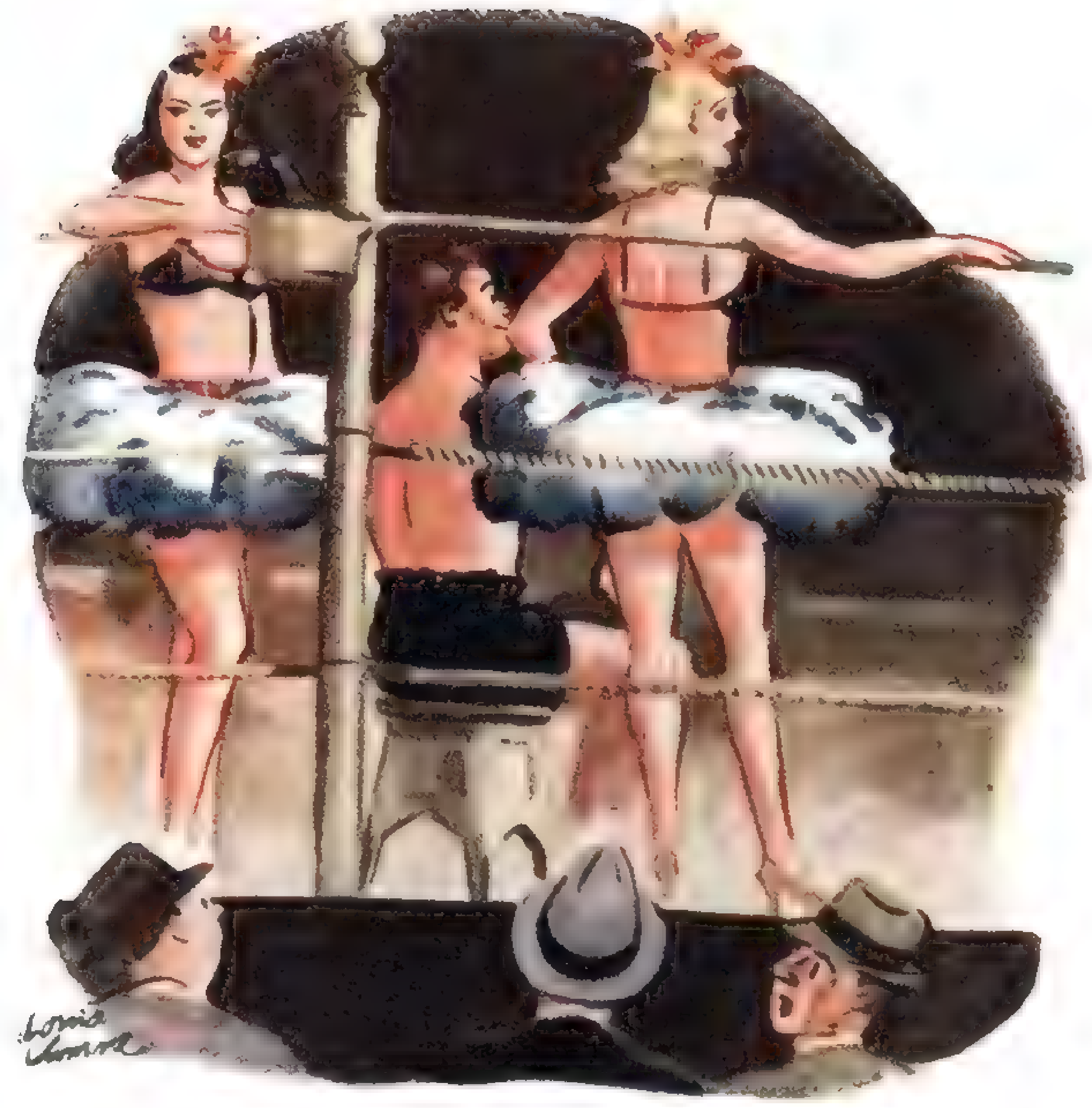


"Good news Red, I just got them 99 years cut down to 65!"

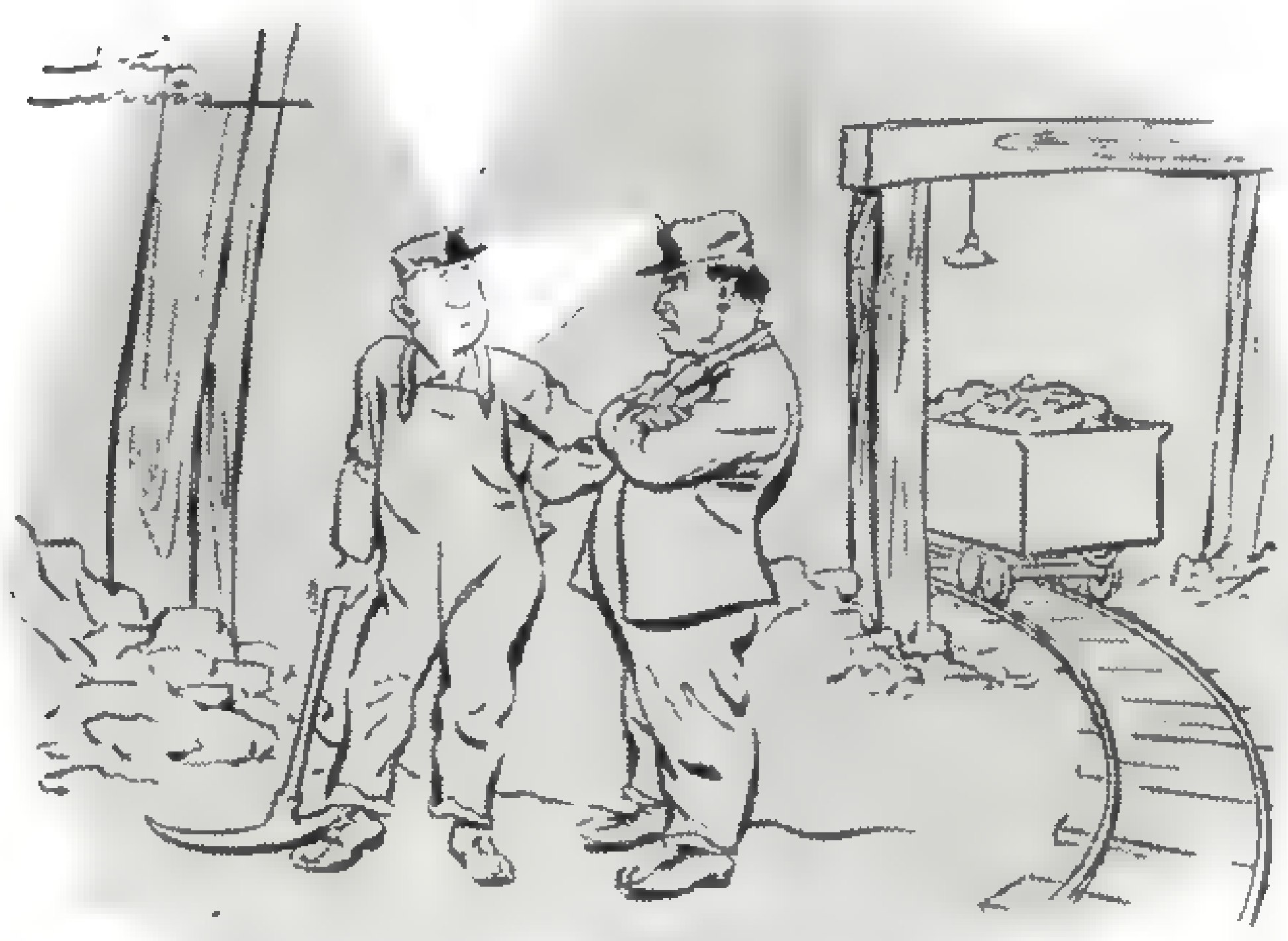


"Don't you just love being alone in the forest with Nelson Eddy?"

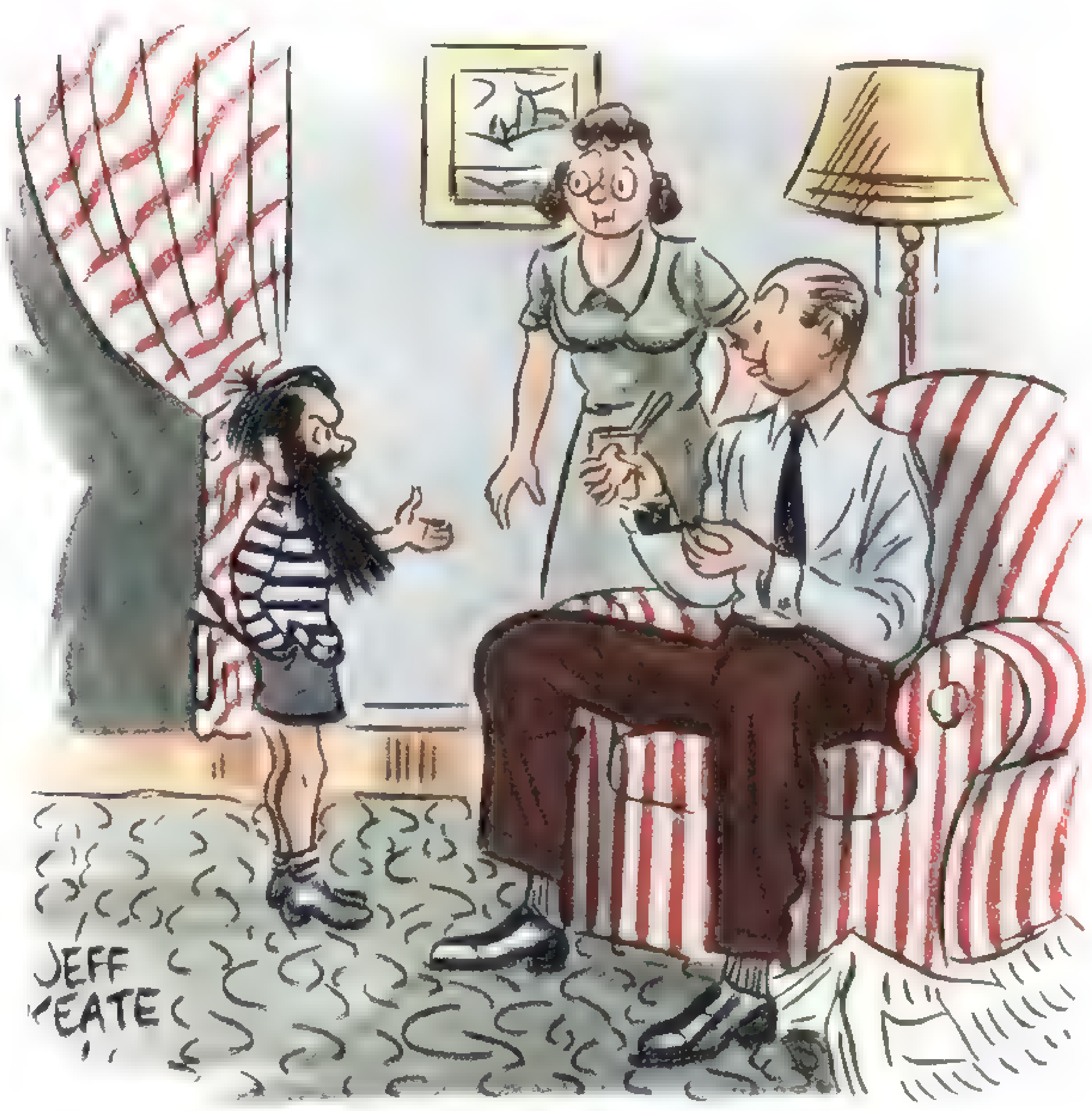
What with draft inroads there may be some big big upsets in major league baseball. Wouldn't it be something if World War II became famous as the war where five continents were involved, Fascism met its end, and the St. Louis Browns and the Philadelphia Phillies fought it out in a World's Series?



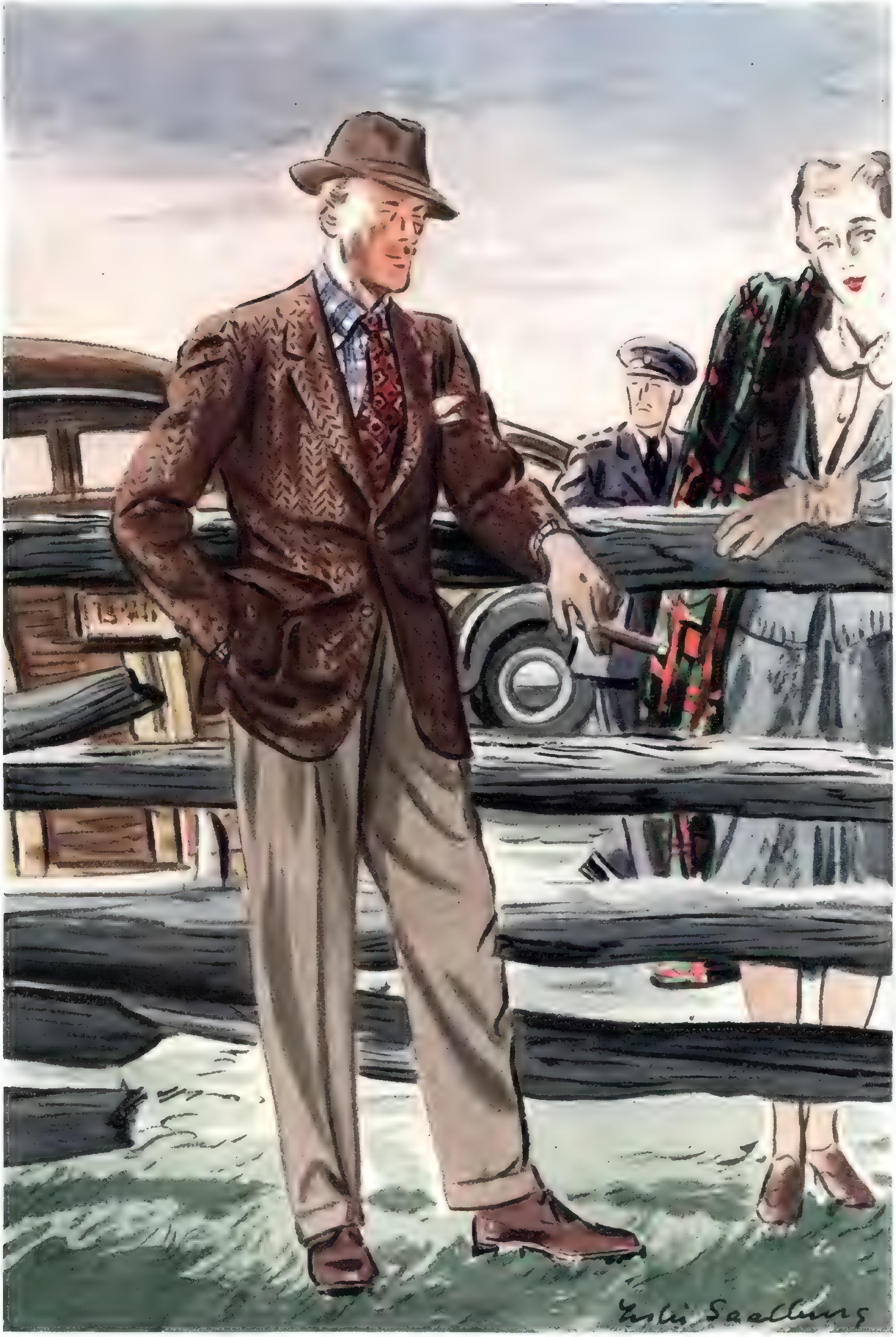
"He does all his training in night clubs"



"Indirect lighting is perfectly all right in some places, you understand, but . . ."



"Dad, are you sure I'm not old enough to shave yet?"



how many angles to a triangle?

There aren't any jumping nags to be seen here yet, but one of the spring steeplechase events is about to come off. The above spectators make up an eternal triangle, and it might be cricket to take odds on which gentleman will buy the nice lady a drink after the race (or perhaps it's a Bromo she needs). So let's look the field over . . . on this side we have a handsome gentleman (complete with mustache) and a true sportsman, from his lightweight felt hat down to his reverse calf San Dan boots. Ah, yes! He's the tweed type, too, and carries well his rough Harris tweed jacket with side vents. His shirt is a glen plaid design, and sets off his printed wool tie. The neutral covert cloth slacks have plenty of snap, and show the military influence. But on the other side of the fence, there's plenty of military influence, too! Sorry, Mr. Sportsman!...you're on the wrong side of the fence!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Regular Feller

Look-see at the pitcher who dropped the brilliant career his father had fostered to become just one of Uncle Sam's bluejackets

by SEC TAYLOR

▪SPORTS▪

When I saw him standing there in line in one of those almost clerical uniforms of our Navy, slightly taller than the others, lean, alert and lithe, I couldn't help thinking in contrast of the last time I had seen him at home before he enlisted in our forces at the Naval Training Station at Norfolk, Virginia.

That day I had driven out from Des Moines with Lu Russell, a professional trapshooter, who, in times of peace, always spent most of the autumn hunting with Feller. As I pressed the electric button that opened the front gate, a mean looking half-breed dog came charging out at us, and then I heard the familiar voice commanding: "Down! Rollie! Down!" with almost a trace of anger, as he came around the corner of the house, dressed in corn-stalk colored hunting clothes, with a corduroy cap. "Down, I tell you," he repeated sharply. "Go on back there, now, and behave yourself!"

Properly squelched, the dog—half airedale and half chow—slowly and sullenly stalked away toward the back of the yard, his nose close to the ground, and his eyes resentfully blinking at Feller as much as to say: "You're making an awful bad mistake."

"What you got against Hemsley naming a dog like that after him?" I asked as we shook hands, knowing that Bob had named the dog after his favorite battery mate at Cleveland.

"Rollie's all right," Bob replied, meaning both the dog and the catcher I inferred. "He isn't as bad as he looks." (Meaning the dog.) "If we had a mate for him, we'd start a new breed of some kind." (Still meaning the dog.)

Leaning against the new $35,000 brick house Feller had just built for his folks on their 360-acre farm out on a gravel road three and a half miles from Van Meter, were two shotguns, and a rifle. Several ramrods, greasy rags, a bottle of oil, and a hand-trap littered the lawn. Bob had been cleaning his guns when we drove up the dusty gravel road, and punched the electric button that automatically opened the front gate. He gets a kick out of all kinds of gadgets, and the new house is thick with them. Seeing them, you understand why he is a sucker for those practical-joke toys that he picks up at all the shops.

From October until the end of January, Lu Russell is Feller's almost constant companion. They golf and hunt together in the early fall. And when the quail and pheasant season closes, and they have had enough of rabbits, they go out into the pasture, where about ten years ago Bill Feller built a park so that fourteen-year-old Bob could practice his future profession. Here they knock clay targets by the hour, taking turns at working the hand-trap.

Russell is as old as Bob's father, as are most of the star's real friends. But that is understandable I think when you consider that Bob has always been under the guidance of his father. He has got used to that companionship, I suppose you would say. It is perfectly natural to him to be among older men. He is more at home with them, from long usage.

As we started for the pasture—now hallowed ground to America's sports-loving youths—Bob's father came blinking out of the house, apparently just aroused from a nap. He picked up one of the shotguns, and handed me another, and we all went tramping toward the field, talking casually about what a swell day it was. When we got to the home-made trap grounds, Bob wanted me to shoot first, as he manned the machine. I knew there would be some kind of gag, but was glad to go along with the boy just to see the kick he would get out of it.

Bob snapped the trap, and the black disc skimmed off lazily and gracefully. Bang! went my gun. A terrific amount of black smoke belched up, but ducking down under it I could see the target slowly settle to the turf like a real bird.

"You're off a little, Sec," Bob smiled, trying to hold back a broader grin, as I could see.

We tried it again with the same result.

He was really too tickled to contain himself by now. "There must be something wrong," he said slyly. "I don't spring the trap right, maybe. Let Lu spring it."

So Russell went up, and Bob came back and stood by me. When the bird flew out again, I fired, with the same big black smoke cloud. But the bird broke into a million pieces. I glanced around the smoke cloud just in time to see Bob lowering his gun. He had fired at the same time, and hit the bird! It was a stunt he had seen in the movies once, and he always gets a kick out of it—often working it in the field. Then he told me with complete boyish delight that he had loaded my shells with nothing but black powder!

I might have known it!

As I observed the sport he got out of this trick, and a hundred others he is always up to, it was hard for me to associate him with the great Feller, the idol of millions, the nationally-famous big league wonder . . . the boy in a million. All that big city stuff was far away and entirely absent from Feller there on that crisp autumn day, enjoying his shooting in the home pasture, just like any one of thousands of other Iowa farm boys. And seeing his naturalness and boyishness, I thought all the more of him. The headlines, the writeups, the adulation of thousands of his fellow men had not touched him in the least. Here at home, in his hunting clothes, enjoying himself, away from the business of baseball in which, as a boy of twenty-three, he had already made a fortune, he seemed not a bit different from dozens of Iowa farm boys I had known who had acquired some of that

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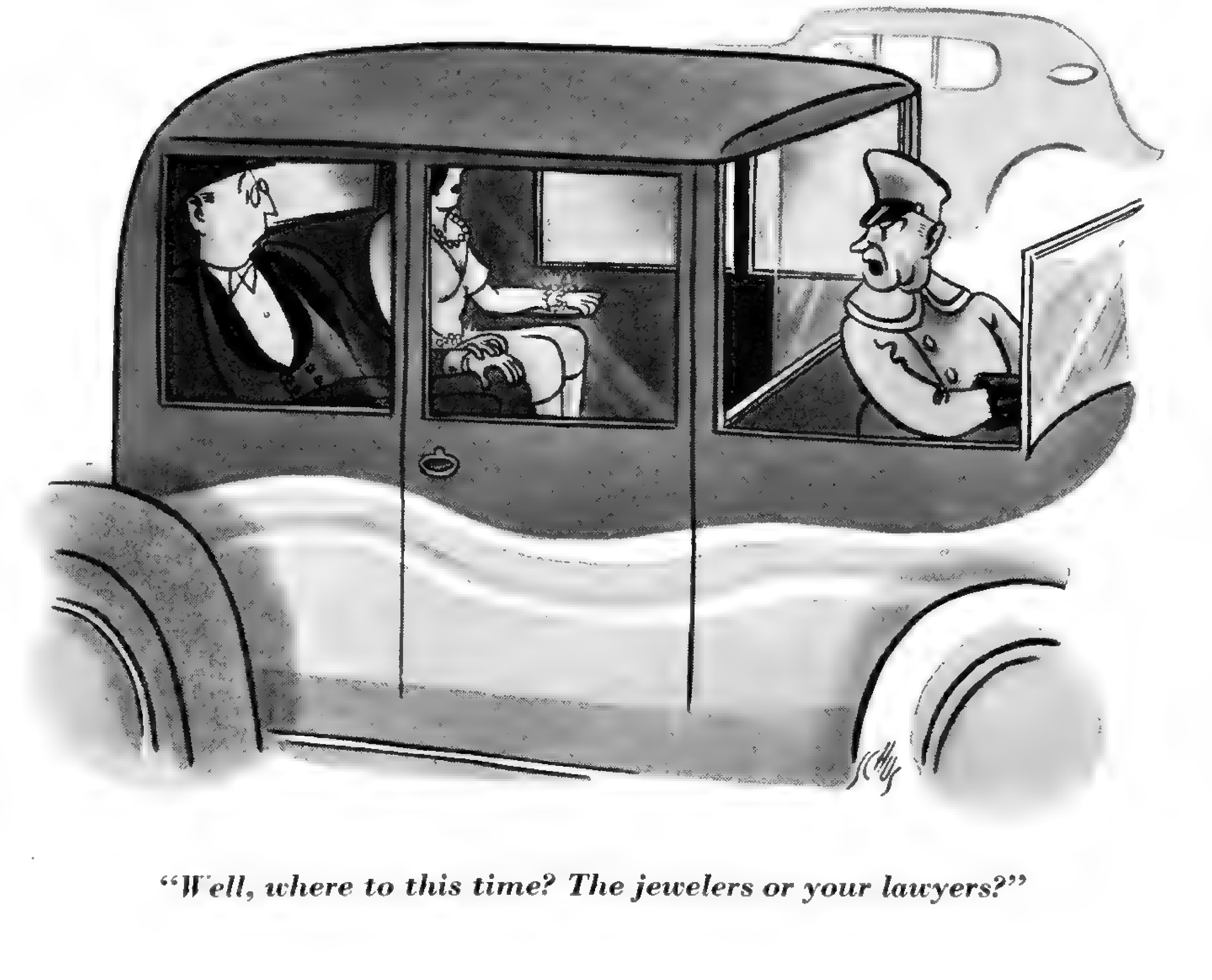


"Well, where to this time? The jewelers or your lawyers?"

The Captain Takes a Trip

Who would have guessed the change in the young officer's life which followed a kiss in a starlit arbor?

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

IT HAPPENED in that semi-mythical Vienna, so fast fading into the perspective of two wars, that a dashing lieutenant of the Uhlans had drained so many bottles of foaming Pilsner that the imperial and royal staff physician had to ship him down to the laurel shrubs and palm trees of the Adriatic coast to recuperate. This led directly to the officer's downfall. Because, in the little town of Abbazia, where he was spending the weeks of his furlough, he fell in love with a Croatian girl, and a poor one at that. The girl was the daughter of the proprietress of the little pension on the Via Volosca, surrounded by gentian plants, where the officer had to pay six crowns a day for his room and board. This was pretty cheap in those days. And the girl had no dowry.

The lieutenant didn't know this when he first kissed her in the heavy-scented arbor, darkened by laurel leaves. But he probably would have kissed her anyway. The sky was full of stars and spread its arch silently above the aquamarine waters of the Quarnero. The girl burst out crying after the kiss, in happy terror. And the officer's soul was so brimful with happiness, too, that he felt compelled to do something about it right there on the spot. Karl had always been a gentleman and he had no desire to seduce the girl. Instead, very heroically and rather naïvely, he proposed to the young lady, whose name was Emilia.

This is when his troubles began. Since Emilia had no dowry, in accordance with the regulations of the Imperial and Royal Army the lieutenant would have had to deposit the *Kaution*, a bond of several thousand crowns, as a guarantee that even in the blessed state of matrimony he would be able to maintain the social standard befitting an officer of Franz Joseph. In such cases the *Kaution* was usually deposited by the bride's parents; but Emilia was the daughter of a poor widow: where would she get the money? Anyway, by this time it was too late; one could not crawl out of it.

And as a matter of fact, such dishonest thoughts did not even occur to Karl. So with a heavy heart he took off the gold-braided, light-blue uhlan tunic, said farewell to his regimental cronies, kissed his horse on the nose, and heroically plunged into the strange world of the civilians to find himself some kind of respectable occupation. Of course he found nothing of the sort.

What happens in cases like this? Only one thing: the unemployable male merges into his wife's family—that is, if he finds a chance to merge. This time there was one. The pension in Abbazia. That's where the young couple moved in, and where the husband, to have some pretext for existence, assumed the duties and post of a manager.

The mother-in-law looked with benevolent approval at Karl's efforts. All right, he'd get his room and board, and even a small allowance for cigarettes. A man who could make such a tremendous sacrifice for love had to be appreciated.

After a few months, however, it became apparent that Karl was a first-rate manager. In the army he had been pursued by ill luck: his squadron was habitually stationed in some mud-sodden village of Polish Galicia. In the winter it would be dark by half-past three. Since he was continually bored to death, Karl would keep a diary and write long letters to his more fortunate friends, garrisoned in Prague or in Vienna. Then gradually he drifted into supervising the accounts of the quartermaster and into taking care of all economic matters. This past was bearing fruit now when he was trying to earn his living as a civilian. He could draft very tidy business letters. At the market the vendors couldn't gyp him. It was child's play for him to maintain discipline over the waiters, bellhops, chambermaids, and cooks. He was a soldier and liked order. He learned Croatian in a short time. His deft handling of affairs soon made the business flourish and expand. He was a clever, affable, and good-natured host to his guests. In the morning he would look through the bills; then go over to Volosca to buy lobster from the fishermen. Before his coming the little pension had been doing business only in the summer; now it was hard to get a room even in the rainiest November.

For eight full years he did not leave Abbazia even for one hour. During these eight years four children made their appearance. His wife was slowly getting fat, his mother-in-law worshipped him: there was nothing wanting in his bourgeois happiness.

During the summer of the eighth year, however, suddenly he began to feel restless. There was something stirring within him: as if the warm wind were blowing some exciting pollen into his face from the receding epoch of his gay lieutenant years. He complained to his wife:

"I don't know what's the matter with me! I feel some strange pressure on my brain, as if the sirocco were blowing constantly . . . Maybe I'm just worn out. What would you say, my dear, if I went away for three weeks to rest up somewhere—alone?"

"Why don't you, dear? You certainly deserve a little change," said the fat Emilia sympathetically, and kissed her husband's left eye. "Where are you thinking of going? Vienna? Budapest? Karlsbad? Baden?"

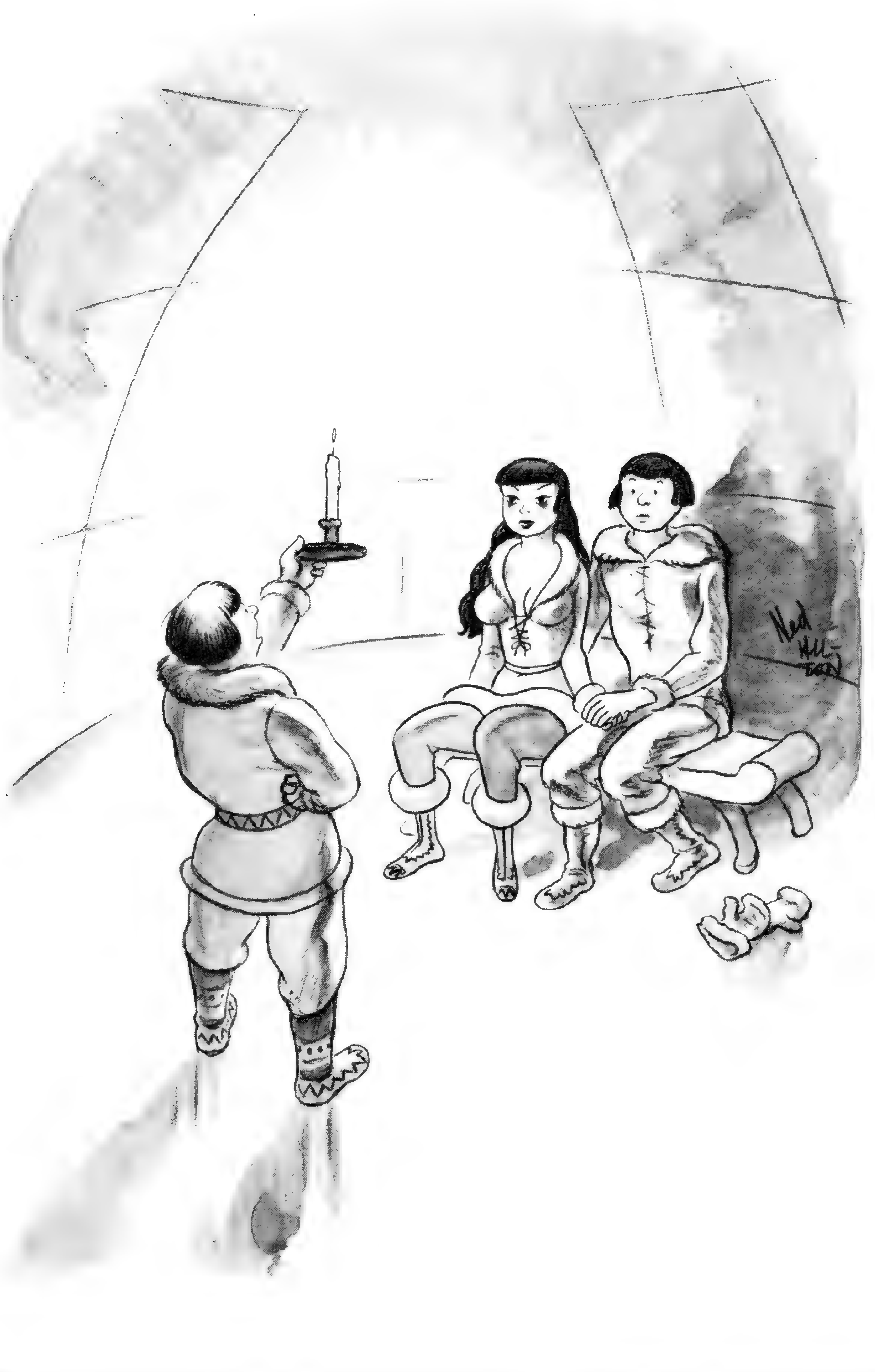
The husband smiled:

"I've got a place spotted already. But I can't tell you where. I want to forget everything while I am away on my vacation; I don't want to hear even from you!"

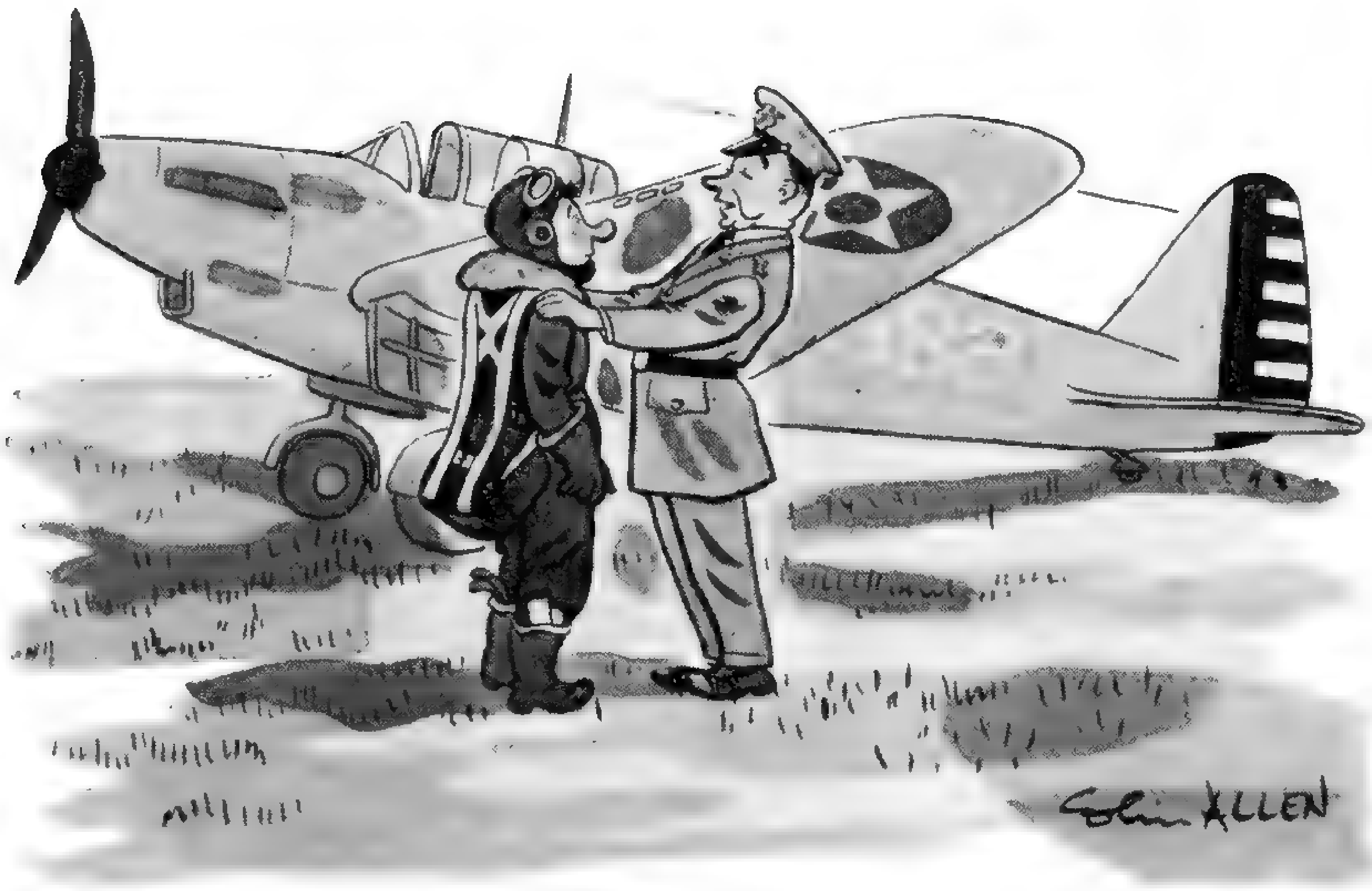
"All right," said Emilia, acquiescing in her husband's decision; and with the meek humility of fat women she breathed a kiss, this

Continued on page 176

"Is it anyone we don't like?"



"Marie, your boy friend has been here five months—is he going to spend the night?"



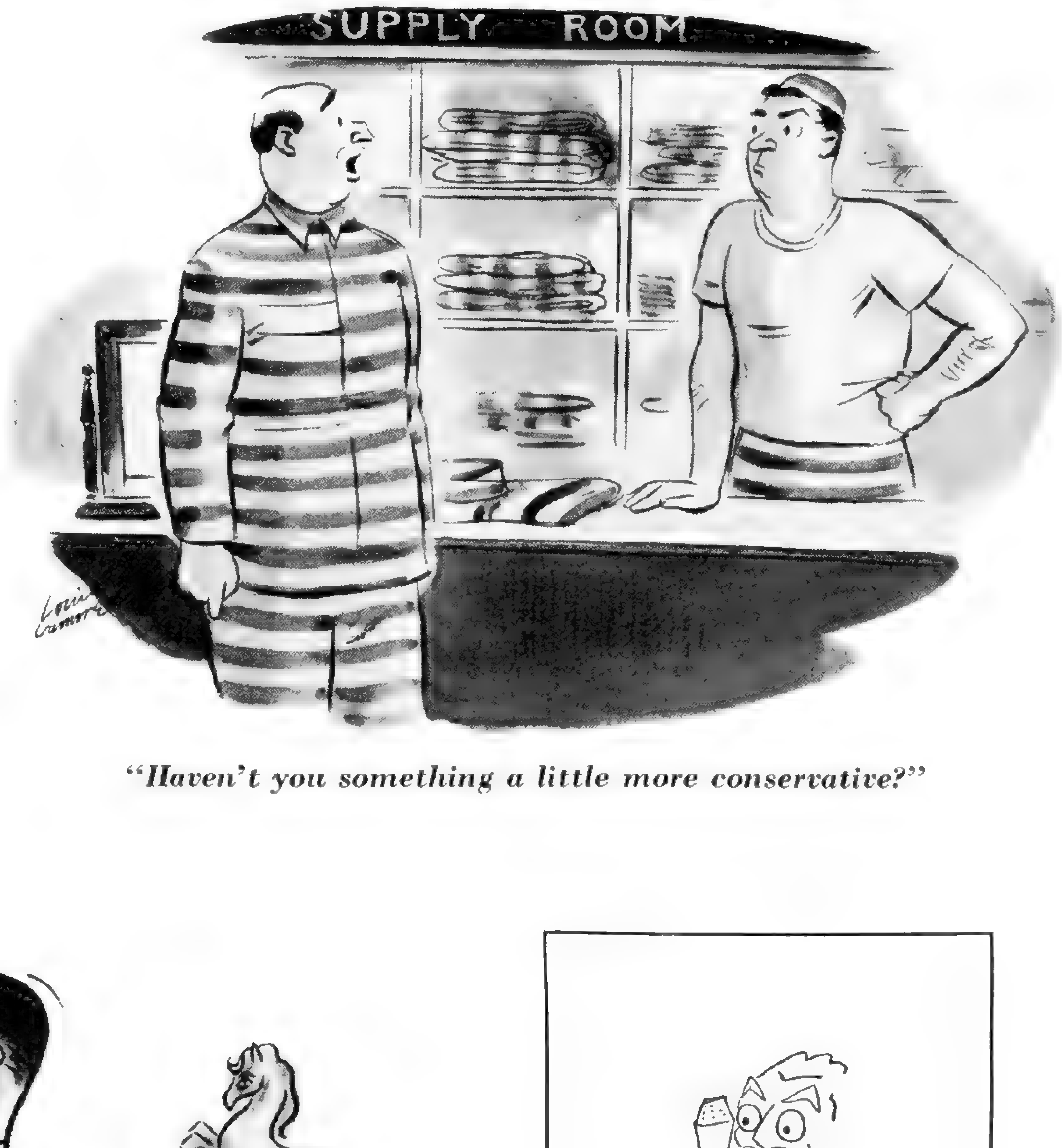
"You understand, of course, that our transferring you to the kitchen squad doesn't reflect on your ability as a pilot!"

The Lowdown

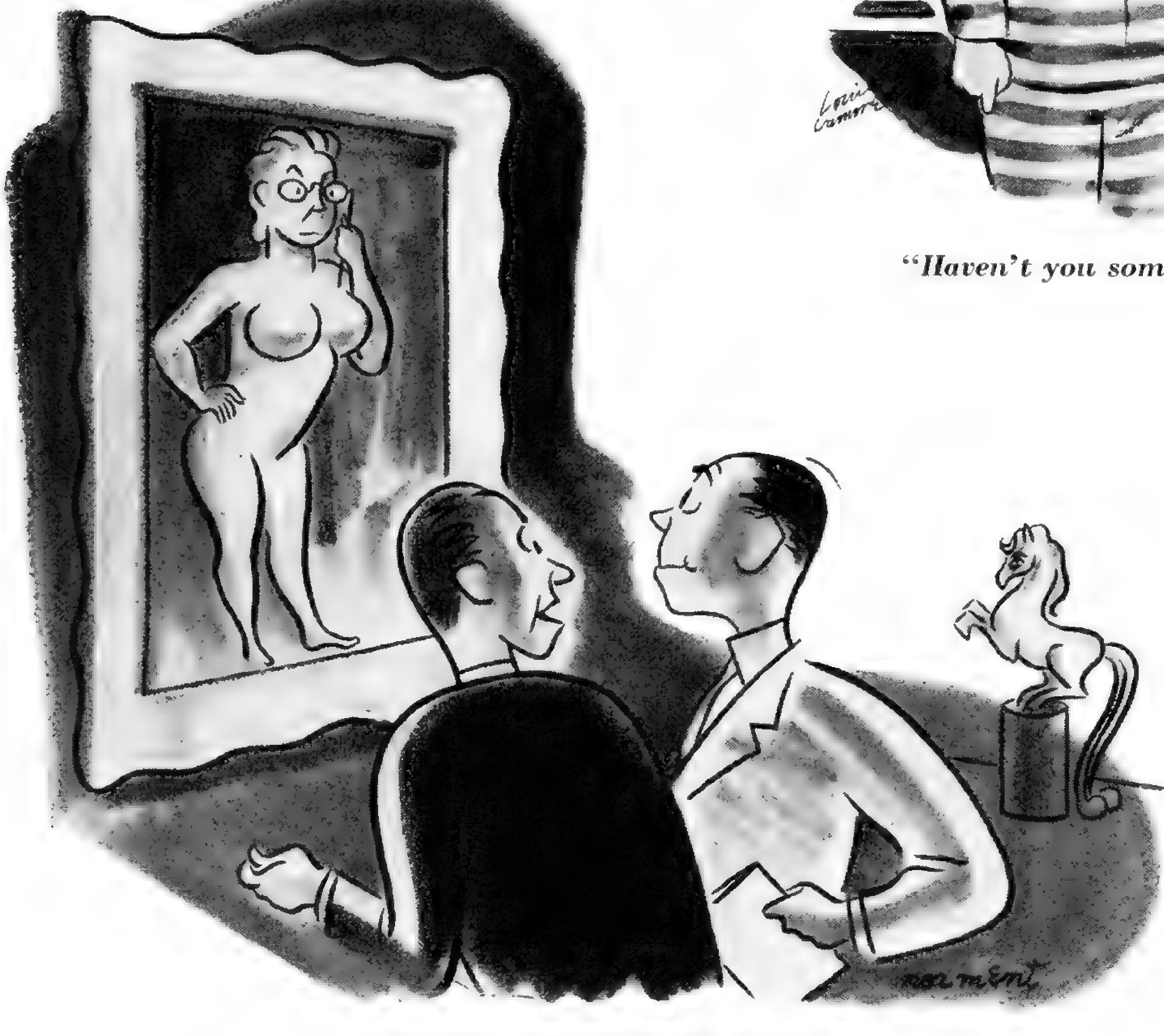
Marriage is a pawn shop
Where simple lads go pawning
A case of constant yearning
For a constant case of yawning!

Patriotism Plus

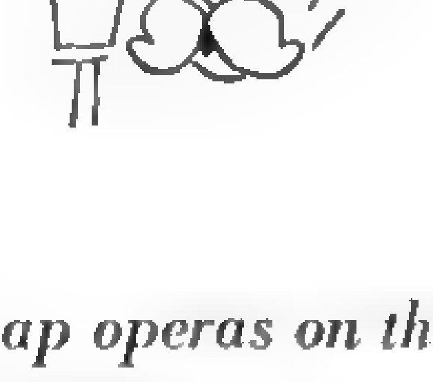
May is the type of month
When conservation's fun.
Auto tires get far less wear . . .
There's so much parking done!



"Haven't you something a little more conservative?"



"Dignified nudes look silly to me!"



The soap operas on the radio are probably so named because the heroes and heroines are continually in hot water.

The Middleweight Artist

Continued from page 88

Colorado. His father was a country editor who bought up and developed floundering and dying country weeklies in small towns, developed them, sold them and moved on to repeat the operation. He worked chiefly in the states of Idaho, Colorado, and Washington. By the time "Fletch" was six the family had established itself in Idaho. The only indication the young man gave of his future promise in art was a passing curiosity in the possibilities of cartooning, for at the age of ten he filled out one of those blank forms at the bottom of a magazine ad, to inquire about a correspondence course. Nothing ever came of it. By the time he was twelve, however, he had learned enough about printing to help his father set type. It was a trade which was to see him through some bad years. By the time he was fifteen the family was somewhere in Washington State and "Fletch" was going to high school. He thinks he might have graduated, but he gave a teacher, or the principal, a little too much of his lip, and that was the end of his formal education in all fields. At the age of fifteen he left home. He has been on his own ever since.

The next several years were not spent by Martin in what would be called civilized society, but that society constituted a rather vital finishing school for him, for in its midst he learned many things not usually taught young men in their middle teens. Not as an adventure, but simply as part of the routine, he learned to ride the rods in order that he might get around from job to job, through the states of Washington, Oregon and California. No time to fix regional roots in any particular section. For about a year he was a pick and shovel man with a road construction gang. Later he was a whistle punk in a lumber camp and followed the fruit and grain crops through the Northwest. He became tough and stayed tough. The only art he saw were a couple of girls on magazine covers pasted up on the shelters assigned to the men who worked in orchard, field, camp and road. The only indication he gave of his own skill and inclination was to make pornographic drawings for his bunkhouse mates. Under the circumstances, no mate's "Say, that's good!" could have turned his head. After knocking around in this style for several years, he landed broke in Portland, Oregon. How broke you may gather from the fact that his only bed for nights running was a hard chair in an all-night nickel movie house. The year was 1922.

After awhile he joined the Navy, signing up for four years. "I really joined the Navy to eat." That period was not particularly eventful, except that it put him in the way of raw material for paintings yet to be born. He recalls that while he was at the Naval Training Station at Goat Island in San Francisco, he used to go down to the rocky shore and have adventurous dreams. These dreams later became woven into the texture of his canvases, as in *Home from the Sea,* whose central theme is a female ship's figurehead washed up against the shore, the color of cloud and water suggesting the aftermath of a storm. In another painting, *A Lad from the Fleet,* showing a sailor-fighter in his corner, waiting for the starting gong, Martin captured a memento of the prestige which he won by fighting his way through several elimination matches toward the Middleweight and Lightweight Championships of the Pacific Fleet. While in the Navy he sketched off and on, to amuse his shipmates, but the probability is that they were more sincerely impressed by what he could do with his fists than with a pencil. Football and craps were other sports with which he fought ennui.

Discharged early in the year 1926, Martin made his home in Los Angeles and tackled the problem of making a living. He became a printer. His boss was the first artist he had ever seen in the flesh. Up to that time about the only artists of whose existence he had been conscious were Maxfield Parrish and Harrison Fisher. He thought they were wonderful. He began learning about art. He attended, not classes in the practice of any art medium, but lectures on art. In the privacy of his own room he began messing with paints. He began looking at pictures in an attempt to discover clues as to how they were made. Around 1933 he painted the first easel pictures that could be shown without too abject apology. Maybe—compared to his latest work—they were terrible, but it is plain that he had something special to say some time before he could perfect the means with which to say it. The following year this Sunday painter who was making his living as a printer received his first public exhibition, on the walls of the Fine Arts Gallery in San Diego. The following spring, 1935, he entered a painting in the All-California exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum. It was called *Rural Family* and it was awarded the Van Rensselaer Wilbur prize of 500 dollars, with which honor Martin may be said to have joined the ranks of the professionals, at least in California.

The sailing henceforth was comparatively easy, with only slight storms that could be ridden out in snug harbor. In 1936 the Federal Art Project gave Martin the job of decorating the auditorium of the North Hollywood High School. Subsequently he won the Treasury Department's 4,900-dollar competition for murals to go on the walls of the San Pedro (California) Federal Building. Early in 1938 the excellence of his preliminary sketches made him a runner-up in a Treasury Department competition for murals in the Dallas (Texas) Post Office and Court House, as a result of which he was assigned to decorate the Post Office in Lamesa, Texas. In November, 1938, he was assigned to paint eighteen panels, totalling 1,900 square feet, for the Ada County (Idaho) Courthouse, but because of local difficulties never proceeded beyond the design stage on this project. With the bounce of his youth, he undertook a sculpture project, three bas-reliefs for the Boundary County (Idaho) Courthouse at Bonner's Ferry. In December, 1939 the Los Angeles Museum gave him a full-dress one-man show and in the fall of 1940 his pictures made their debut in a New York exhibition.

At the first hurried and superficial glance, Martin's pictures seem to derive all of their interest from the exciting and anecdotal nature of his subject matter. Even the so-called art public is a sucker for a prizefight on canvas, and in many of Martin's pictures there's a fight going on, either between man and man, or between man and beast (as in *Embrace*) or between man and Nature. Whereas many painters discard experience, because they fail to realize the paintable quality of that experience, Martin both uses and sublimates the life he's lived and the things he knows. His titles also are distinctive in that they show a respect for the significance, as well as the meaning, of words, as in *Tomorrow and Tomorrow,* which says so much with so admirable a restraint and with such an economy of means. His studies of women are particularly sensitive and in them he challenges comparison with the best of America's studio painters. In this department of his painting my particular favorites are *Summer Night,* in which the large, looming female figure in the foreground and the sea beyond are both a promise which can be framed in a form no more tangible than poetry; and *Judith,* a reclining female figure redolent of Alexander Brook at his best. *Judith* is owned by the Metropolitan, and *Trouble in Frisco,* a waterfront fistfight as seen through a porthole, is owned by the Museum of Modern Art, while the Nelson Gallery in Kansas City owns *Celebration,* whose center is a drunk pathetically trying to assert the rights of man.

In the last several years Martin has shown a capacity for growth which should bring him to the forefront of American art. ⌗

Lily Pons

DE BELLIS

Finessing the Queen

Demonstrating that the Flower of Knighthood Has Not Yet Been Nipped in the Bud

Finesser: A young man of California
Queen: Lily Pons
Occasion: A desire to get acquainted

Play-by-Play Account: After a four-year-long one-way correspondence with Miss Pons, in which he politely pointed out the impossibility of living without her, the young man decided to do something about it. He thereupon hitch-hiked from his native state to Miss Pons' country place in Connecticut. Walking in the front door, which unaccountably had been left unlocked that evening, he switched on the lights, padded upstairs to a bedroom and promptly proceeded to unpack his suitcase. (Contents: six books, a box of cigars and a change of underwear.) He glanced up to discover Miss Pons' mother, amazed and bewildered, in the doorway. "Well," said he, "where's Lily?"

Upshot: None. He was thanked for the compliment and shipped back to California firmly persuaded it was possible to live without Miss Pons after all.

Art for the Walls of America

Continued from page 62

his credit was always as good as his words—and his words were convincing.

"The Originals of America's Great Artists," he said in a full page ad in the Sunday *Times*, ". . . to hold in your hands . . . to hang on your wall." A list of subjects followed . . . and names. There was one price for all prints: Five Dollars. The copy made the reader feel that a work of art was as necessary to his social position as a new car . . . or a bathroom.

Well, orders poured in like fan mail after a radio broadcast. Reeves had taken a small hole-in-the-wall on Forty-second Street . . . and the bulk of the mail which now came in left no space in the room for Reeves.

Moving to larger quarters, he wore himself down opening letters, wrapping packages, running to the post office . . . and making bank deposits. Art was now well nigh on its way to the somber walls of the middle classes. It began to take its place next to the Mazda bulb . . . as a dispatcher of sweetness, if not light; it seized the movies and the radio hand in hand . . . and danced a stately saraband.

* * *

The small mail order business became a dynamic enterprise—The Associated American Artists. People like Raphael Soyer, Adolf Dehn, George Biddle, George Grosz, Frederic Taubes, John Steuart Curry, Max Weber, Peggy Bacon, and Aaron Bohrod began to turn up in a veritable Blue Book to the American art scene.

Reeves then fired his creative connoisseurship right and left at the same moment. On the one hand, he prepared contracts for struggling artists, guaranteeing them monthly minimums, health insurance, and a sliding scale for royalties; on the other, he struck out after big business.

"In the time of the Medici," he said, "an artist did everything from bambinos to boudoirs—he was the commercial artist of the day, as well as architect, decorator, and handy man.

"Today he starves in a barn or a garret because no one as yet has tackled art in terms of big business."

Reeves then proceeded to sell art—fine art—to Hollywood, the soap manufacturers, the tobacco merchants, and the little man who is perennially asking "What now?"

Once a wide market was created for five-dollar black and white prints, he opened up another important field, Gelatones—which are facsimile color reproductions of paintings, almost perfectly reproduced by a special lithographic gelatin process. Sixteen of these have been developed so far, selling at seven-fifty apiece, and including work by Raphael Soyer, Grant Wood, Millard Sheets, Luigi Lucioni, Leon Kroll, Maurice Stern, John Whorf, Adolf Dehn, John Costigan, Robert Brackman, Lucille Blanche, Thomas Benton, Ernest Fiene, Nicolai Cikovsky, Peter Hurd . . . and Georges Schreiber's distinctive and ghostly buggy-landscape, *Mississippi Moon*.

Original paintings and sculpture were also taken on by the gallery to be merchandised at higher prices. But over and under all of these projects was Reeves' burning idea: to get good art into the hands of people who want it.

A man came into the gallery one day, looked at an original painting by Georges Schreiber, priced at five-hundred dollars, and said, "I'd give anything if I could own that picture."

Reeves said, "Why don't you take it?"

"It's impossible," the man answered, "all I make is thirty dollars a week."

"Well," said Reeves, "do you think you could afford a dollar a week?" Reeves walked over and took the painting from the wall. "Here," he said, "take this home with you, and if you can really afford a dollar a week, bring it to me . . . otherwise we can arrange to take less."

Reeves has put art into mass production without getting the effects of mass production into art. Anybody and everybody can buy any and everything through the grace of Reeves' hook or crook. This man got a ten-year art policy through the Reeves' endowment, with full premiums paid to artist, buyer, and gallery.

Henry Ford threw a bombshell into the mosaic of American life and habits. He made it possible for everyone who wanted a car to have one . . . even though the car bought was at fifth-hand and had its purchase price chopped up into hydra-headlight segments.

Indirectly, Reeves has begun the same kind of emancipation in a field few people had taken seriously. For art is definitely a social vitamin; it does things to the human imagination and to those finely drawn threads of consciousness, which Mr. Matthew Arnold once tackled under the heading of "sweetness and light."

The people who want art and make sacrifices for it are the people conservative chroniclers would least suspect. Sailors in service drop in to buy farm landscapes to hang on their lockers in the quarters supposedly reserved for the hairy apes. Cafeteria workers, salespeople, high school kids—these are the people who come and look, stay and buy. Many have got their five-dollar prints on the installment basis.

If anyone today still blots his walls with leftovers from Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*, bad chromolithographs of the Grand Canal, or pictures of emaciated Russian wolfhounds looking soulfully at one another over the fur-clad body of some dentist's wife, there is no longer any placid justification. The apartment in question can no longer say, "Behold, a poor man whose purse could afford no finer." The walls must blurt out a truth, which was clear anyway, to wit: "Witness here a poor soul with a threadbare mind."

* * *

Last year, no artist on the lists of the Associated American Artists earned less than $2,500; one earned over $45,000. The galleries now take up two floors of a Fifth Avenue building . . . store in reserve enough paintings to stock a National Museum . . . and keep forty-three people as busy as ants.

This business, in what die-hards still hold is "the utterly-utter," grossed last year more than half a million dollars . . . in spite of Reeves' proud boast that no one seriously wanting to buy a work of art has ever been turned down—regardless of his ability to pay.

* * *

Reeves' personality, rotating around the rule of opposites, is in keeping with his creative drive. For the inverse square law with which life composes its fandangos and cadenzas seems to hold, somehow, that the Dale Carnegies of manner should be the nonentities of action . . . and that quiet, soft, delightful people should be the dynamos.

Reeves is as naïve and easy going as Mei Ling, the giant panda. I was with him, one night, in a room where many people were talking, in loud voices, of their non-accomplishments. Reeves, sitting quietly in one corner, fished out a pack of cards from his pocket, and asked, almost apologetically, "Have you seen this one?"

He lives, with Mrs. Lewenthal . . . and a newly-born baby . . . in a Park Avenue apartment—an apartment which is virtually a private art gallery. Ensconced in a modernistic setting are paintings and sculpture which would make a director of the Museum of Modern Art say "Tally Ho" . . . in French.

The paintings change from week to week—as all good paintings should. For underlying any sensible approach to art is the problem of esthetic satiation.

Curators of sensation, and connoisseurs of the essences, of necessity pass from experience to experience the way a bee travels from one source of nectar to another. Reeves has made this peripatetic solace available to as many as choose to take it.'

"Art comes to you," as Mr. Pater once said, "proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." And not to grasp it, in as variegated and rich a form as possible is, in this short day of light and frost, like sleeping before sunset. ✠

Elisabeth Bergner

RAY JONES

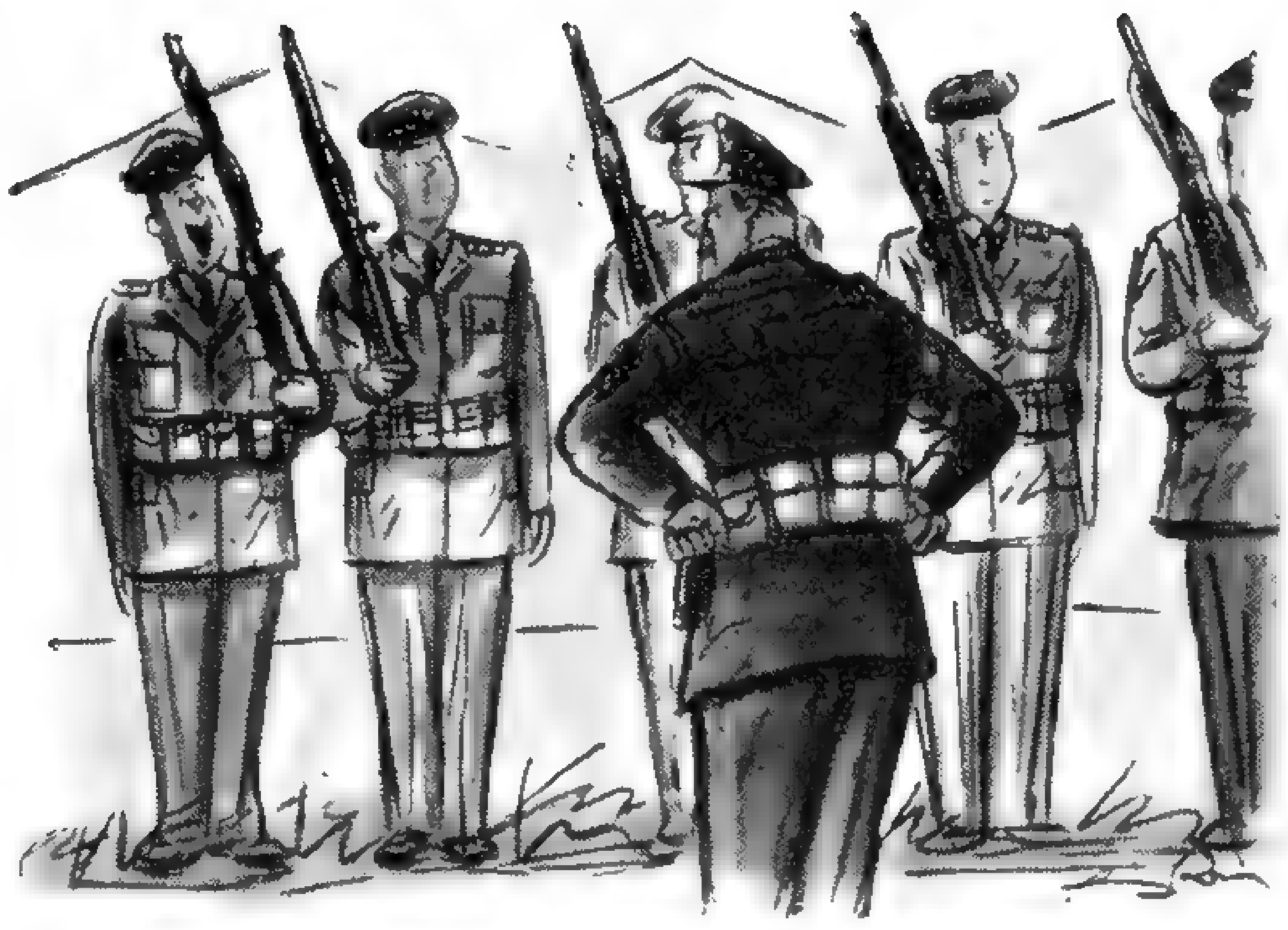
My Idea of a Good Time

Elisabeth Bergner Gives Her Formula for Fun

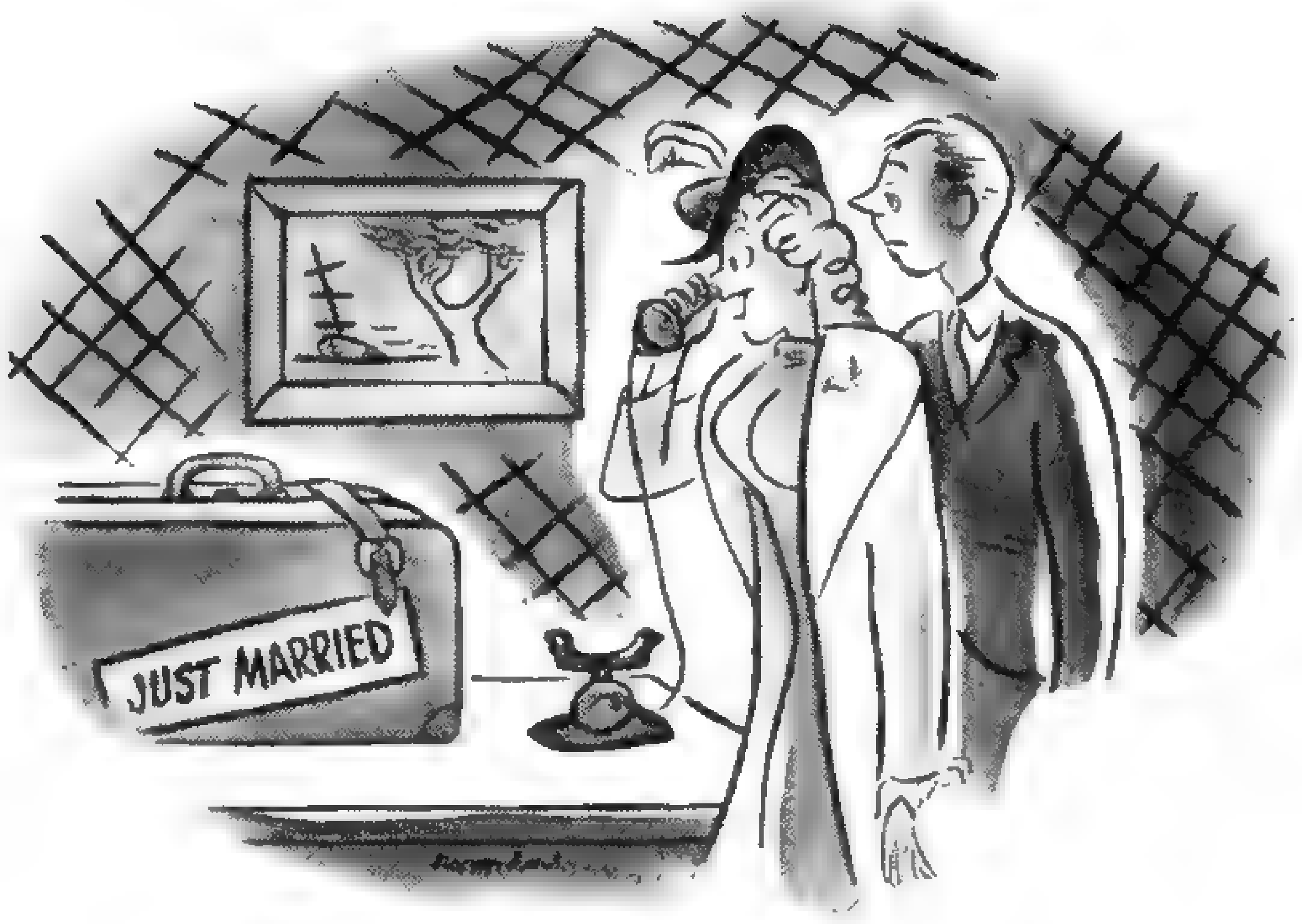
My idea of a good time is almost anything I happen to be doing *after* I have finished an honest piece of work. Never have I enjoyed a pleasure that wasn't earned. Always I get fun out of playing or loafing when it's a reward for a good job done.

I remember in London, in 1933, we had a celebration after the opening night of *Escape Me Never*. It was the first performance I ever gave in English. Germany was lost to me and I had to master English or give up the stage. You can believe that the glass of champagne I drank after making that terribly difficult transition was better than anything I have ever tasted. And the party was the finest party in the world.

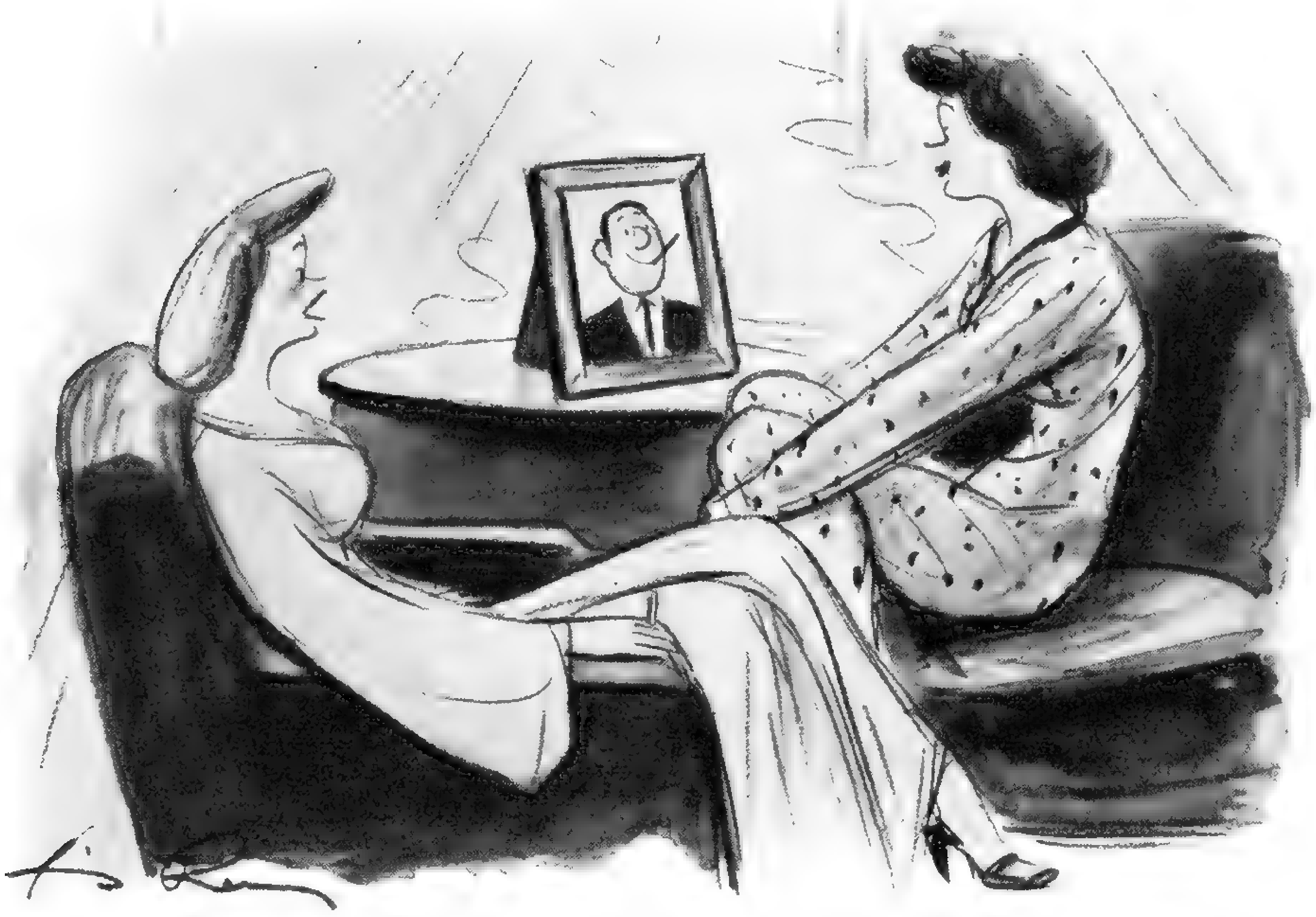
Many people try so hard to have a good time and wonder why they get bored no matter what they do. It's because they haven't earned their good times. No dish tastes good unless you are hungry, and no recreation is fun unless you develop an appetite for it by hard work. Enjoyment comes from inside. My Sun Days do not depend on the calendar—they depend on me.



"Just call me Lefty!"

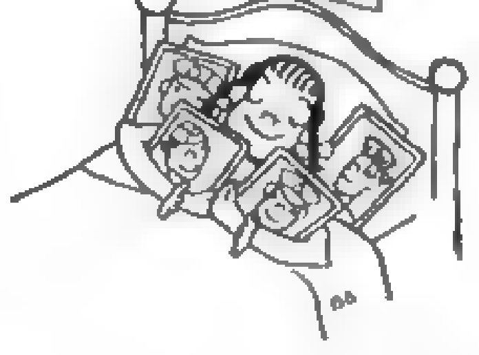


"Hello, Momma, I won"



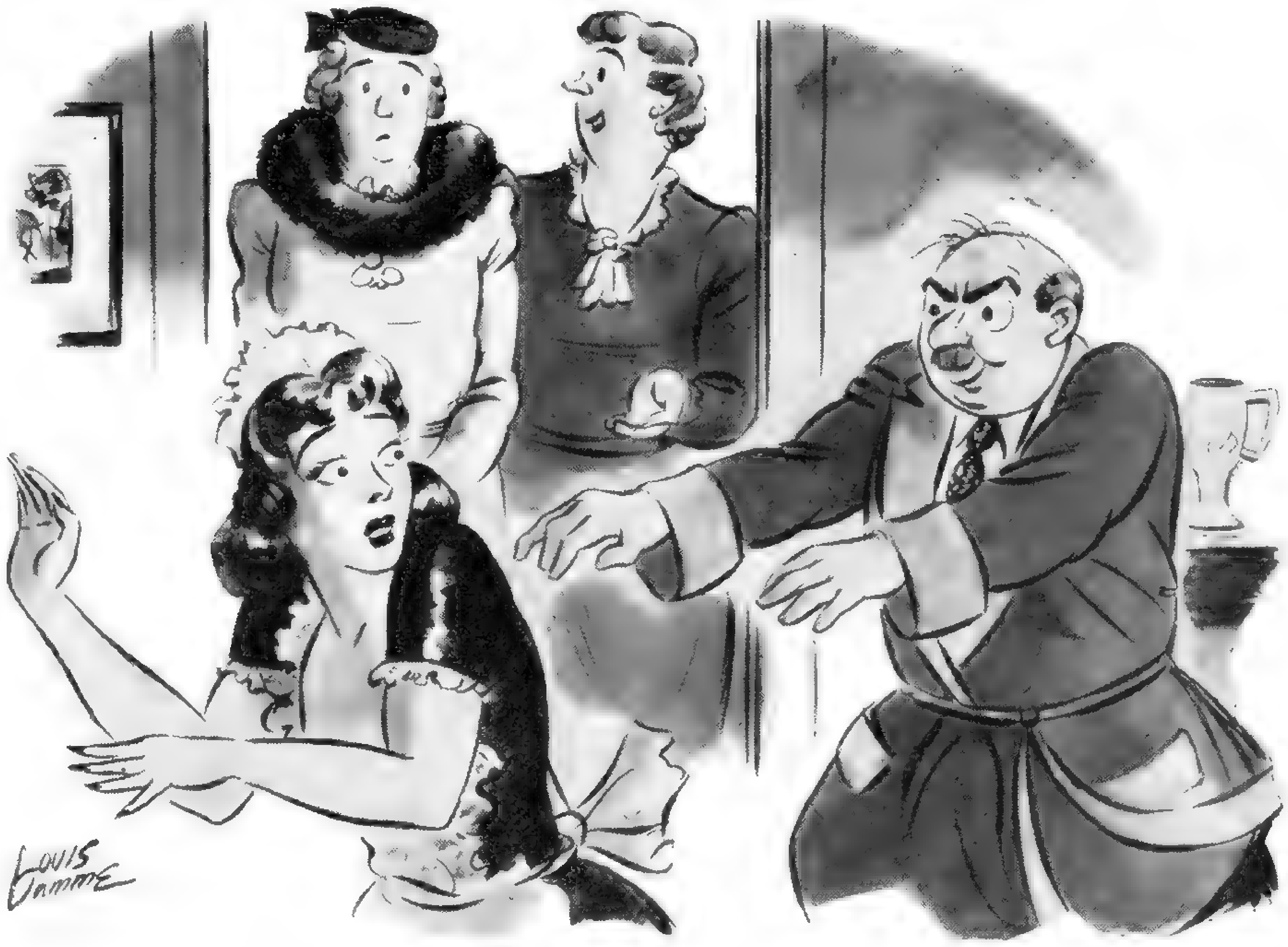
"He's a playboy—in a cut rate sort of way"

Helen of Troy would be the glamour girl of the year if she were only here right now to help our defense program. Hers, as you may recall, was the face that launched a thousand ships.



Regimentation

Take a peek at any girl.
When the sweet retires,
Like all her pals you'll find
that she
Has uniform desires!



". . . and this is my husband's game room"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 81

gressional powers; and the Bill of Rights was added to our Constitution almost at the moment Lord Camelford was speaking.

I was talking the other day with H. L. Mencken. We discovered that we had never been able to finish *Don Quixote,* because we found it so dull; we agreed that Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann* was one of the wisest, most brilliant, most entertaining books in the world. I was pleased when Mencken said he had been rereading Conrad, and found him magnificent, in spite of the fact that his books are not now selling well; "he will come back." I always recommend to those who have read nothing of Conrad to begin with *Typhoon;* let me repeat this advice here. Mencken expressed great admiration for Conrad's first novel, *Almayer's Folly;* to which I heartily agreed. I have tried in vain to forget that tremendous scene when Almayer hoped to expel the memory of his daughter from his mind by carefully erasing her footsteps from the sand.

If anyone wants to begin reading Meredith, let me suggest he read first *Rhoda Fleming.*

Nearly all our favorite novelists occasionally disappoint us; I had read every one of Nevil Shute's stories with great delight; I find *Pied Piper* a terrible bore. I did not think it possible that John Dickson Carr, one of my hot favorites in murder-writing, could possibly nod; but *To Wake the Dead* will never keep awake the living. Yet immediately after that bit of mandragora, I read his *The Problem of the Wire Cage,* and don't miss it! It is terrifically exciting from first page to last—a masterpiece of mystery. Another new murder-story introduces me to an author, Cleve Adams. I guarantee *The Black Door* is just what you have been looking for; a book that will make you forget yourself.

I was honored by an invitation from The Johns Hopkins University to make the address in Baltimore at the centenary of the birth of Sidney Lanier. He was born February 3, 1842, and died at the age of thirty-nine. He was deprived of three things, any one of which would have been of immense service—health, money, stimulating oral friendships. He was ideally happy in his wife and children; but he had to be away from them often in the most melancholy of all pursuits, the pursuit of health. Yet he wrote some poems that will never be forgotten, he played the flute like a real master, and he was a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins, which has from its beginning been a proof of scholarship. He learned Anglo-Saxon, a language as difficult as German; he lectured there on that and more literary themes. He wrote an original book, *The Science of English Verse,* in which I do not believe, but which continually arouses thought. He might have been that rarest of persons, a great American composer, if he had had health. As a baby, he could play three instruments before he could write a legible word.

In World War I, the favorite poet in the British trenches was Browning, and leaflets of his short poems were distributed by the thousand. One of the best selections from his works I have ever seen is that just issued by the Oxford Press, called *Robert Browning Poetry and Prose,* edited by Sir Humphrey Milford. It has about 200 pages, and is equipped with essays by a number of famous critics.

John Mason Brown, one of our best drama critics and one of the best lecturers in the world, has written a book full of sparkling, spontaneous humor, called *Accustomed as I Am.* It has the accompaniment of laughing illustrations by Hirschfeld. Mr. Brown narrates his adventures in traveling all over the U.S.A. as a public lecturer. Although he has a lot of fun describing his Audiences, his Introducers, his Hosts and Hostesses, let none of these be offended; he takes everything back in the last chapter. He loves lecturing as I love it; he loves those who invite him and those who pay to hear him; he loves the railway trains that carry him; he loves the good hotels, and every hotel he names I remember and love myself. Nothing could keep me off the road except my age, which interferes not in the least with my lecturing, but with my ability to endure the fatigue of continuous one-night stands. Last week, late at night, I met a splendid gentleman who was graduated from Yale before I was, and I asked him, "How old *are* you?" and he replied, "I am eighty-eight, damn it!"

Every chapter in this book is good; but I like best three: *Thanks to Casey Jones,* which is such a magnificent tribute to the comfort, pleasure, and seclusion of railroad trains, that in the old days he would have received a life-pass. When Dr. Hadley became President of Yale, he asked Eliot of Harvard to give him some advice; and Eliot said that out of his long experience he had learned only two things to recommend to Hadley: first, "Never announce what your policy on any subject is going to be," and second, "When you take a train, get the drawing room." The chapter *American Plan,* in praise of hotels with an enumeration of the best; because this chapter will be enjoyed by all who have to travel; and the chapter *An Unvanishing American,* because this painful experience will be understood by all lecturers. The local celebrity is, as Mr. Bangs used to say, not a salubrity. Three of us are not ashamed to say we enjoy lecturing; Mary Ellen Chase, John Mason Brown, and myself.

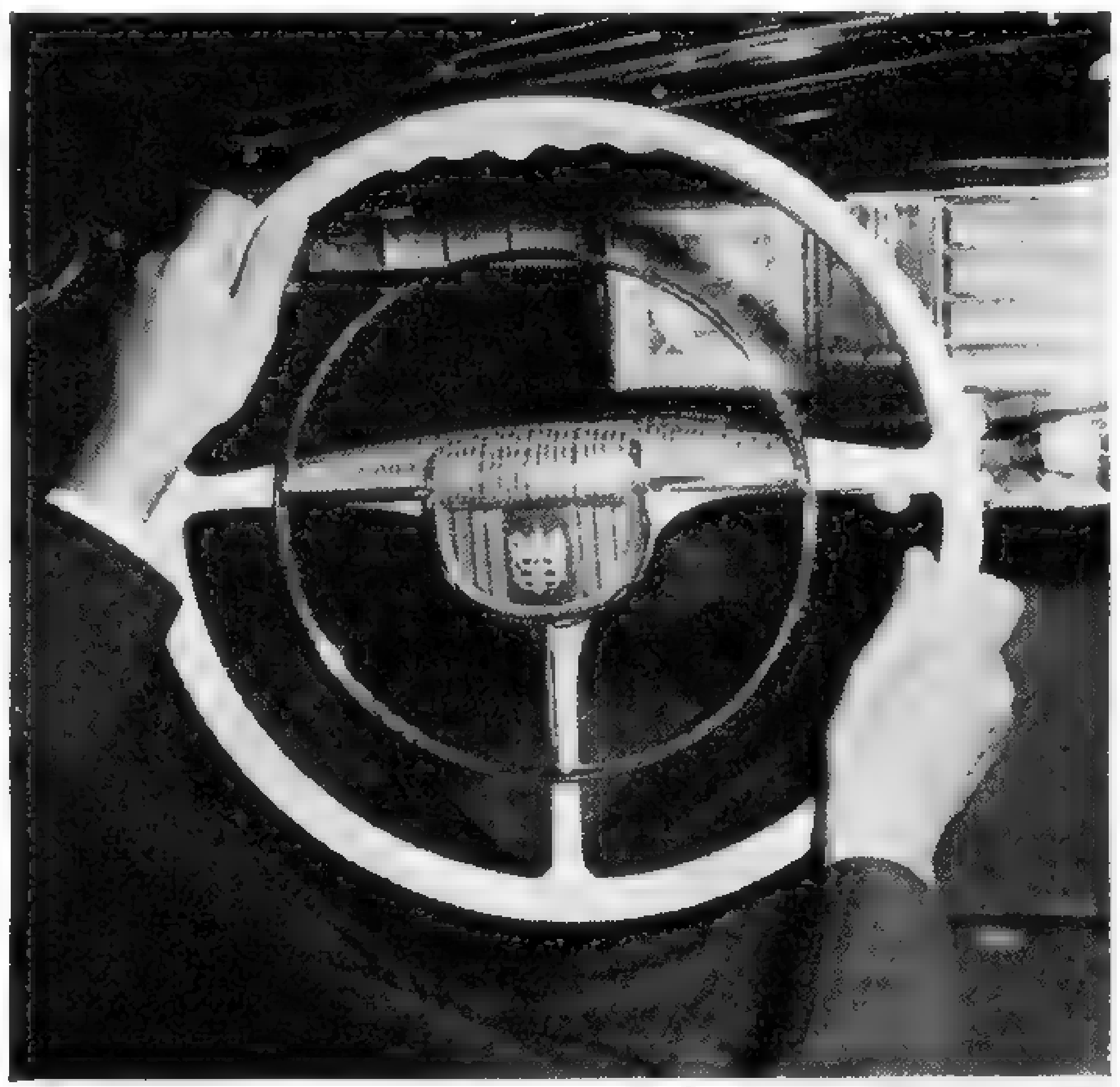
The night before I made the Lanier address I was one of the speakers at the Sports-Writers Professional Baseball Banquet. Over 1,000 men were in the room. I asked all the umpires in the room to stand, and then I remarked that although some high-court justices were behind the bars, and that years ago a few ballplayers had been proved guilty, in the entire history of the game not a single umpire had ever been even in a shade of suspicion. This is a remarkable fact, though I do not remember to have seen it mentioned elsewhere. In response to loud calls, Mr. W. J. Klem, Chief of Staff of National League Umpires, rose and made a fine speech. A day or two later, I received from him a letter in which he said truly "Forty years of actual work on the ball field have long since proven to me that B.B. Umpiring is the bulwark of our great national game." He is universally respected. Incidentally, radio announcers of baseball games are as a rule better than they or others are in football; because the latter yell so horribly that I cannot hear what they say and thus do not know what has happened. The famous English novelist, Rose Macaulay, said, in response to a question, that the best radio sports-announcers were those who were most "detached."

At the great dinner Commissioner Landis, James Farley, Mayor LaGuardia, Senator Mead, Sir Gerald Campbell, and many others spoke. Three baseball stars received plaques, which I will now record in rhyme.

Greenberg called Hank
Never has swank.

Reliable Ott
Hits out of the lot.

Joseph DiMaggio
Is never adagio. #



EWING KRAININ

Tricks of the Trade

Memo for Motorists

Ralph de Palma

There is only one best way of holding a steering wheel but surprisingly few drivers know what it is. The ideal technique was evolved by Ralph de Palma, famous speed king, in a career studded with more than 2,500 races. De Palma introduced, and the AAA endorses, the "ten-twenty" grip shown in the photograph—so called because the motorist's hands approximate twenty minutes after ten on the clock. It is the perfect grip for full control of the car at all times.

The grip affords greater power and leverage in case of a sharp turn in an emergency. It also eliminates the necessity of readjusting one's hands on the wheel with the attendant loss of that vital split second. And in the event of a blowout it provides an instantaneously secure grasp on the wheel with the left arm firmly braced against the door sill or arm rest. De Palma averaged ten blowouts a season and never once did he suffer an accident from this cause.

Another advantage of the "ten-twenty" grip is that it tends to force the body into an erect but relaxed position, making for greater alertness and counteracting fatigue. As an occasional restful variation, de Palma suggests switching to the "two-forty" grip—merely reversing the position of the hands.

THE DÜRER GIRL

Kodachromed by

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS PLATE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 157

CHAMPION
FLORNELL CHECKMATE

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING REPRINTS OF THIS FEATURE SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 157

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 57

founts of factual "inside" material.

* * *

If you run out of things to talk about develop your lungs and larynx discussing the prospects of the St. Louis Browns being moved to Los Angeles after the war.

Los Angeles has a population (1940 census) of 1,504,277. St. Louis, by the same authority, has 816,048.

St. Louis, even with the Cardinals putting on a winning show, is not a ball town to make club owners rich. But who ever heard of anybody getting humpbacked carrying receipts from the Los Angeles park to the bank?

However, you know as much about the St. Louis-Los Angeles situation as you do about post-war economic planning, so go to it.

* * *

The Baseball Writers' Association gatherings generally constitute the high spots of the hard roll winter banquet circuit.

Sockeroo entertainment of the ball writers' series of banquets was provided by Charley Grimm, manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, and Bob Lewis, traveling secretary of Chicago's Cubs, in a bar-room skit which headlined the Chicago scribes' show.

Lewis and Grimm hit for more laughs than Abbott and Costello. Their pantomime revived memories of high points of burlesque, Follies and Passing Show comedy. Ball writers and their guests scored an error in not giving Bob and Charley winter employment.

Army and Navy athletic officers viewing the Lewis and Grimm performance believed that kids at camps would laugh louder and longer at the baseball actors than at any other entertainment feature the lads have had presented at camps. The Grimm and Lewis routine, though completely unsmutty, is a drunk act, hence possibly would be condemned by professional hallelujah shouters as unfit for young crusaders whose laughs prior to the firing line must be strictly censored.

* * *

Howls at the United States Golf Association for abandoning its national championships during the war died down when the U. S. G. A. announced its Hale America Open tournament to be played at Ridgemoor Country Club, Chicago, on dates originally set for the 1942 National Open golf championship.

The Hale America event is for the benefit of the Red Cross. Entry fees for its numerous qualifying rounds are expected to exceed $50,000. Many who receive entry receipts probably will pay their money for the receipts as souvenirs without cluttering up courses during the qualifying rounds.

Joe Duffer with his 98 can pay his entry money and sit in the club bar and drink his qualifying round, very content in possession of a slip of paper to show his grandchildren that he once was entered in a national championship.

When the U. S. G. A. looked over the list of qualifiers in its 1941 amateur championship and saw that the majority of the young men, headed by the 1941 champion, Marvin (Bud) Ward, were in the Army or Navy, decision was made that a 1942 championship would not be a true comparative test of the game's amateur talent.

* * *

British sports raised $817,172 for the Red Cross in 1941. British sports affairs had contributed approximately $400,000 to the Red Cross in 1940. Lord Wigram, chairman of the sports Red Cross fund promotion and co-ordination committee, expected there would be a sharp drop in 1941.

Golf led in British Red Cross fund-raising last year, with $38,196. Billiards was second, with $35,404, and Greyhound racing third with $33,328.

Golf and billiards running one-two is surprising considering the comparatively small crowds drawn by these sports. The British Red Cross in 1941 received $26,884 from horse racing, $7,552 from football, and a tiny $400 from boxing. The latter sports, especially boxing, gave down well to other war relief organizations. Boxing raised large sums for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. One boxing tournament at Leeds, England (normal population 491,880) turned in a net profit of $20,800 to the R.A.F. fund.

Plans for a British featherweight title match between Nel Tarleton, 36-year-old champion, vs. Tom Smith, fell through to Smith's disappointment. He wanted his end of the purse for his regiment's prisoners-of-war fund. Smith returned from France via Dunkirk. Tarleton turned down the fight, claiming that his R.A.F. duties did not allow time for training.

Boxers in British armed forces must train in off-duty time.

* * *

F.D.R.'s historic letter to Landis recommending continuance of baseball contained a neat reminder of record income of workers. It was a forecast of good gates for spectator sports and big spending in participant sports provided equipment for the latter is adequately available.

Counter-balancing the record wages will be tire shortages and probable current consumption restrictions cutting down the bus travel and night play of minor league clubs. Factory shifts arranged to make use of daylight saving will have considerable effect on sports operations.

* * *

Baseball is looking for boy wonders to shine in minor leagues this season. Previously, even in the far, deep bushes, youngsters were promptly discarded unless they showed definite promise.

* * *

HOLD-OUT'S DIRGE

Much sadder than laments you've
oft heard before;
"When I asked more salary, they
mentioned the war."

* * *

Twenty-five of the 250 prints of the newest American League film, *The Ninth Inning*, are used exclusively for Army and Navy showings.

Army and Navy requests are given first call on the remainder of the films by Lew Fonseca, in charge of this outstanding job of sports propaganda.

* * *

The United States Lawn Tennis Association hopes that its junior development program soon will begin to yield top class talent. The program costs the U.S.L.T.A. $20,000 a year. It is additionally aided by tennis equipment manufacturers in assigning their staff stars to junior tennis clinics.

Pro tennis has taken all highest ranking players who have promise of box-office magnetism. It has been said that the commercial habits of numerous amateur tennis players made them quite susceptible to forthright mercenary propositions pour le sport. Such statements were confirmed by the U.S.L.T.A. action in scolding Bobby Riggs, Frank Kovacs and others for not adhering to the amateur code while playing reputedly as amateurs.

U.S.L.T.A. President Holcombe Ward has declared "our competition should be maintained on an amateur basis, and neither cash nor its equivalent in bonds or other securities should be awarded."

Mr. Ward's remark was timely. Neither cash nor its equivalent are in prospect except as good will offerings for amateur tennis players of the current crop. It may be a different story with the oncoming court kids, and amateur tennis again may present a colorful and competent cast.

* * *

Yanqui fellow citizens who had opportunity to meet young men and women of the South American swimming team, or to watch these youngsters in competition, were made believers in the ultimate genuine success of Pan-American solidarity. The South American athletes gave record-breaking competitive performances and conducted themselves in a manner that should be a model for contestants away from home in international competition.

Other foundation for belief that the Pan-American games during their session from November 21st to December 6th at Buenos Aires will definitely promote friendly relations appears in the statement of Francisco Borgonovo, treasurer of the Argentine Olympic Committee. Says Senor Borgonovo:

"Reports have reached us that your (United States Pan-American Games) committee plans to send only a limited number of your very best athletes because you are fearful were you to send a full delegation and thus win a majority of the events, that Pan-Americanism might suffer. We hope you will consider your decision since the other nations favor the sending of your greatest athletes in full number. The Pan-America idea will not suffer if your marvelous athletes succeed in winning a preponderant share of the victories. We sincerely believe that by competing with and against your representatives, the athletes of the other republics will benefit and improve."

If we match that spirit we can be proud of ourselves.

* * *

Whirlaway still has a chance to top Seabiscuit's record earnings of $437,730. As a 4-year-old Whirly can take his choice of 51 races from April through November, and at the $610,000 stakes scheduled for these events. The Calumet Farm's champion is $88,063 short of the mark Seabiscuit set when he was a 7-year-old.

* * *

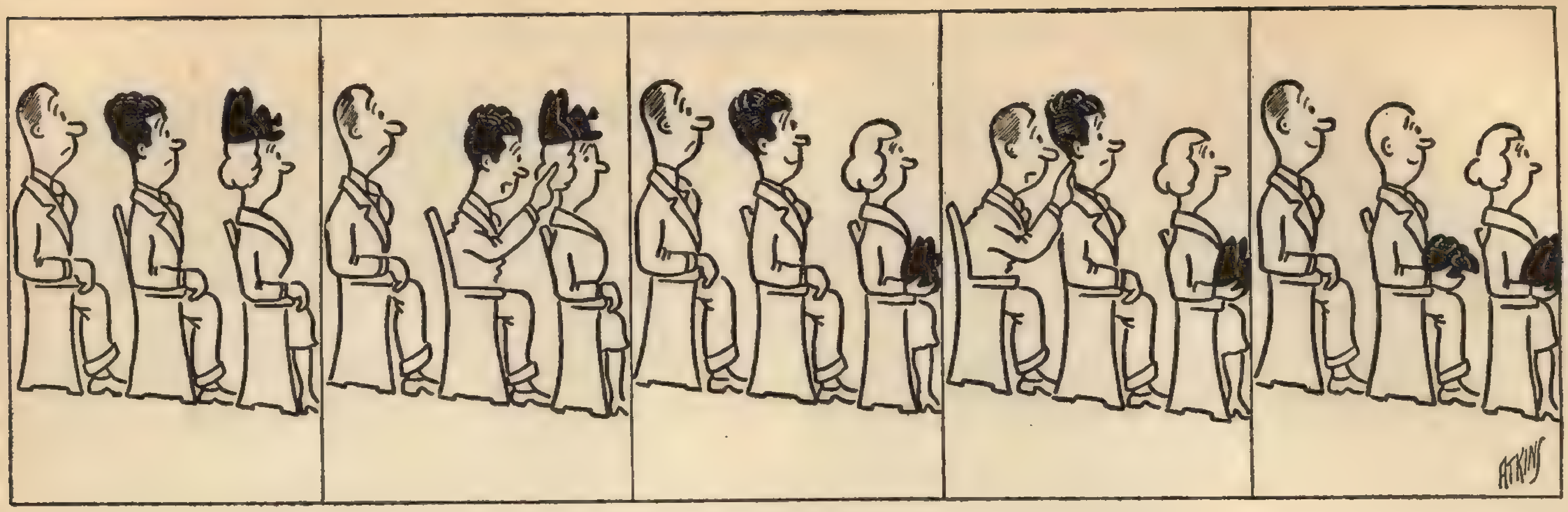
What other sports organizations have found it possible to spend their time as effectively as yachting groups have devoted themselves to national defense and offense training?

Fifteen-week courses in navigation, piloting and seamanship are being sponsored by the United States Power Squadrons, United States Coast Guard Auxiliary (a non-military branch of the Coast Guard), Great Lakes Cruising Club, Lake Michigan Yachting Association and other organizations of sailors.

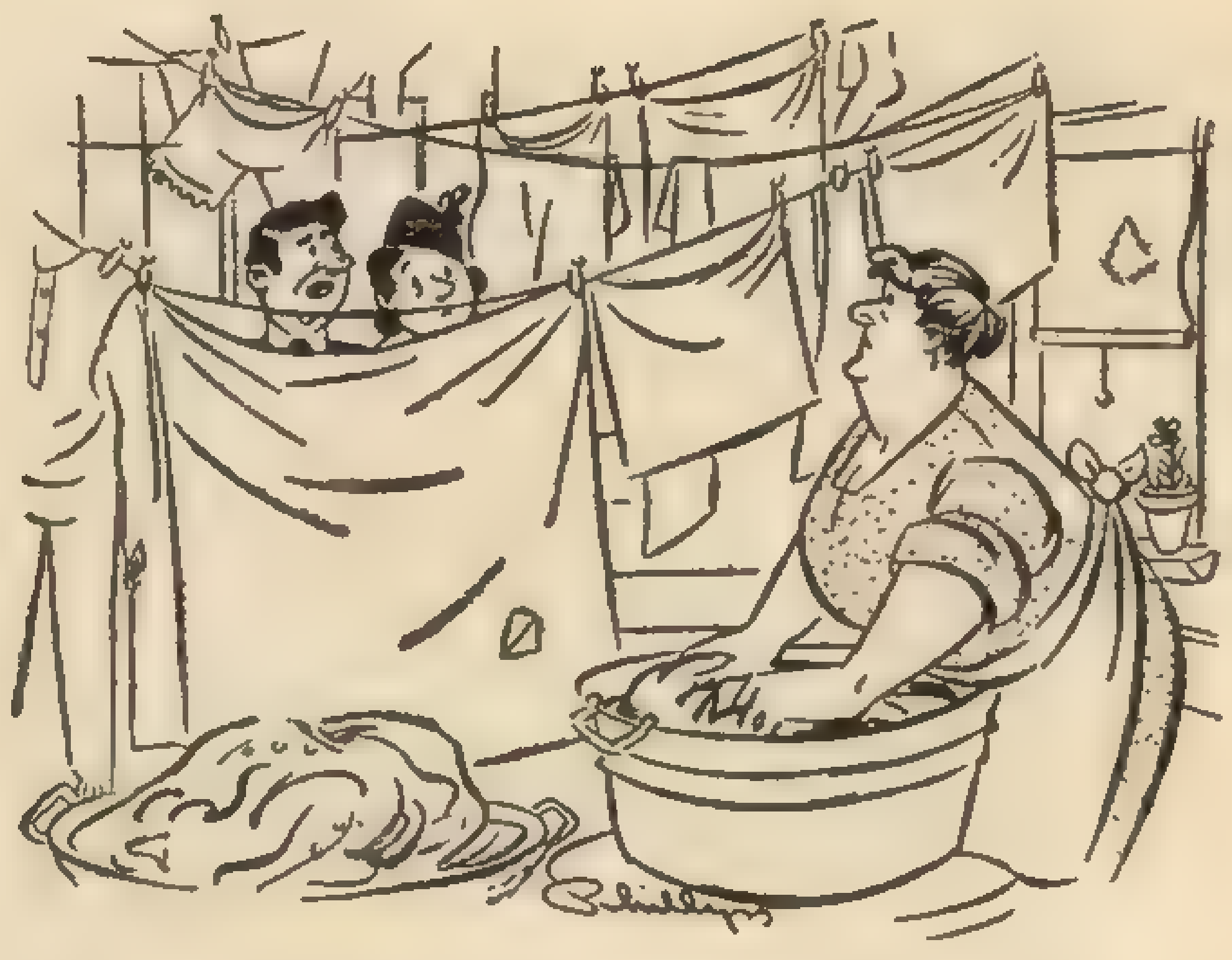
Smooth-haired Fox Terrier

CHAMPION FLORNELL CHECKMATE owned by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Farrell, Jr. "Found wherever the English language is spoken," is the proud boast of the Smooth Fox Terrier, an ancient breed whose more important ancestors were undoubtedly the Bull Terrier, the Greyhound, the Beagle and the Black & Tan. Bred with a purpose, the breed was first classified, "Sporting." Its work had been to encourage, in no uncertain terms, the fox to leave the refuge taken when the hounds were too close. The Smooth's keen nose, fine eyesight and staying powers made him adept at this work. He still can "go to work" with little training and many a Smooth's owner brags about his hunting prowess. The original Fox Terrier standard, drawn up in 1876, holds today excepting for weight. He should be as long as he is high with a flat, narrow skull, long muzzle and very little stop. An English writer says: "A real Smooth should be strong and gay, with a brave wise way with him in the fields and at home."

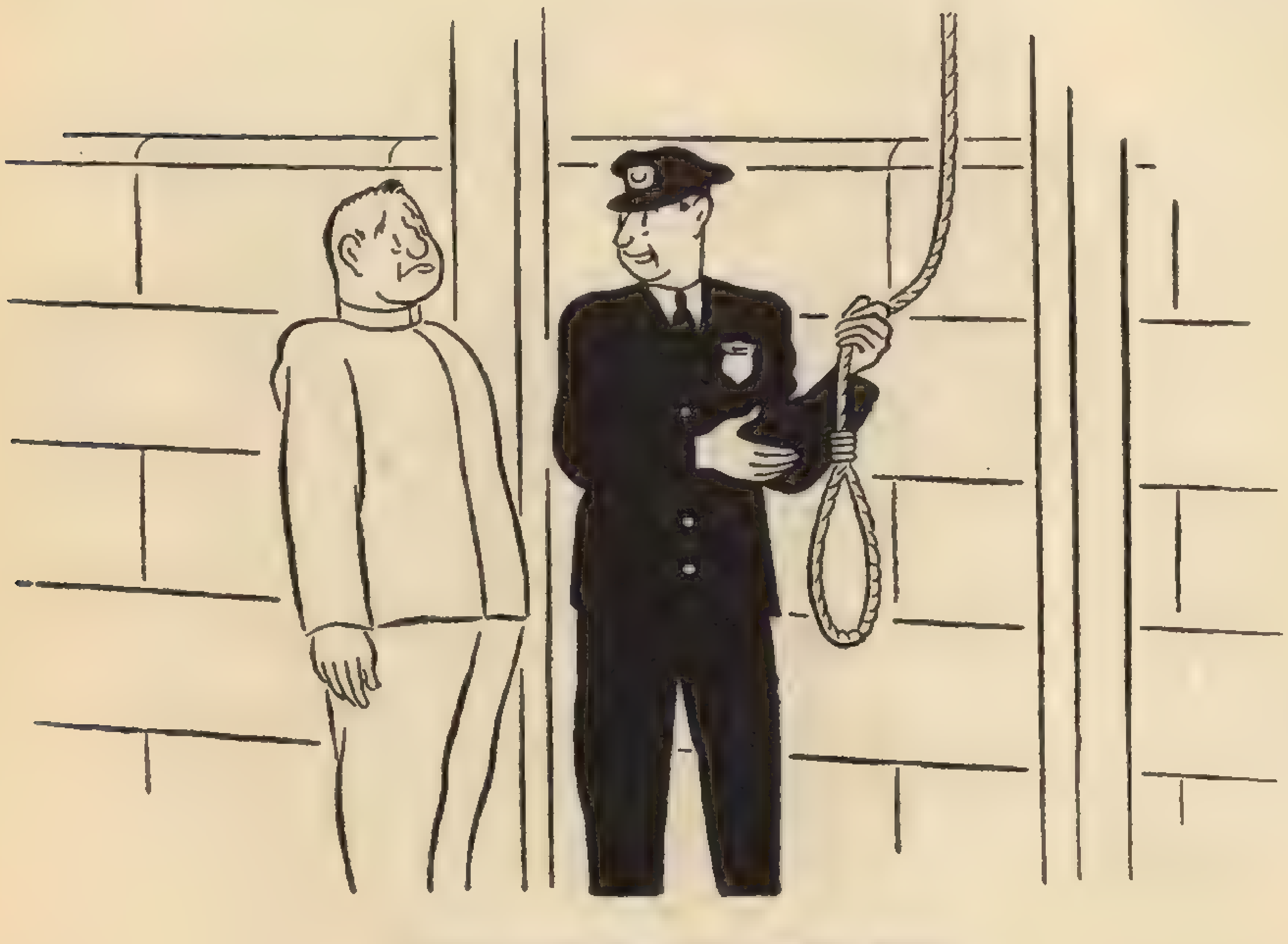
—CHASE HERENDEEN



Glamora Grundy:
Rumored to be engaged on Monday,
Denied it on Tuesday,
Changed mind on Wednesday,
Said: "Nothing in it," on Thursday,
Confirmed it on Friday,
Contradicted it on Saturday,
Had us all bored to tears by Sunday.

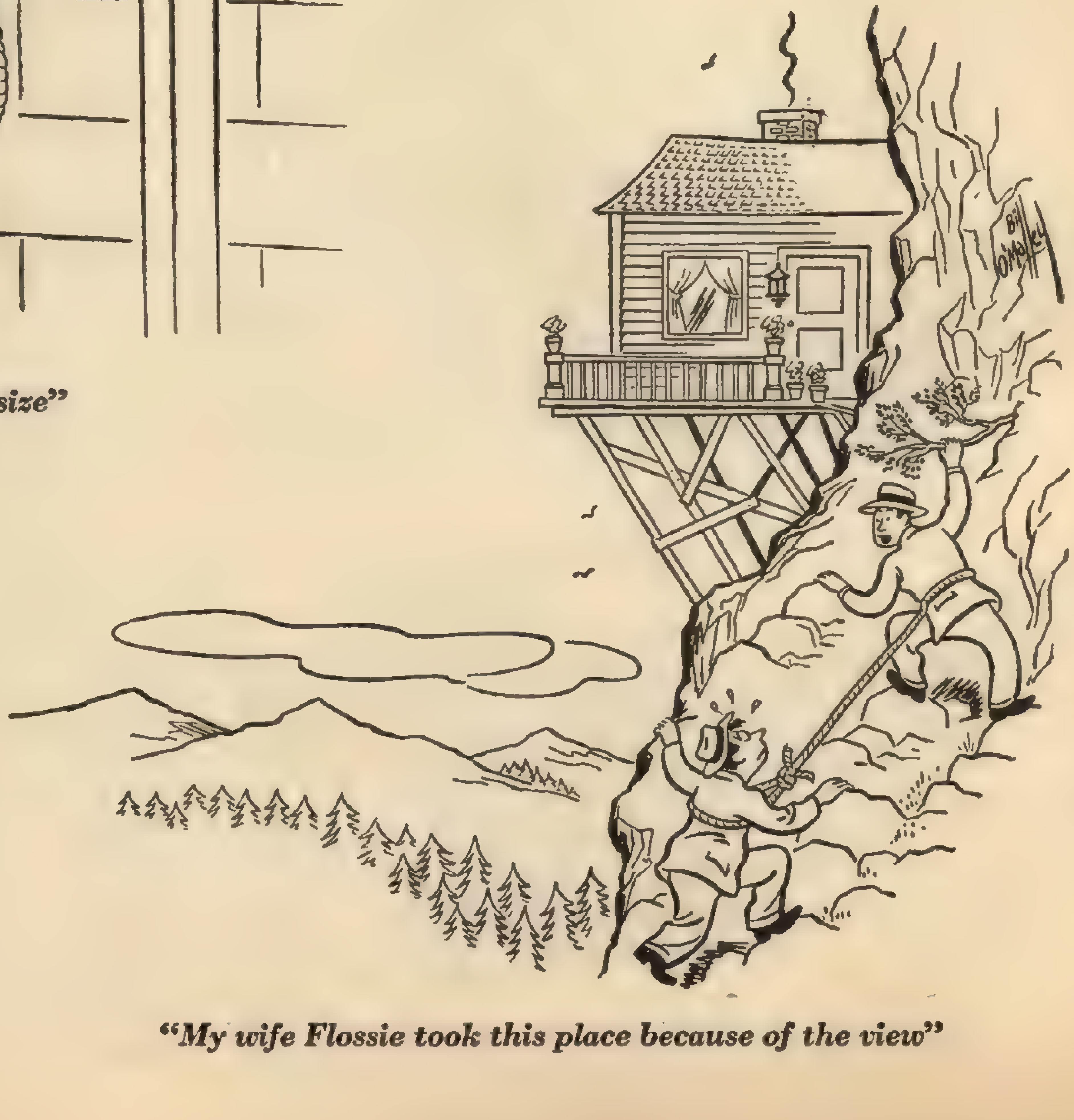


"Mind if I show the apartment?"



"Let's just slip this on for size"

"How'd you make out with Sue last night?"
"Lousy. She was all-out for defense."



"My wife Flossie took this place because of the view"

The New Fishing Technique

Continued from page 49

for several years. When the lake was first opened to anglers the owner charged a small fee for fishing privileges and also rented boats. For a while the owner waxed prosperous as huge catches were made by the bait fishermen. The bullheads were taken on night crawlers and angle worms, while the perch and pickerel fell victim to pork strips skittered along the surface at the end of long bamboo poles. Finally the lake apparently became fished out, but the fact of the matter was that due to the heavy concentration of fishermen on the very small body of water, the fish had become educated. One day a friend and I decided to try our spinning outfits on the erudite pickerel. Using weighted spinner flies, we landed eighteen pickerel in less than three hours, returning to the water all except four of the largest which we wanted to photograph. We also put business on the upswing for the pond owner as news of our catch soon spread. However, only very few fish were taken thereafter by the bait slingers, while we continued to take from ten to twenty fish every time we chose to forsake trout fishing for a day with the voracious gangsters of the weeds.

And then there was that hot August evening on a mountain lake. The water was glassy and the smallmouth bass were rising steadily along the weed fringed shore. Every time we would approach within the range of our flyrods to present our floating bass bugs, we would put the fish down. Our bait rods were no more successful as the bass were feeding on flies and bugs and the splash of our heavy plugs on the waveless surface only scared them. That time, too, the spinning outfit came to the front for us. We needed fish for the camp table as much as we wanted the sport, and the spinner meant the difference between salt pork and fillet of bass for breakfast. We paddled back to camp that night with six bass weighing from two to four pounds, and all were taken on three-pound test-braided nylon line. That was my first experience in taking fish heavier than the breaking test of the line used.

The only opportunity that I have had to try the spinning outfit in salt water came last summer off the southern coast of Maine. Three of us rented a boat at York Harbor and were lucky enough to tie into a school of small mackerel and a run of snapper blues. Both species are scrappers to the last ditch.

This new fishing technique should add something to the sport of every angler. The dyed-in-the-wool purist may still use his feathers and experience the thrill of taking larger fish than he ever creeled before on lighter tackle. The plug caster can use his same tried and true lures, albeit lighter and smaller models, and cast greater distances with a minimum of effort. The action of the longer, lighter rod will give him the benefit of greater fish resistance, and at the same time the slipping clutch of the reel will correct his mistakes, such as horsing a fish along too rapidly. With a slipping clutch it just can't be done, and a fish must be thoroughly played out before it can be maneuvered into the net. The live bait addict will be able to reach hitherto inaccessible holes, and he will soon realize the greater pleasure in playing a fish.

It is my honest opinion that the art of spinning is going to revolutionize the sport of angling. It is going to convert many from fishermen to anglers. ##

F. D. R.'s Mystery Man

Continued from page 47

Service which supplies the items for short-wave broadcasts.

Dr. Baxter, Sherwood, and Poynter, typify the splendid high type of patriotic, competent associates whom Donovan has gathered about him in tackling the COI's tremendous task. As President of Williams College, Dr. Baxter has long been recognized as one of the nation's leading educators. Robert E. Sherwood, who headquarters in New York for Colonel Donovan, is one of America's most distinguished playwrights while Nelson Poynter has been a successful newspaper editor and publisher. John Ford, one of Hollywood's great directors, is also connected with the COI.

That Colonel Donovan is able to attract such talented personages to his staff and work in complete harmony with them as he carries out confidential advisory missions with the President is ample evidence of his own ability, resourcefulness and leadership qualities. Son of an Irish-American politician, Donovan comes naturally by the traditional Hibernian trait of knowing and getting along admirably with all kinds of people. He can discern exactly when to blarney and when to bully. As the Irish say, "Shure, the man has a rough as well as a smooth side to his tongue."

Another noticeable Irish characteristic of Donovan is the practice of answering one question with another. When an over-inquisitive person probes him on a subject which he does not want to discuss, the Colonel will inquire of him "What do you think?" Before the interrogator is aware of it, Donovan has him doing the talking while the Colonel guides the conversation away from the tabooed topic. The Colonel is a master at cross-examining both in and out of court. He is such a bland operator that most people are unable to hide anything from him. He is always so understanding and sympathetic that few people even try to hide anything from him.

The Colonel rarely gets excited or rattled. In adverse situations he is unusually calm and resolute. The official citation with the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery near Landres and St. George, France, October, 1918, states that Donovan: "moved erect from place to place in full view of the enemy, reorganized and heartened the men. As spurts of dust went around him and shells broke in the vicinity, 'See', he said, 'they can't hit me and they won't hit you.'

"Officers and men of this battalion say it would have been impossible for them to make the advance they did had it not been for the cool resolution, indifference to danger, and personal leadership of Colonel Donovan. It is the general opinion that his conduct on this occasion was of the highest type of courage witnessed by anybody in this regiment during the four major actions in which it had been engaged."

In July, 1918, Donovan got the Distinguished Service Cross for leading his men across the River Ourcq. For his bravery in the Baccarat sector during the same period and in the Meuse Argonne offensive of October, the Colonel received the Distinguished Service Medal. France made him a member of the Legion of Honor and gave him the Croix de Guerre with palm and star. Italy also tendered him the decoration of Croci di Guerra.

The Colonel was wounded three times. In fact, Donovan exposed himself so often to enemy fire that his closest friend, the late Father Duffy, famous chaplain of the Fighting Sixty-Ninth, always maintained that the Colonel was more like a Civil War than a World War Commander. The heroic record of the Sixty-Ninth was exploited recently by Hollywood in a motion picture. Pat O'Brien played the role of Father Duffy while George Brent was Donovan.

Several years before the outbreak of World War I, Donovan organized a cavalry troop in Buffalo and joined it up with the New York State National Guard. Within six months, he was its Captain, and went with it to the Mexican Border fracas. When the World War started, Captain Donovan wanted to get into the first division to go overseas. He did. From Captain, he became Assistant Chief of Staff of the 27th Division of the A.E.F. Donovan was Major, then Brigade-Adjutant, of the 51st Brigade. Later, he requested to be transferred to the 165th (Famous Fighting 69th), and then advanced, before the War ended, to Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel.

Coming home after the War, Colonel Donovan entered politics. He was candidate for Lieutenant Governor of New York in 1922 on the Republican ticket headed by Governor Nathan L. Miller. Democrat Alfred E. Smith snowed them both under in the election. From 1922-24, the Colonel was U. S. District Attorney for the Western District of New York. In 1924, Donovan made the speech notifying Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., that he had been nominated for Governor of New York on the Republican ticket. Again, Al Smith repeated his avalanche act over the G.O.P. candidate. On January 13, 1925, President Coolidge named Donovan as Assistant Attorney General of the United States and the Senate confirmed the nomination. He remained in the service of that office until 1929, when he resigned.

In April, 1929, Donovan was named as counsel to represent three New York Bar Associations in an investigation of bankruptcy abuses. Four days later, United States Attorney General Mitchell demanded the resignation of W. A. DeGrott as United States Attorney in Brooklyn. The New York *American* said that this was the result of a secret investigation by Colonel Donovan.

When Hoover was President back in the early nineteen thirties Repeal of the Eighteenth Amend-

Continued on page 106

Facts Popular Song Writers Never Face (If They Want to Eat)

1. Psychologists have so far been unable to discover any direct correlation between the charm and lovableness of a small boy and the amount of dirt on his face.

2. Most Negroes, exactly like most white people, don't invariably grin and chortle when things go wrong, but, if they go wrong enough, are apt to show definite certain signs of displeasure including the pout, the frown, the scowl and the fierce scowl.

3. The moon is a cold, vegetationless uninhabited planet several hundred thousand miles away from this earth—even in January, February, June and July.

F. D. R.'s Mystery Man

Continued from pages 47-105

ment was one subject which all ambitious Republicans veered away from because both the administration and the party were officially dry. However, Donovan as early as September, 1930, was a crusading wet and was repeatedly urging the G.O.P. in his native state of New York for Repeal.

In 1932, Donovan had his greatest political opportunity. He was nominated as the Republican Candidate for Governor of New York. His Democratic opponent was Herbert Lehman, then Lieutenant Governor, who was being supported in his gubernatorial campaign by two former governors, Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, then running for his first term as President. In spite of this terrific opposition in a normally Democratic State, the Republican Colonel staged a ding-dong whirlwind campaign. While Hoover ducked and pussyfooted on the Repeal issue in the national Republican campaign of 1932, Donovan in his gubernatorial fight said unqualifiedly that he was for Repeal and for return of liquor control to the states.

As a candidate, the Colonel went to see the Princeton-Columbia football game at Baker Field, recalled his playing days at Columbia. Veterans rallied to his support. Former President Coolidge came out of retirement to speak for and with him at a Madison Square Garden rally. Donovan went across New York State with an auto caravan, spoke at street corners and public squares along the way. At Jamestown, New York, he took military command of his campaign party, ordering all members, including a dozen newspapermen, to rise early and exercise with a medicine ball.

In practically every speech of this campaign, Donovan uncorked some very powerful punches at his present chief, F.D.R., Lehman, Al Smith, and the entire rank and file of the Democratic Party. However, as usual, Roosevelt, Lehman and Smith did not take the Colonel's verbal broadsides lying down. This great politically-wise and popular trio responded vigorously, particularly Al Smith. In 1932, Smith was very anxious to see his friend, Lehman, elected. Hence, Al devoted most of his efforts in the election to going after Donovan. The Colonel's strategy of having local demonstrations around the state was exactly the kind of a fight which Smith loved. Oldsters around New York will tell you that Al was never in finer fettle than when he followed Donovan around the state that year and bombarded him with smashing Smith sarcasm. A typical example was when Al would repeatedly interpret Donovan's nickname of "Wild Bill" as originating because of the Colonel's alleged habit of making so many wild statements in his campaign speeches.

Despite the heavy verbal barrage sent up by Smith, Lehman and Roosevelt, Donovan campaigned colorfully and stubbornly right up to the end. 'Twas a bitter end for the Colonel. Lehman and Roosevelt landslided into office. Donovan didn't even carry his home county of Erie.

Since his defeat in 1932, Colonel Donovan has divided his time between practicing law and going on long, fact-finding trips abroad. He was in Spain when the Germans, Italians and Russians were testing out their weapons in the Civil War there, and in Ethiopia when Marshal Badoglio was being hailed as a second Caesar. On these trips, the Colonel made minute observations on the various types of mechanized strategy and noted the tricks of the propagandists and the Fifth Columnists.

His system of dropping a lucrative law practice suddenly and darting off on a foreign mission started way back in 1916 when Donovan accepted an assignment from the Rockefeller Foundation to go to Berlin. The Foundation endeavored to alleviate the sufferings of the starving women and children in Poland by arranging the transport of milk and other emergency foods. Donovan accomplished what the Foundation wanted in about half the time that it was expected he would. On this mission, Donovan diligently studied both French and German, because he felt in a short while the United States would be at war with Germany.

The Colonel was born on New Year's Day, 1883, in the good Buffalo Irish Catholic family of Timothy P. and Anna (Lennon) Donovan. The father, Tim Donovan, was a railroad yardmaster and a well-known Republican party leader in Erie County. The family finances were modest and the two Donovan boys had to make their own way through school and college. And they did, too—very successfully. Vincent, the brother to Bill, became a Dominican Friar and an authority on religious art and history. Besides earning his own tuition and board through Columbia University, Young Bill managed to play football and row on the crew. He took his AB in 1905 and his LLB in 1907 from Columbia. Three other universities, Niagara in 1919, Notre Dame in 1929 and Syracuse in 1931, have awarded him honorary degrees.

Following his graduation in 1907, Donovan immediately began the practice of law in Buffalo. Today, the law firm of Donovan, Leisure, Newton and Lombard has a staff comprising more than fifty lawyers and its New York office occupies two floors at No. 2 Wall Street.

In 1914, Donovan married Ruth Rumsey, Buffalo socialite. The Donovans have two children—David Rumsey Donovan and Patricia Donovan, and have homes both in Buffalo and New York City. In Buffalo, their residence is on the town's swanky Delaware Avenue, while in New York, it is a duplex apartment on Beekman Place, overlooking the East River. Both the Donovans are voracious readers. The Colonel reads at least three books per week and Mrs. Donovan's average is not very far behind. The classics hold a great fascination for Donovan, who is a Latin scholar. Mrs. Donovan's especial hobby is landscape painting. For people of prominence and substance, the Donovan's live rather quietly. Their entertaining is usually confined to small parties.

A stickler for keeping in shape physically, the Colonel arises at seven o'clock every morning, without fail. He loves good food and drink, yet he eats sparingly and imbibes but little. His well-built, erect, military figure testifies to his ability to stand the strain of long trips and terrific grind which his job as Co-ordinator of Information demands. A stickler also is Colonel Wild Bill Donovan for the preservation of the American way of living and fair play among the nations of the world. To help achieve these aims, the Colonel in the past has repeatedly risked his own life on the battlefield in his country's uniform, given generously of his valuable time and services.

Today, Wild Bill is again courageously carrying on in the same splendid Donovan fashion against those enemies of ours who would destroy our way of life and create havoc the world over. Soldier and gentleman always, Colonel William Joseph Donovan is truly worthy of that high personal confidence so necessary to being his Commander-in-Chief's "Mystery Man." ⧻

NATURE NOTES: THE HOUSE FLY

by JOHN ROLFE

Behold his light love-making on
My desk. Diminutive Don Juan,
Although my conscious will objects,
I envy you in some respects!

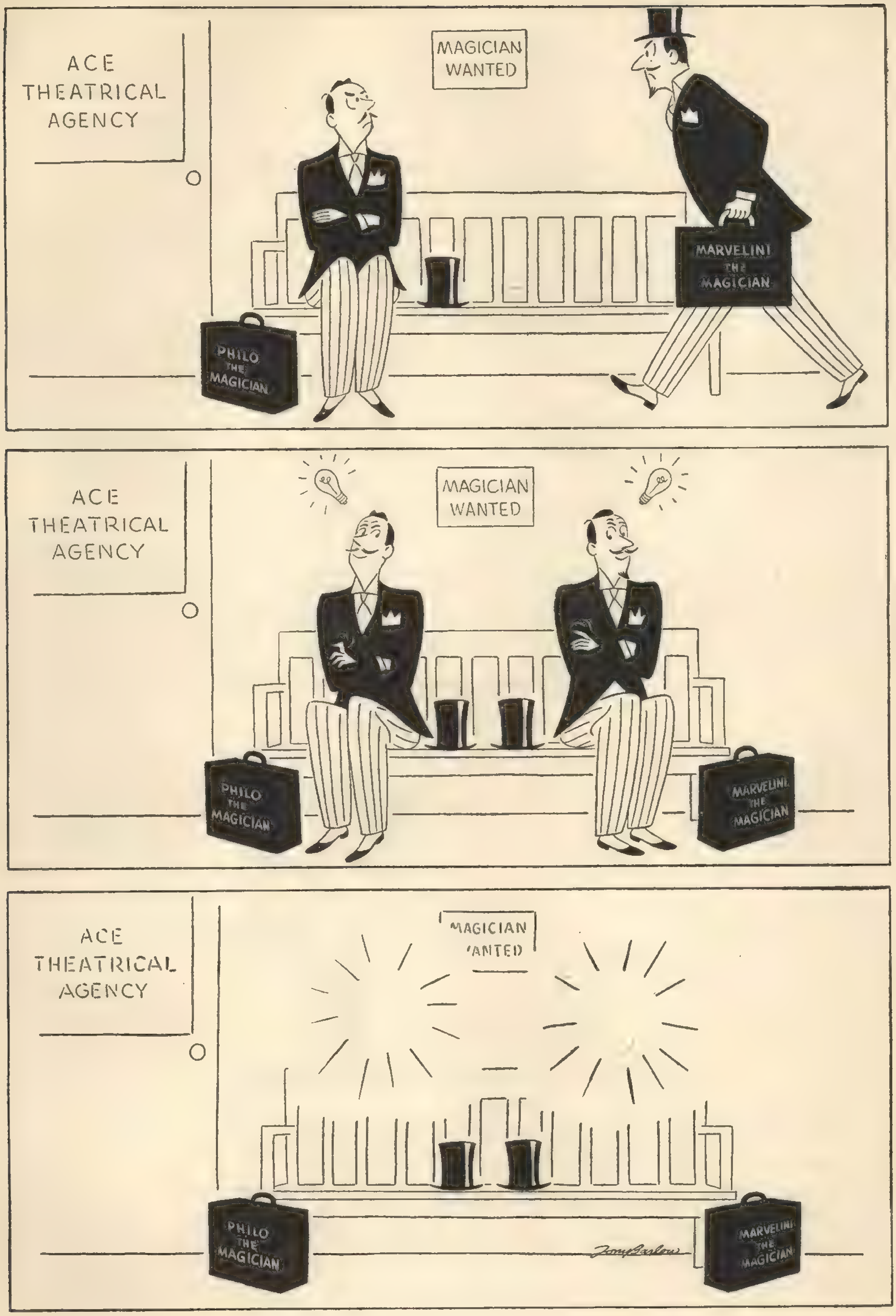
With naught of conscience to deter,
You spot a mate, make love to her,
Then nonchalantly flitter on—
Oh, dear diminutive Don Juan!

What spice to your erotic whims!
Not merely two—six shapely limbs
Your lover has! The light you prize
Shines in some hundred pairs of eyes!

And that sweet vision you caress
Wears for its sole and only dress
Two gauzy wings—what joy I'd gain
If my love dressed in cellophane!

But revelation's not for me,
Nor multiple felicity,
Nor amorous abandon, Ah,
My dear Musca Domestica,

If you should feel an evil fate
Has cast you small and me so great,
Reflect, wee friend, and realize
Men are less fortunate than flies!


ACE THEATRICAL AGENCY
MAGICIAN WANTED
PHILO THE MAGICIAN
MARVELINI THE MAGICIAN
ACE THEATRICAL AGENCY
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ACE THEATRICAL AGENCY
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MARVELINI THE MAGICIAN

“G’s” in the Jaws of Japan

Continued from page 74

bomber in flight. This cumulative speed was called “the acceleration of gravity” . . . and symbolized by the letter “g.”

There is also such a thing as a terminal velocity: i.e., the point at which any further gain in speed is offset by the increase in wind resistance. From that point on, the falling speed is constant.

One fact should hover over these phenomena like an illuminated parachute: the fact that a bomb, dropped from a high altitude, takes so long to reach the ground that much manny-palaver can go on during the process.

A bomb dropped from 12,000 feet takes a full thirty seconds to reach terra firma. Now, if the plane from which it is dropped is skimming along at, say 240 miles an hour . . . the bomb will also be given a forward motion of 352 feet a second, for each second it falls. Patch all these figures together, and you will note that the bomb will land about 10,000 feet past the point at which it was released. That is, *if* . . .

The “if” has to deal with cross winds. If the air is still, the above figure holds true. But suppose you have a forty mile cross wind. What then? More deviation, which has to enter into the initial computation. Suppose the target moves, or zig-zags? Again more trouble.

Dive bombing, on the other hand, tackles the trouble at its source. You aim your whole plane at what you want to hit, tighten your stomach muscles, hold your breath . . . and plunge! If the target moves, you change the angle of the dive. If wind pressure tends to force you aside, you correct for it in the dive.

Then . . . when it looks as though you are going to ram right through the target, you release your bombs, and pull out. The bomb keeps going . . . in an almost straight line; and you, if you’re lucky, turn back toward your base . . . to get your lunch, or shoot it.

One of the pilot’s chief problems in diving is to sense the so-called “g” effect against the stick, and effect recovery from his dive before he bounces off the ground. “G,” as we have seen, stands for the acceleration of gravity—and if his acceleration exceeds five “g’s,” or five times the normal gravity acceleration, he is liable to put his hand down and pick up his floating kidneys.

So-called blackout effects often occur when the “g” factor scoots past five. The blood in the pilot’s head then seems to acquire an individuality and a personality of its own, and flees from his weary brain . . . as if inspired by the subtleties and logic of the Einstein theory.

It is generally held that a pull-out at 5 “g’s,” under the usual conditions, is all that a man made of the traditional flesh and blood can stand. The effect of gravity, at that moment, is to encourage the pilot’s blood and vital organs to continue on their downward path—after the bomb—while the rest of him sails blithely on, like Mr. Shelley’s skylark.

At this moment, blood is drained from the areas above the heart, distending all blood vessels in the nether regions. And the organs in which blood naturally pulses its carefree way have a momentary bank holiday. Vision blackens out; the brain gets actually as dry as it sometimes seems to be.

To offset the dangers concomitant with ill-timed lapses into subconscious revery, the Stukas were equipped with automatic pull-out mechanisms, which raised the elevators of the plane mechanically—at the moment of bomb release.

Little has been written about dive bombing, because most of the data now available is in the nature of a military secret.

Facts relative to the optimum height for beginning dives, specifications for dive angles, and the safety margin for the pull-out, not only vary with each type of bomber now in use—but are in most cases shrouded in the haze of official hush-hush.

Some of the general procedures can be sketched, roughly, in passing. Take, for example, the matter of dive angle. The ideal dive, obviously, would be a completely vertical one, descending on the target like a plummet. The danger here lies in the fact that an adverse gust of wind might tip the plane over on its back—making recovery a job for the salvage squad. The pilot thus would follow his own bomb in a morbid game of hare and hounds.

On the other hand, the flatter the diving angle, the closer the trajectory problems will approach those of level-flight bombing. In other words, the flatter the dive, the better the chance for going home empty handed—or not getting home at all.

In order to check the speed of descent at acute angles, and to minimize the belly-aches of the “g” effect, air brakes are now built into dive bombers. The ones on the Stukas, about which we can talk—without fear of giving anything more than offense to the enemy—have been so designed as to limit the rate of descent to a maximum speed of 340 m.p.h.

Directly after the bomb is released, a dive bomber is a dead-ringer for any Boy Scout who happens to be handy with his BB gun. The plane has almost lost its forward acceleration, and is climbing as rapidly as possible. The pilot is half unconscious, and thinking of little more than sweet sleep and quiet dreaming.

If he expects to get back to his base unpunctured, it is necessary for him to plan his getaway, as well as his approach and attack. One scheme is to approach into the sun, so that when the dive is completed, the plane climbs up directly into the blinding light. Pursuit planes and anti-aircraft gunners will then mistake the ship for sun spots or a stormy petrel.

Low-hanging clouds are also helpful in screening both attack and escape. The pilot stays above the clouds while approaching, darting below only occasionally to keep in line with his objective. At the proper moment, he plummets down from his cumulus screen, points straight for the target, pulls out—then races off like the keystone cops in the old silents.

Dive bombing was not made for armchair strategists. Each attack is an individual problem. If only light anti-aircraft fire exists, the pilot can approach at around 9,000 feet. If fire seems to be heavy, or is expected to be heavy, an altitude of at least 20,000 is required before the dive is begun. Wind speed and wind direction, the angle of the sun to the target, and the possibilities for cloud cover, have to be evaluated before the plunge.

Generally, it is desirable to make the attack into the wind—so that errors can be corrected without fear of over-shooting. On the other hand, if a target is moving, it is preferable to dive in the direction of the target’s motion—forgetting about the wind.

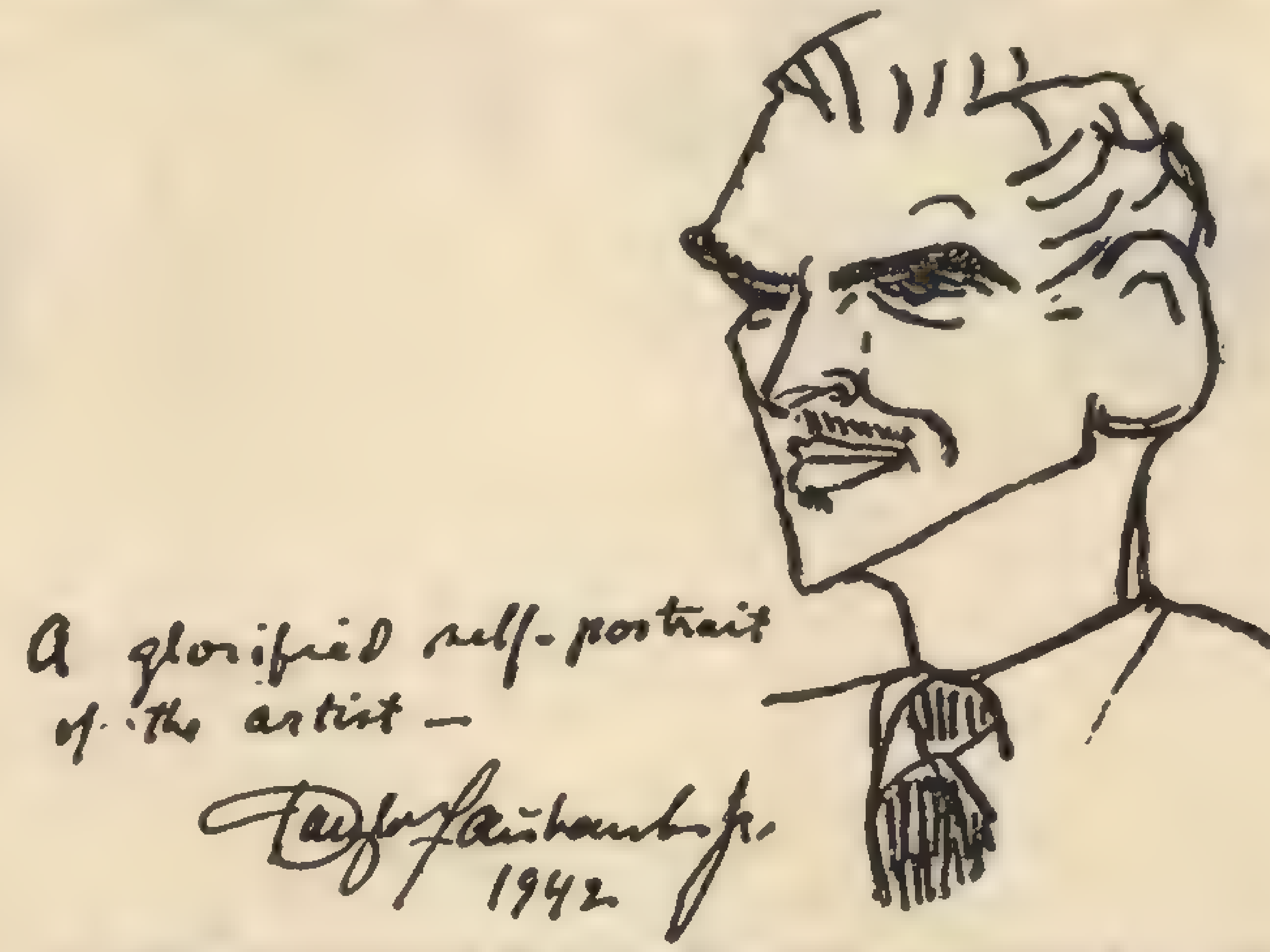
Sometimes, again, when enemy fire is too heavy, a compromise has to be drawn with the protective cloaks offered by sun and clouds.

It’s too early, as yet, to predict anything about the future of the dive bomber. It came into our midst as an unbidden guest. But, like The Man Who Came to Dinner, it is probably going to be with us for a long, long time.

Experience has proved it useless without adequate fighter support—but devastatingly dangerous and effective when unopposed from the air. Its most logical classification, perhaps, is “winged artillery.”

So far, its teeth have been bared chiefly against battleships, transports, and troop concentrations. Whether these teeth will soon be bridled by more effective types of anti-aircraft fire, or more motile fighter plane defenses; or whether we’re in for a period of plainer and more fancy diving, remains to be seen.

This column, meanwhile, will crouch in a dugout . . . while high deeds are done at Pnom-Penh, and fuel oil dies of grieving. ☩


a glorified self-portrait
of the artist —
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
1942

A Portrait of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

By Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Prime Tendency: Getting on a horse and, to borrow a couple of phrases, riding off in all directions with one foot on a cloud and the other on a banana peel.

Sample Directions: Writing (with more than 50 published stories and articles cluttering up the public prints); politics (attempting to make speeches, propose multiple solutions for the nation’s and the world’s ills, forays to foreign parts); trying to act, produce, et al.

Consuming Desire: As an officer in the U. S. Navy, in active service at sea, to help blast the Japs and Germans out of the water and the sky—and to help blast the Italians out of ports.

Chief Abhorrence: Writing and sketching this self-portrait.

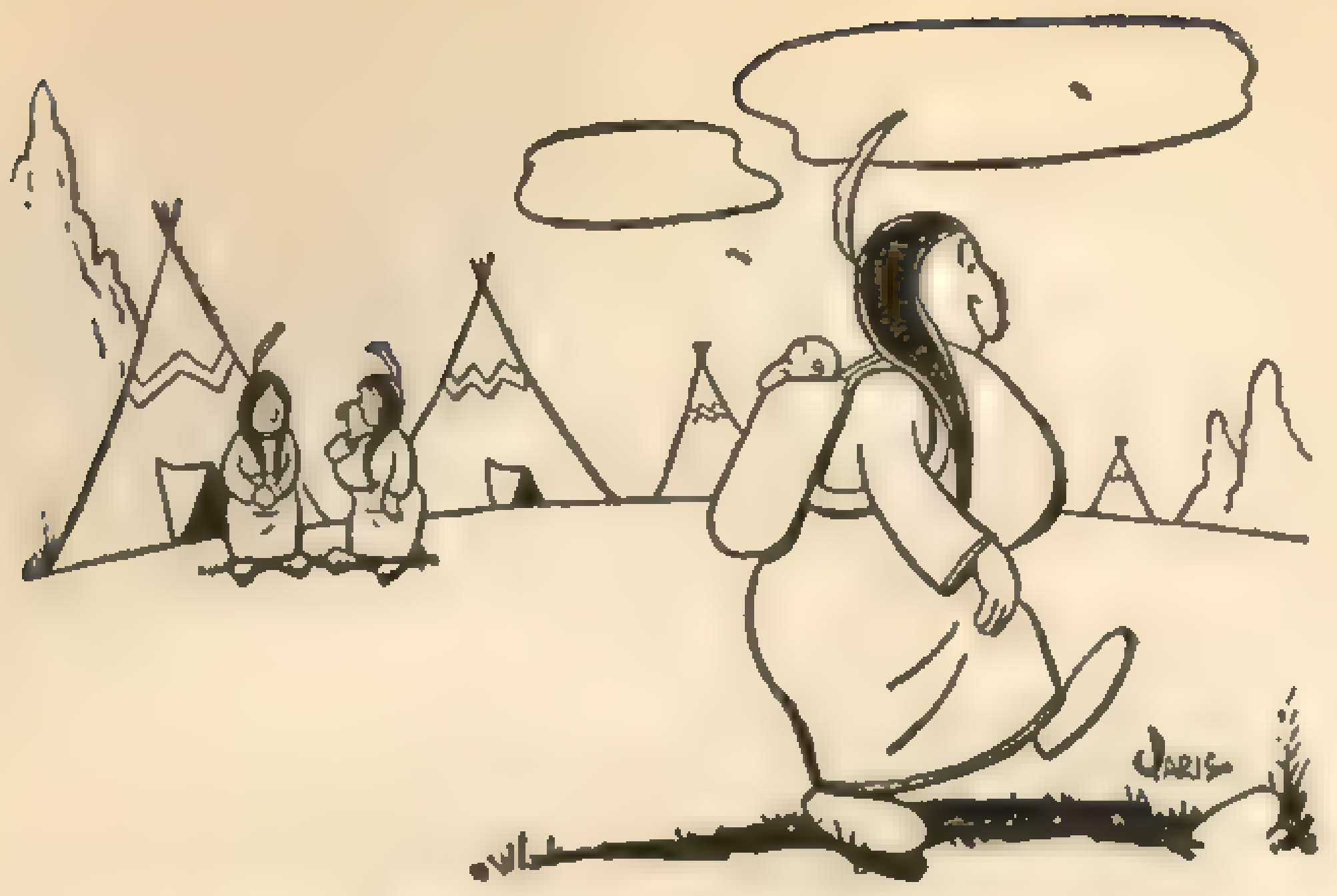
Principal Phobias: Claustro and submarines.

Incidental Disabilities: Complete mathematical moron; abominable dancer, being utterly unable to keep time and make conversation simultaneously.

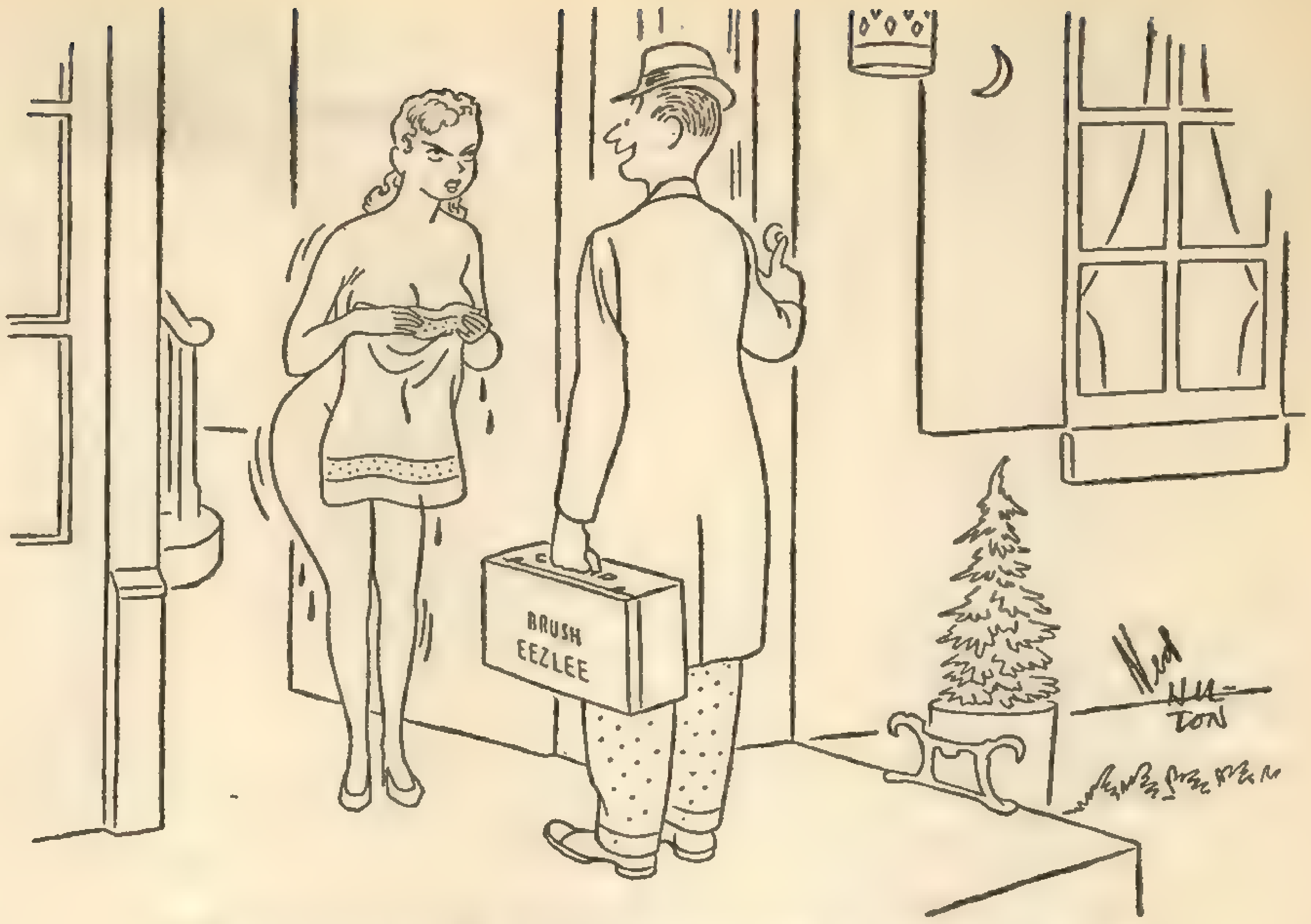
Most Coveted Quality: LaGuardia’s energy.

Favorite Extravagance: Subscriptions to five times as many magazines and newspapers as it is humanly possible to read.

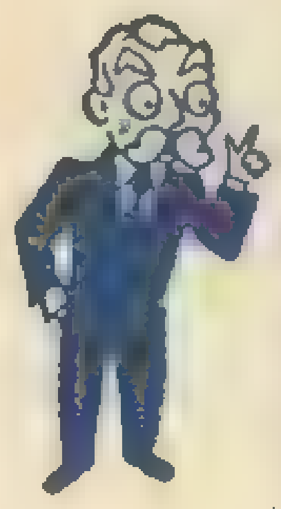
Favorite Fairbanks, Jr. Movie: The next one.



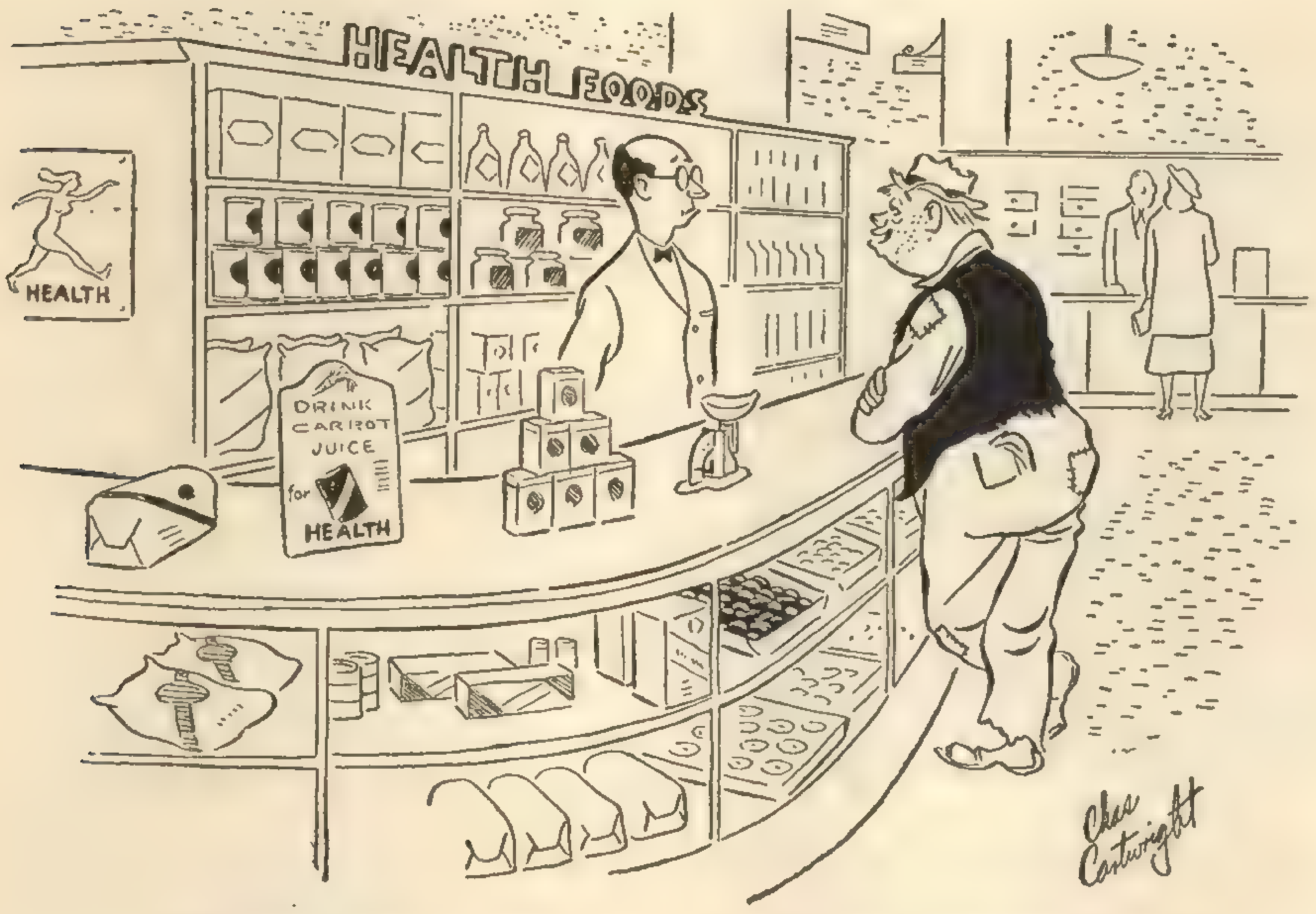
"—and then he left her holding the sack"


BRUSH
EEZLEE

"Oh, pardon me. I didn't get you out of the tub, did I?"



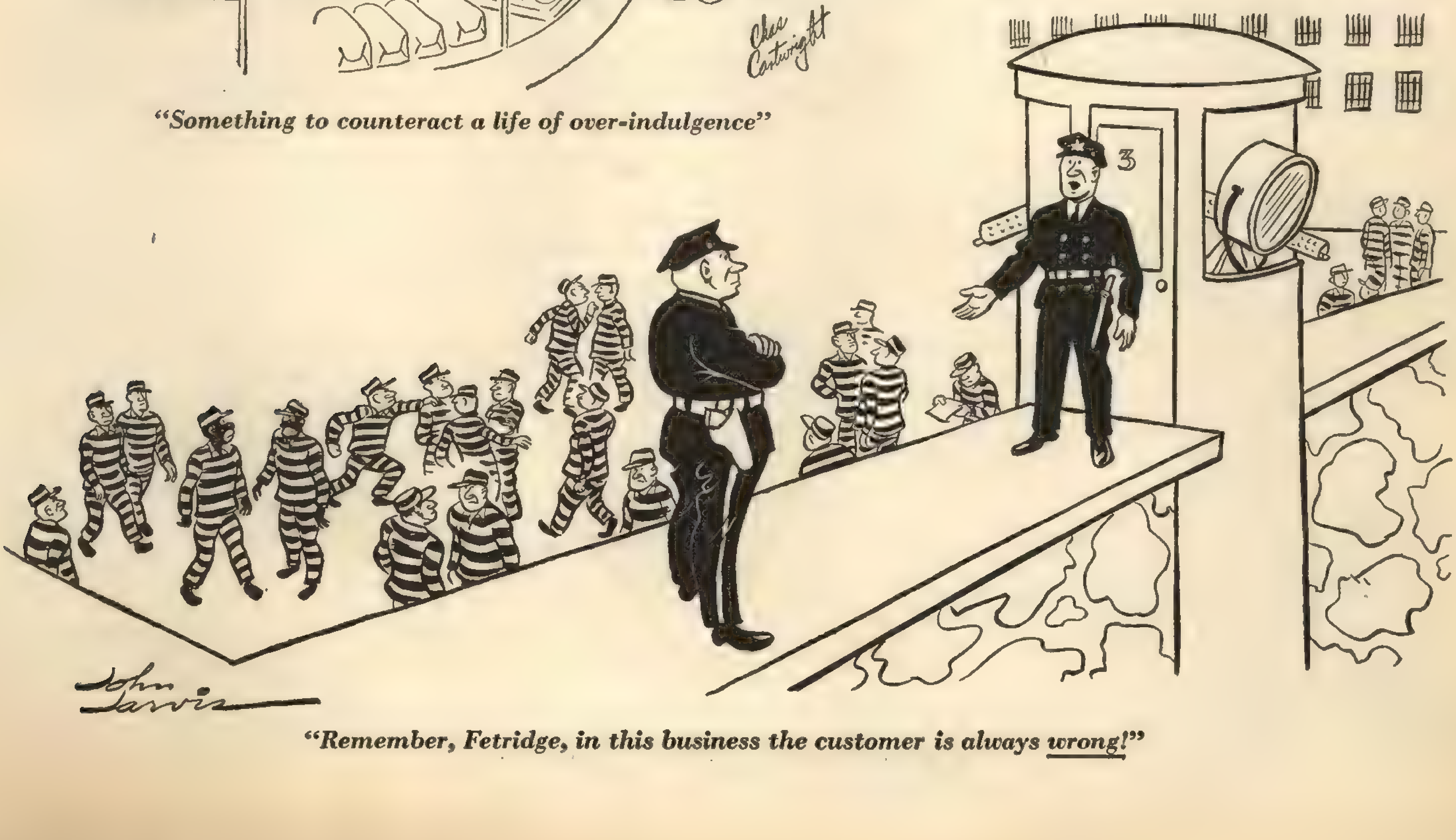
The Japanese were always great baseball fans—which is probably where they learned their famous hit-and-run.


HEALTH FOODS
HEALTH
DRINK CARROT JUICE for HEALTH

"Something to counteract a life of over-indulgence"

Campus Miracle

Gargantua University spokesmen made no bones about firing head coach Blink Muggins. "It wasn't because of a new athletic policy, temperamental differences or any of that malarky. Muggins is out because he lost too many games; that's all."



"Remember, Fetridge, in this business the customer is always wrong!"

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 83

vinegar, but always lemon.

Debone the baby lamb, cut it up in large dice, and place in an earthenware pot. Season with salt, pepper, parsley, dill and a bit of garlic. Cover with lemon juice diluted with an equal amount of water, and allow the meat to stay in this liquid overnight. Then take the pieces out, wipe them dry, and stick them on a skewer. Cook them over a lively fire, taking care not to burn them. Serve with wild rice, and if you can make it, sauce Diable.

Some people alternate tomatoes, onion and bacon between the pieces of meat when arranging the skewer for cooking.

This is quite a simple dish, but luxurious for most of the Great Russian People. Writers, diplomats and soldiers get it though, for they are the best-fed lot in the U.S.S.R. One of the few luxuries in the diet of the simple people in Russia is *kwass*, a non-alcoholic beverage brewed of bread, raisins and yeast, and fermented. It acts somewhat similarly to our Coca Cola, being a moderate pick-up. Newly arrived Russians in this country first look for kwass, and sometimes may even find it, in lower Manhattan.

I hope I did not paint the Russian culinary picture too darkly. There is still quite a bit of gourmandizing going on in Russia; you can get anything in the restaurant of the Hotel Europe in Leningrad, and in the restaurant of the Hotel Moscow in Moscow. And the meals in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel in Kuibyshev, the temporary capital, are fabulous; they are mostly eaten by foreigners. But the builders of the nation are not interested in fancy foods; there is no time for frivolities, they say. Their "big meal" is late in the afternoon, although before the war, when people worked only six hours, they used to eat at three o'clock.

My conception of the betterment of mankind is quite different. I believe in eating not merely to exist, but also for the intrinsic pleasure of it. I advocate caviar for everyone; people who gourmandize are humane and kind, their lips easily turning to smiles. Julius Caesar only feared thin men and trusted roly-polies—a thin man killed him. Because I believe so ardently in eating, I keep on the best of terms with Russians in this country who brought their gastronomic culture with them. I often fish for an invitation to dinner in their houses, and succeeded not long ago in persuading Prince Artchil Gourielli-Tchkonia, a Georgian nobleman, to give me a good meal. This was a typical old style Russian dinner: vodka to begin with, then blinis, which are Russian pancakes, an ethereal soup, a light entrée, and a sweet. Below I shall give you the recipe of every dish we had. But first let me tell you something about the dinner. Since the prince knows as much about vintages as of epicurean dishes, we had marvelous wines; a magnificent Chablis, and a Château Lafite 1907! The color of this wine was not red any longer, it was a deep maroon, and the best I have ever drunk. Since I am a talker during dinner, the prince who is usually a jolly fellow, turned to me seriously for the first time since I have known him and said: "One must not talk with a full glass in front of one!" This is an old Georgian custom and I tried to comply with it instantly. But no sooner did I start another sentence, than the glass was replenished by Abdulla, the Hindu butler of the prince, and there came another admonitory look from the head of the table.

Blinis

Take two cakes of yeast, about three glasses of milk, one glass of whole wheat flour of the finest quality and mix together. Put in a warm place to raise. Then take twelve egg yolks, a little sugar, a little salt and four spoonfuls of melted sweet butter, and mix. Add this to the raised dough, and mix well. Now mix one glass of cream with a few whites of eggs, and add to the above mixture. Pour this in a small griddle very carefully so the blinis will be thin, and bake on both sides. They must be eaten immediately when cooked. Great attention must be paid to the griddle, which is just lightly greased with the finest butter.

The blini griddles are of iron, round and small, meant for individual portions. They are called "skovorodka," and must be red hot when put in the oven with the mixture. Blinis are a Lenten dish, but it's all very complicated with the Greek Catholic Church. During Lent no meat is allowed, not even chicken. Everything is based on fish, eggs, and vegetables; no butter, but olive oil may be used. (The above special blini is eaten during the Carnival period immediately following Lent.) After the blinis we had strained bortsch. This is the way to make it:

Make a strong bouillon of beef, bones, and all the soup greens you can think of, with plenty of leeks. Don't use much turnip for its flavor is overpowering. Add to this—taking out the meat and bones—uncooked beetroot, and cabbage cut up fine. Cook for three hours. Put back the meat and add tomatoes; season with salt, pepper and vinegar, and cook for another hour, but don't let it boil. Strain and serve very hot. Tiny cabbage- or chopped-meat-filled pirojkis, or soup rolls go with it.

Cotelette Pojarsky came next. This is a very light meat dish, made in Russia of chopped veal, in America it is of minced chicken.

Mix the chopped chicken or veal with butter, season; fashion two cutlets and put in the middle finely minced mushrooms cooked in cream. Bread the cutlets as you would Wiener Schnitzel, and fry in butter.

For dessert there was an orange ice with brandy flavor, called Bombe St. Petersburg, and all sorts of nuts which are an excellent aid to digestion, and the right way to end dinner.

Litvinov's snub drove me deeper into the arms of the old Russian aristocracy, and since I have the good fortune to know Prince and Princess George Chavchavadze, we had lunch together in another Russian restaurant in New York. There are quite a few, but not as many or as good as there used to be in Paris, where at one time nearly every street had a Russian restaurant. The best was Le Caneton, near the Stock Exchange, and the second best was the one run by General Korniloff. The prince's favorite dishes are *oucha*, a kind of fish stew, and *paschka*.

Oucha

Fillet two pounds of perch, save the fillets, and place what is left of the perch after having removed the fillets, together with two pounds of minnows in three quarts of cold water. Add thyme, laurel, onions, a little garlic, and season. Cook for four hours, and then strain to a purée through a sieve. Place in it the fillets you saved and cook for fifteen minutes longer. Serve with pirojkis.

Paschka, an Easter dish, is one of the freshest tasting of dishes. It is made of cottage cheese:

Put three pounds of cottage cheese in a muslin cloth, and place it in the refrigerator for a few hours. Take out and press through a sieve, adding to it a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of thick cream, a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, a little salt, and vanilla extract. Mix thoroughly, put back in a muslin cloth, and place under a press in the refrigerator once more for a few hours. Mold it into forms and serve.

I should like to tell you about other fine Russian dishes, like koulebiak of salmon, razsolnyik and selanka, two fine soups, the former made of veal kidneys, the latter of the heads of fresh-water fish; the various ways of preparing buckwheat kacha; suckling pig in aspic; zrazy and bitkis, which are both dishes extraordinarily good; ham bread, game prepared in the exquisite Russian way. I should like to tell you also of the manners of eating à la Russian, but I don't feel myself authoritative enough on such a vast subject. But a book on the gastronomic life of Russia is sorely needed. About the only person I know who could do it is Vassili Adlerberg, whose knowledge on the subject is astonishing. I must get after him. ⌗

RAIN WAKES ROSES

by WILLIAM STEPHENS

It may have been an old poem he read when rain slid down
The dark pane of his window and crept through the still town.

It may have been an old terror his heart felt at the rain,
To know that rain wakes roses and he'd not see them again,

But would gather the cold flowers waves wash on a shore
When his heart, drowned under darkness, couldn't feel any more.

It may have been his fearing that not even cool rain
Could wash his heart clean of evil and cleanse it of stain,

And he could not draw the covers and creep into his cold bed
For fear of the night's darkness and dark thoughts in his head.

Else, beyond all of these, it must have been her face
Burning through his heart's rain (that fell in that dark place)

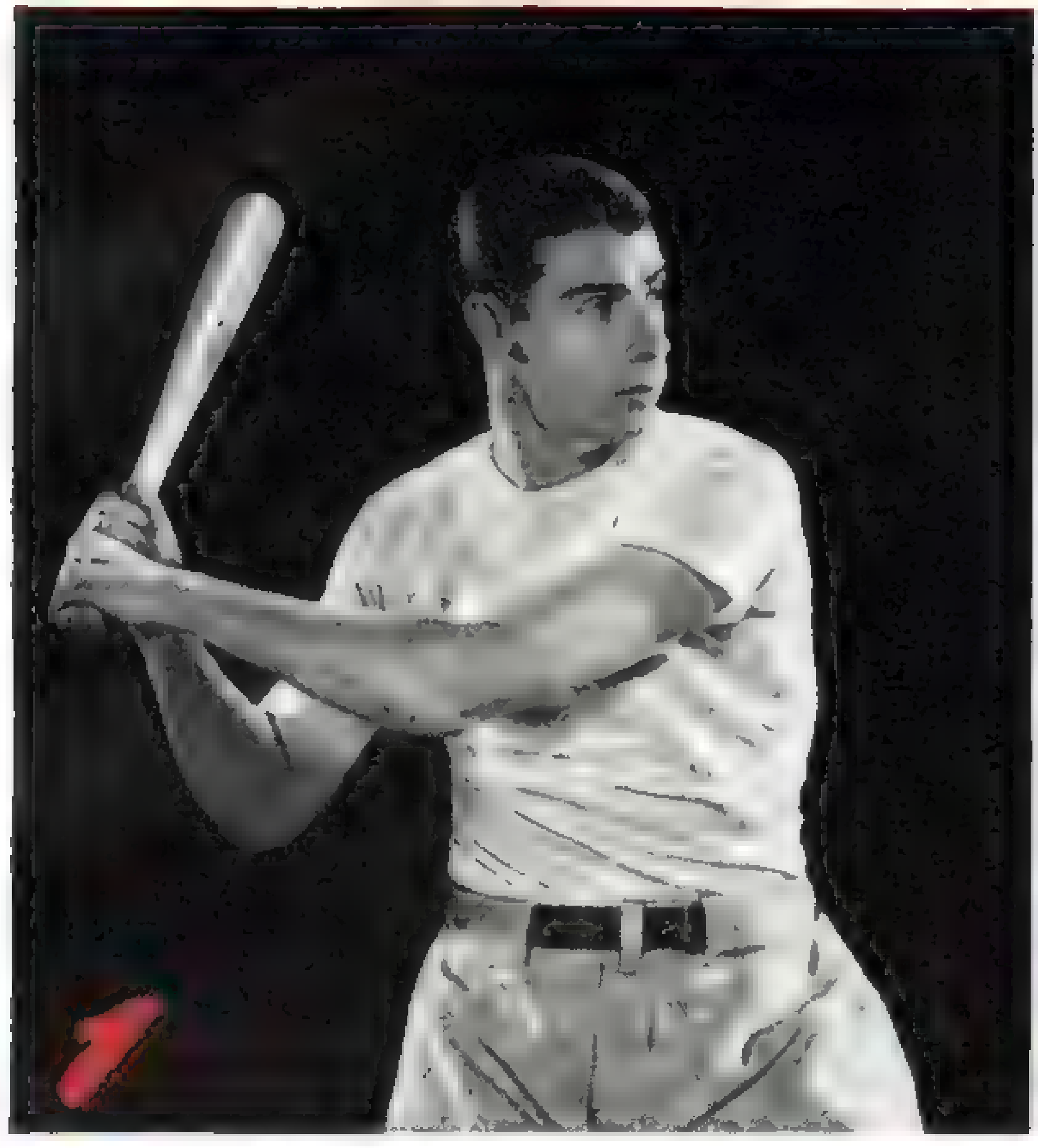
And her eyes, swiftly burning through the slow mist of rain,
That made his heart quiet and his mind quiet again,

Until he thought: The darkness and the rain falling all night
Can not destroy her beauty nor put out of my heart's sight

Her heart's utter wisdom and her mind's fire and light.

JOE DI MAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

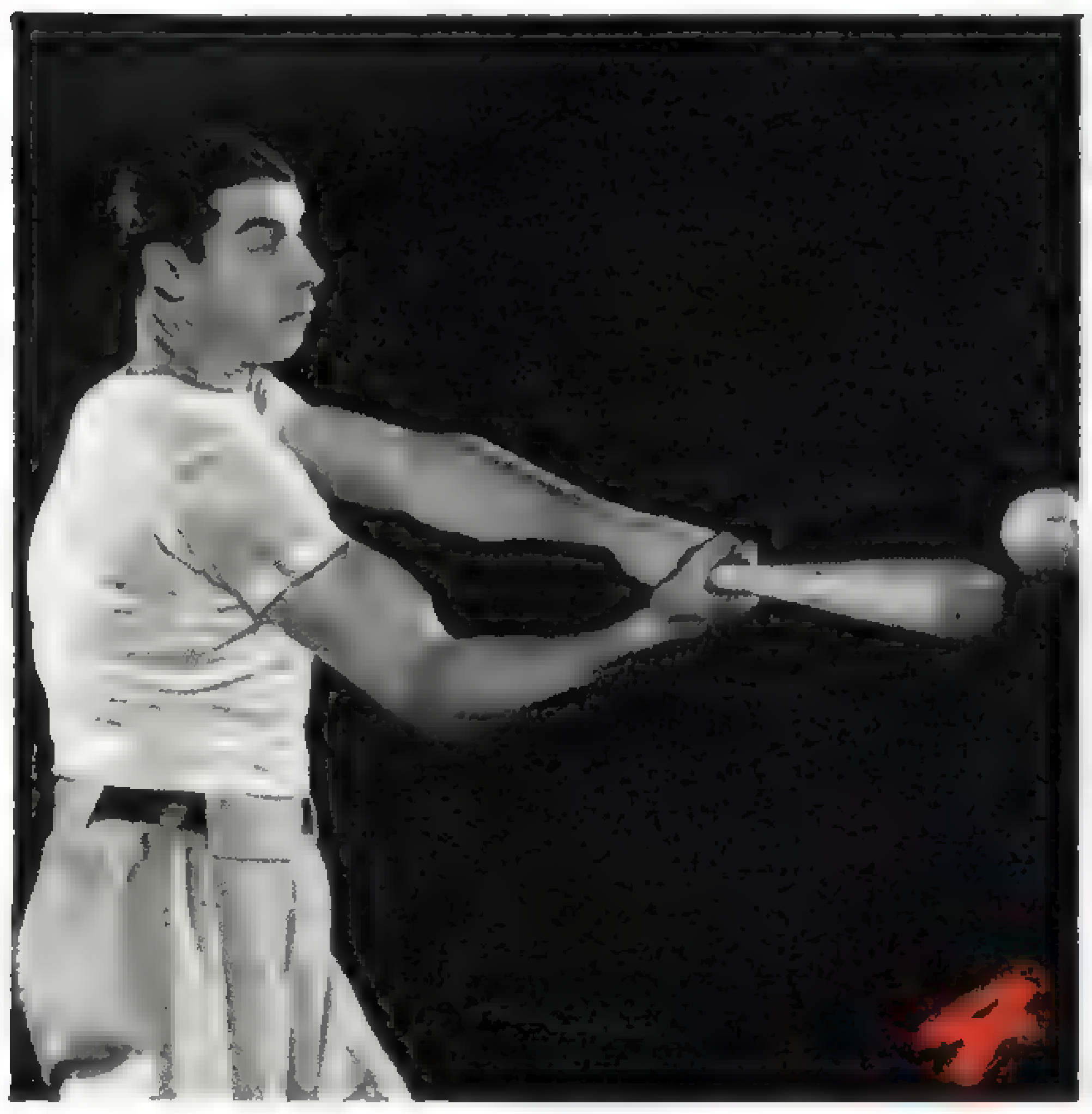
Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history



Di Maggio waits...sizing up the pitch...

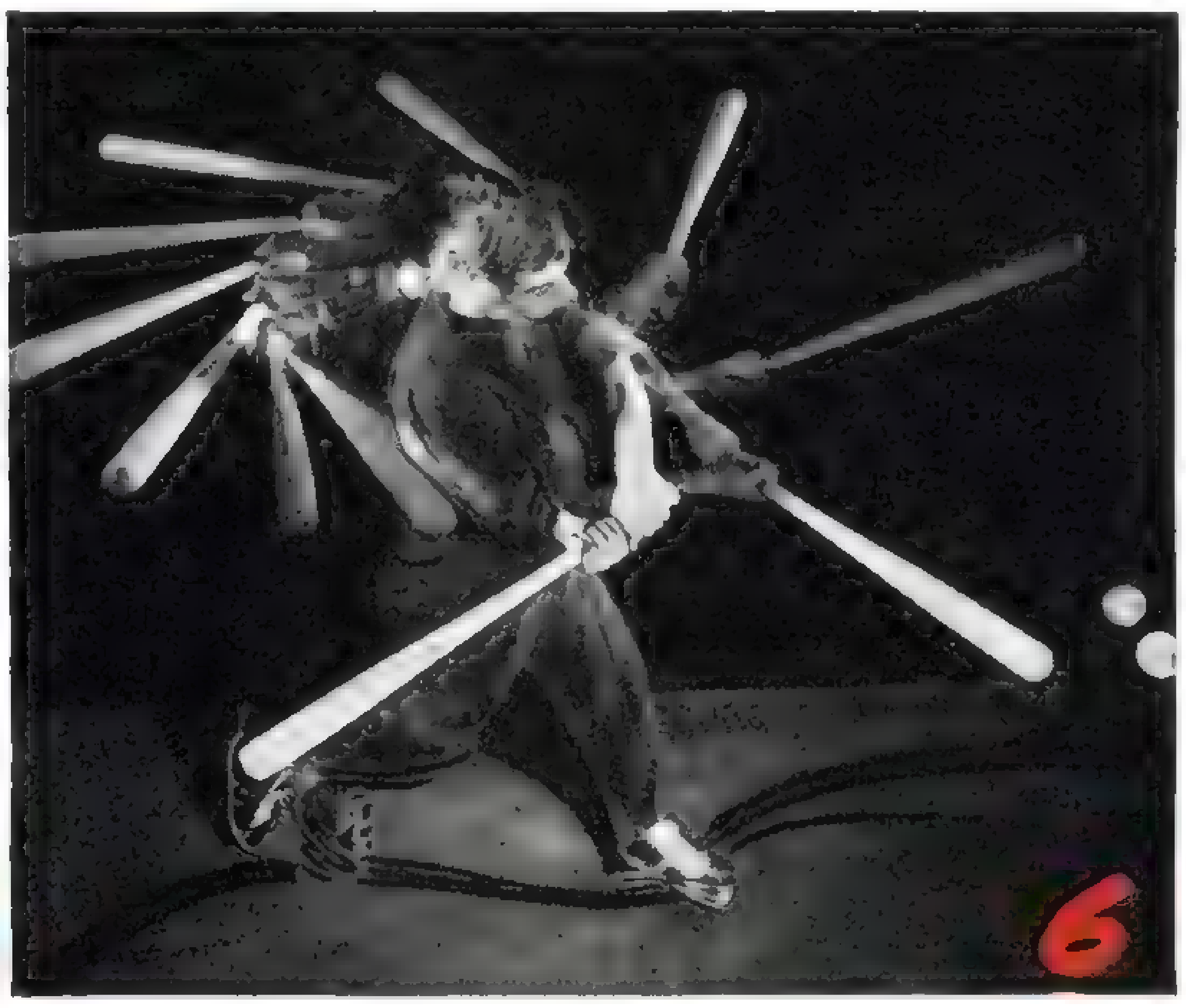
Eyes on ball, he starts that devastating swing...

Squarely...solidly...powerfully...bat meets ball.



With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...

Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.



A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR 8 YEARS. THEY HAVE THE **MILDNESS** THAT COUNTS WITH ME
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

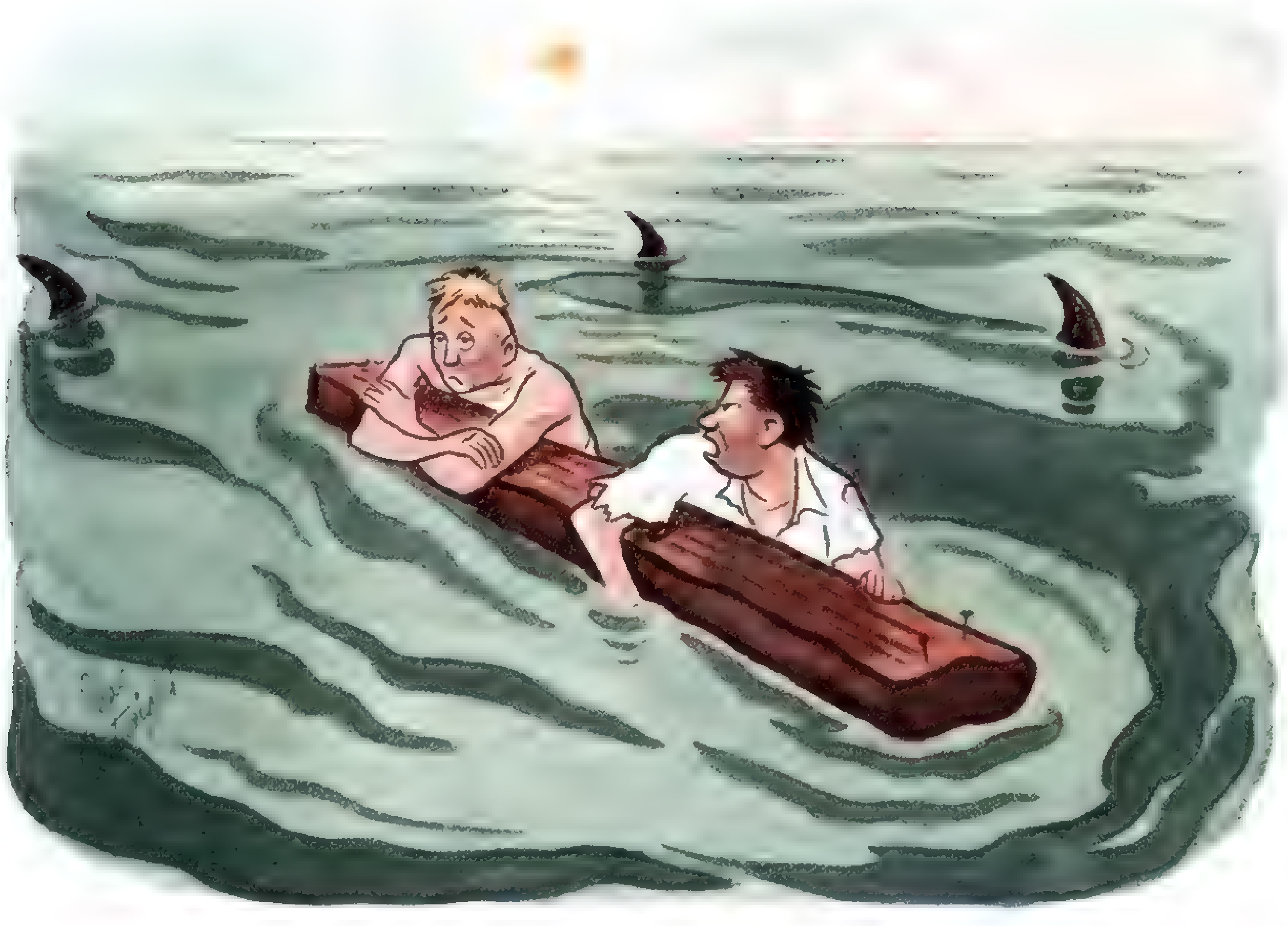
28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them — according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

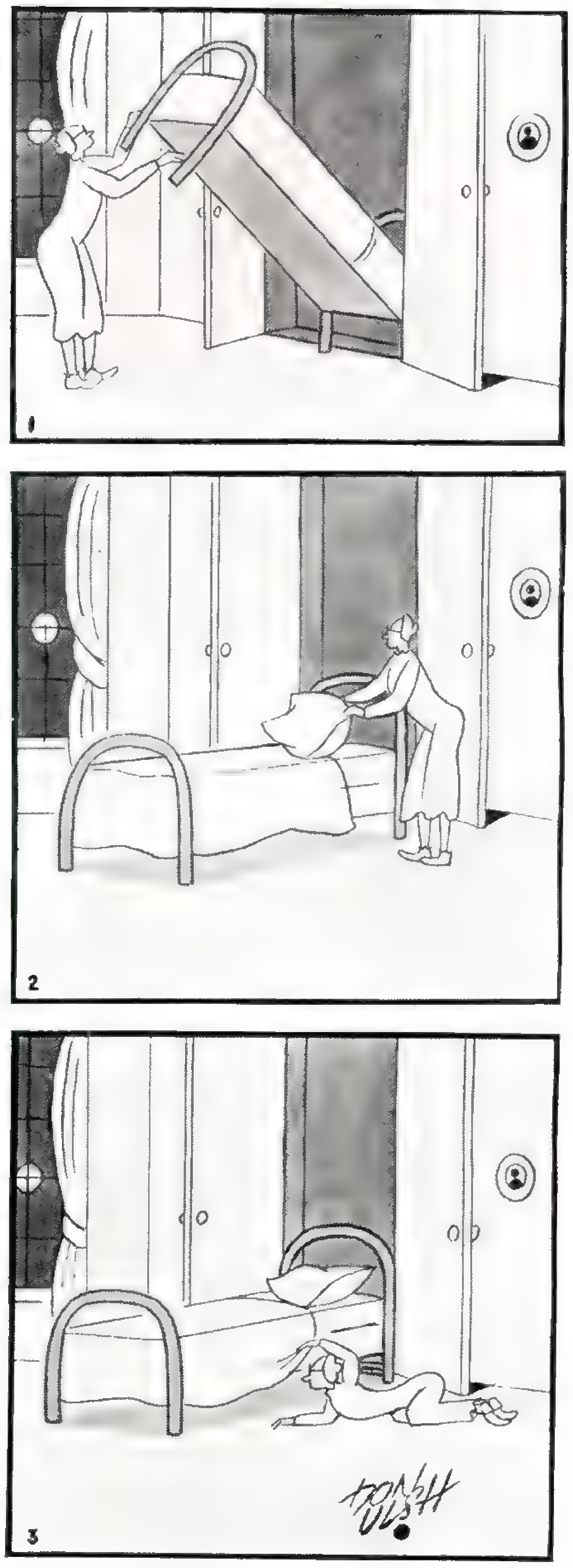
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

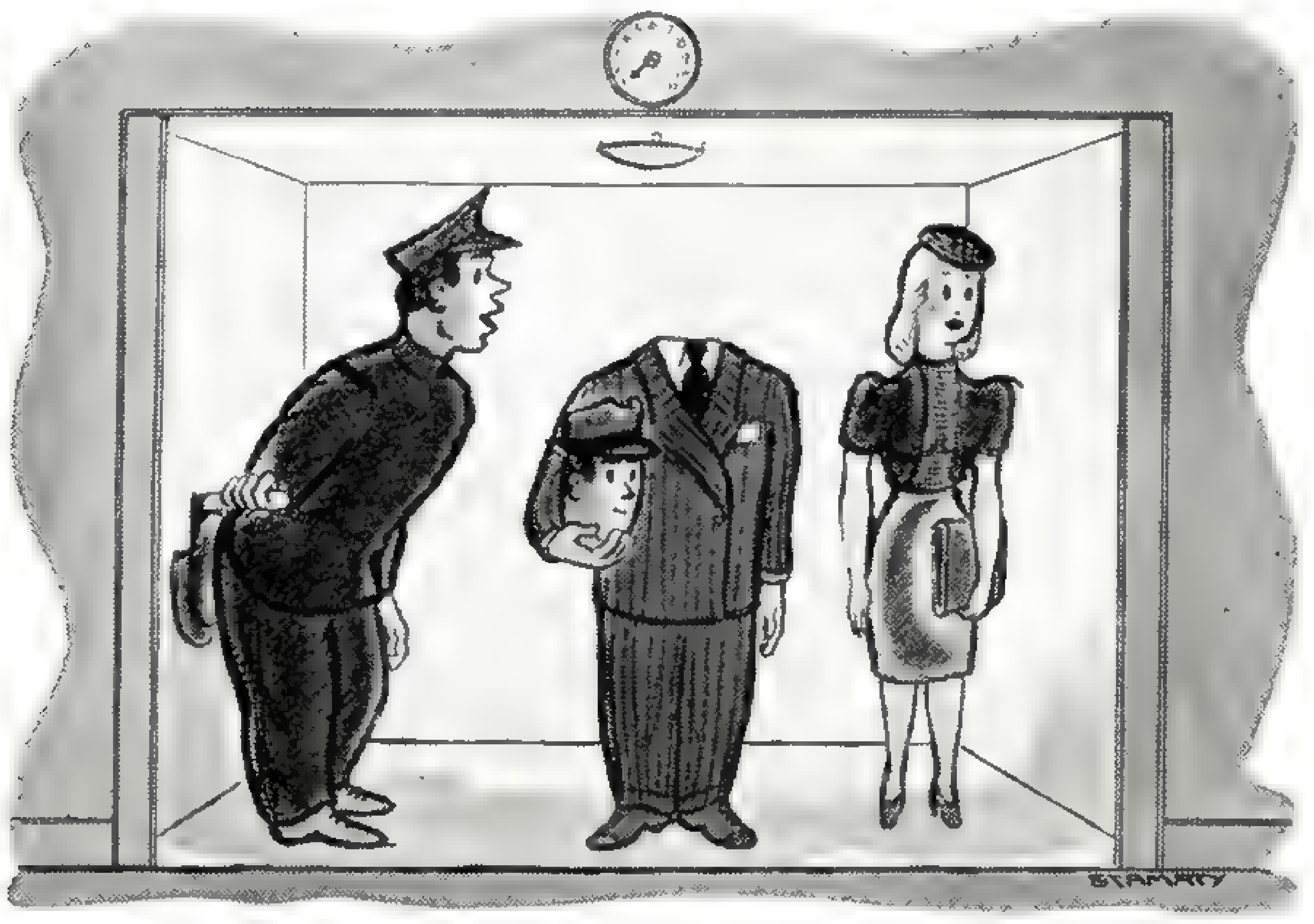
CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

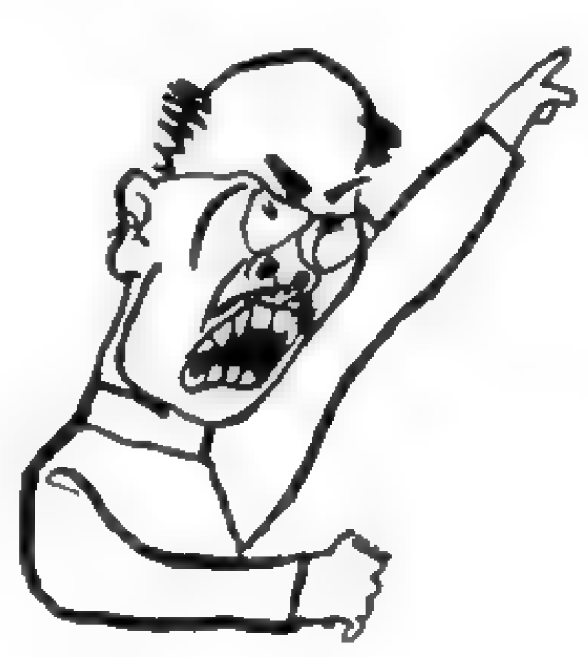


"For heaven's sake, man, don't go losing your sense of humor!"

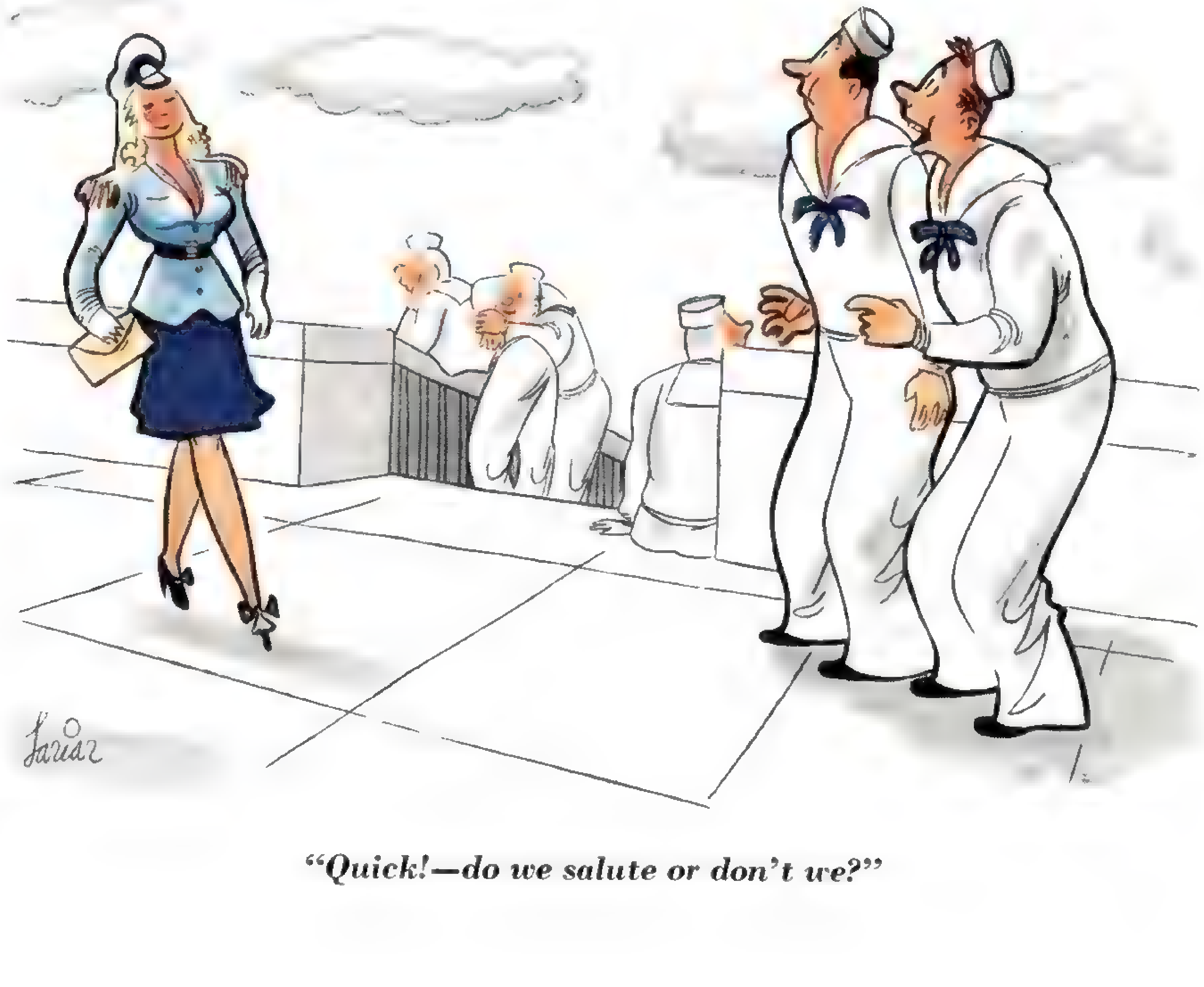




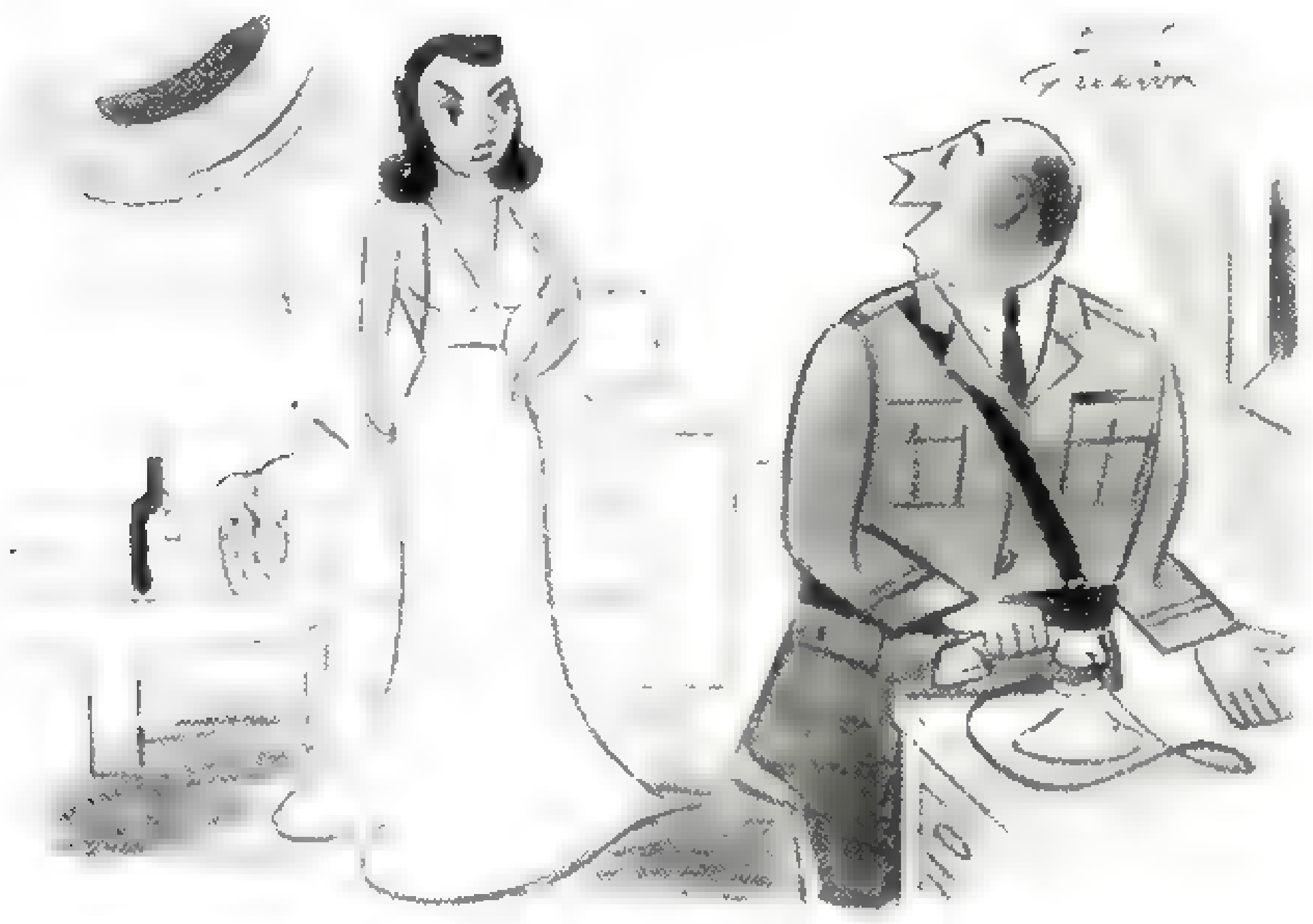
"Just your hat is enough Mister!"



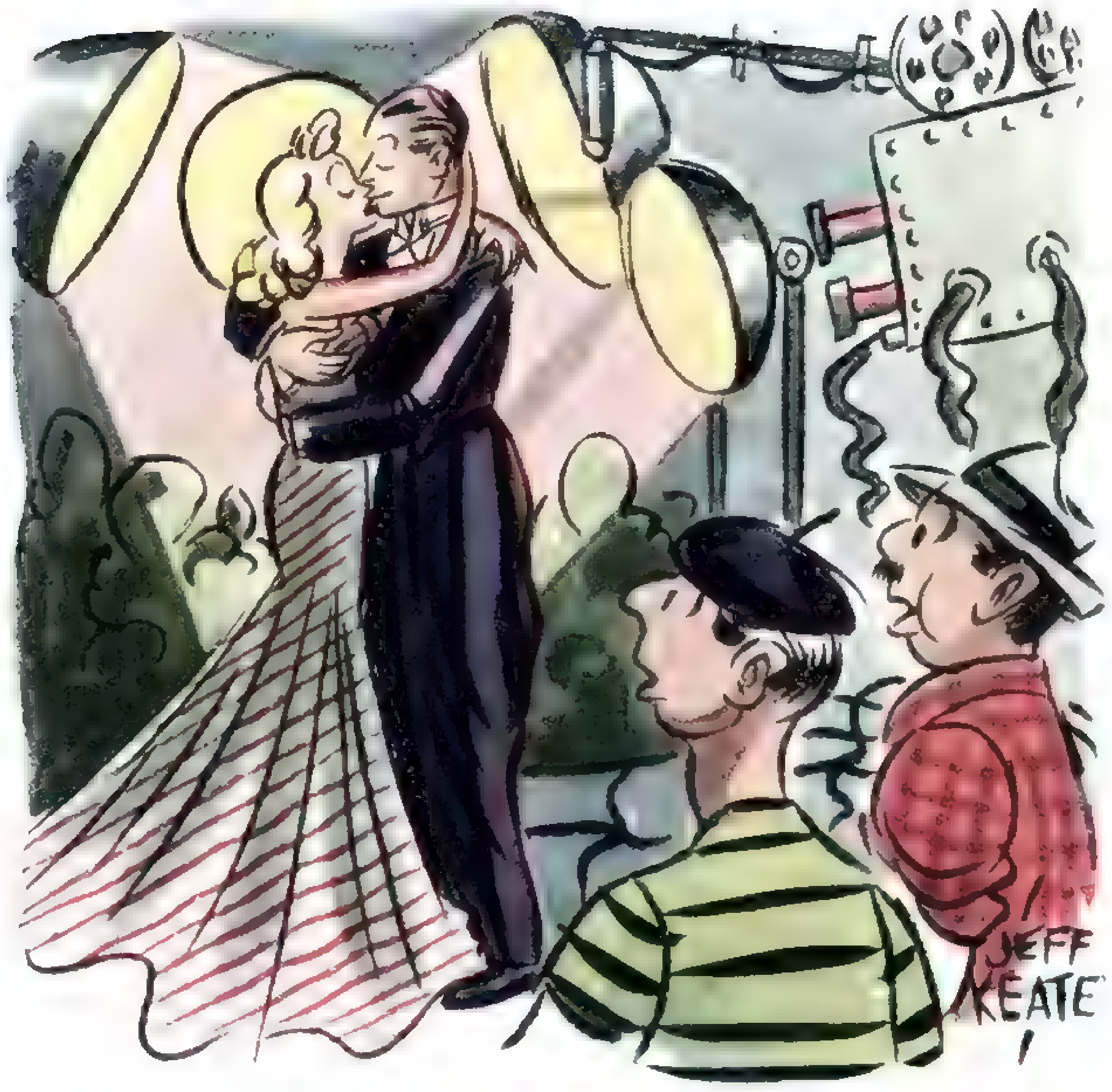
The Japs they are a funny
race
Who have a fear of losing
face.
And this is why, when they
attack,
They look you squarely in
the back.



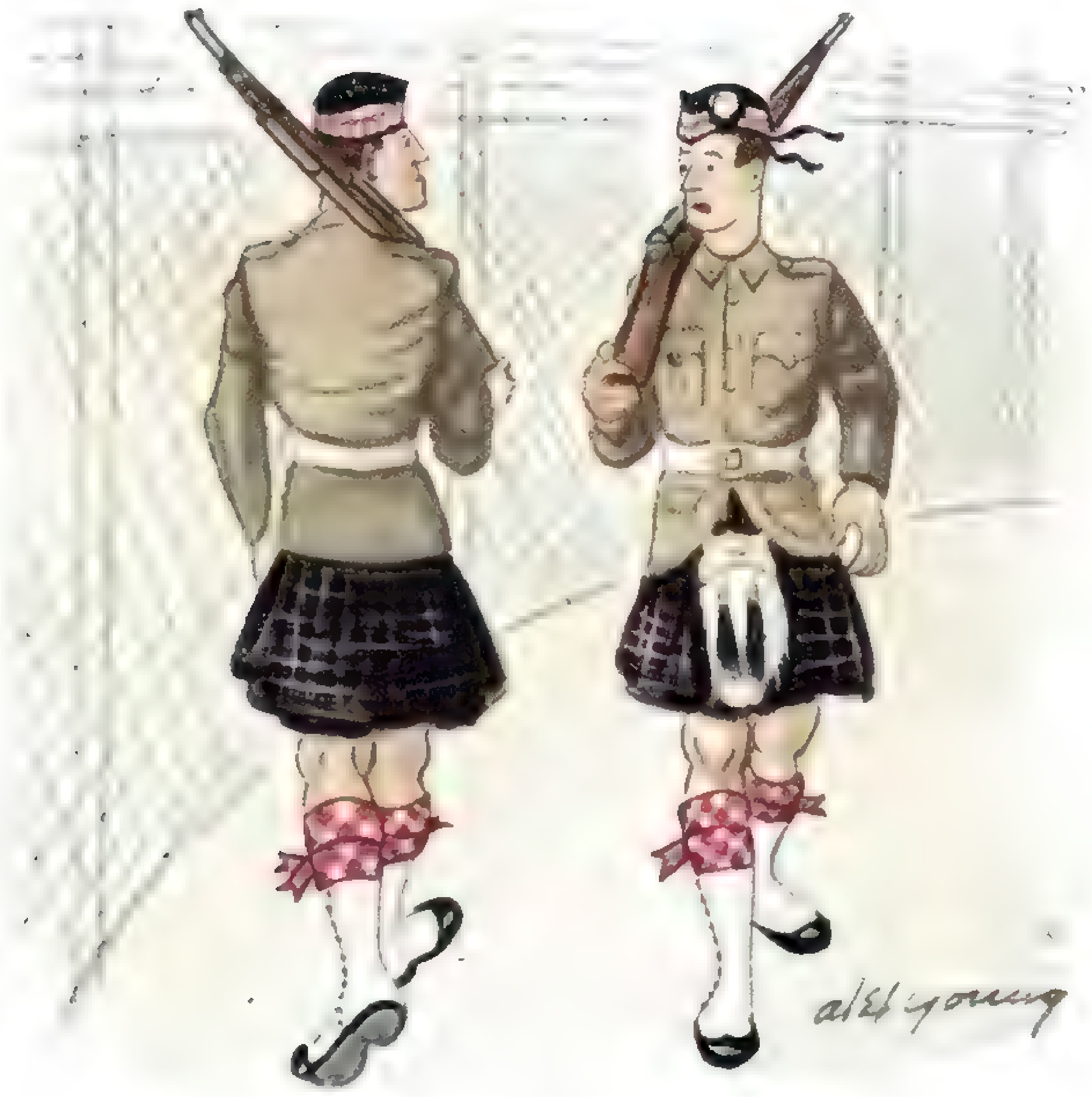
"Quick!—do we salute or don't we?"



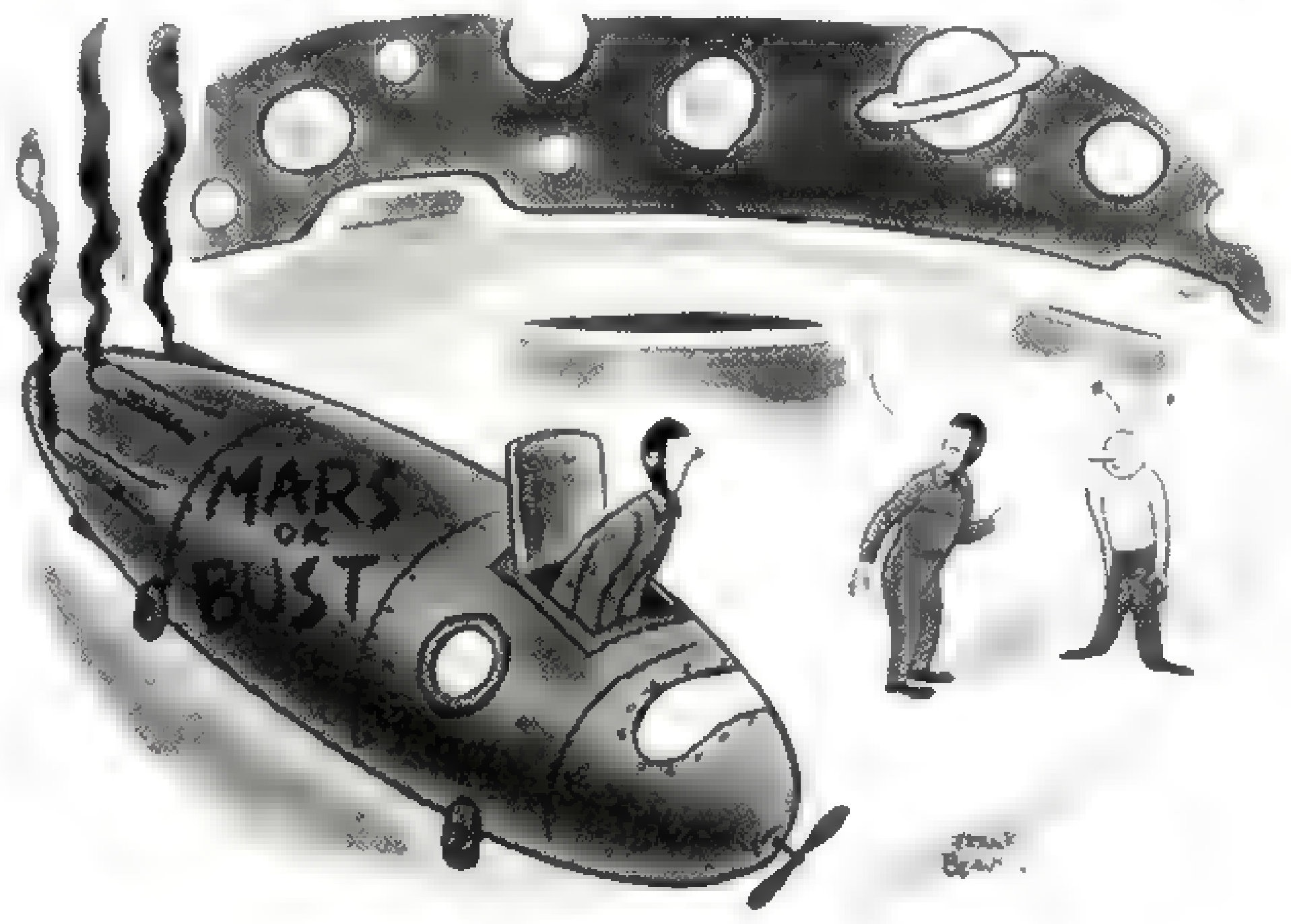
"Some guy wanted Secret Operative 23. Drunk, I guess"



"Finest acting I've ever seen—they've been married five years!"

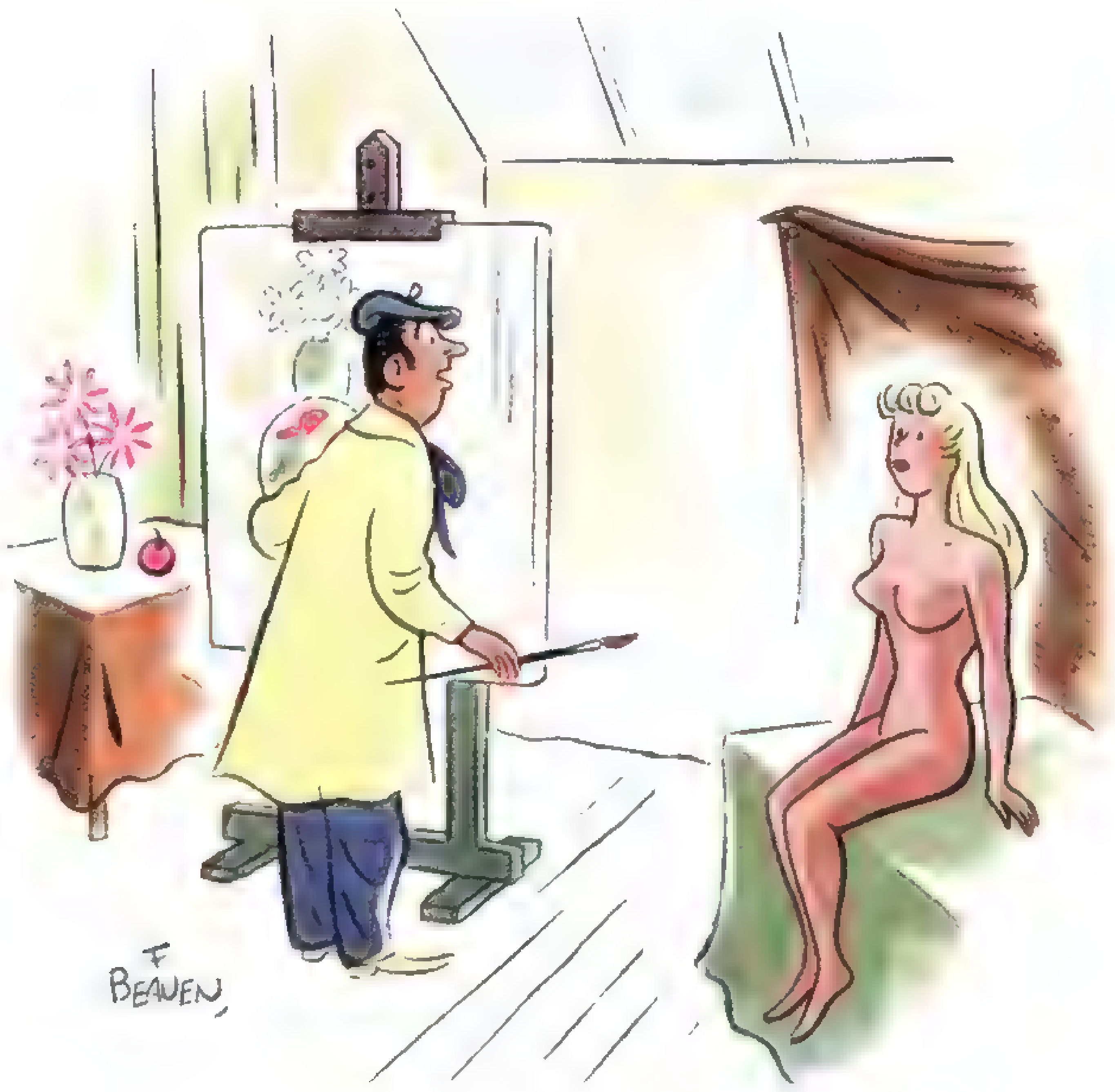


"I wonder if our skirts will be shorter next year?"

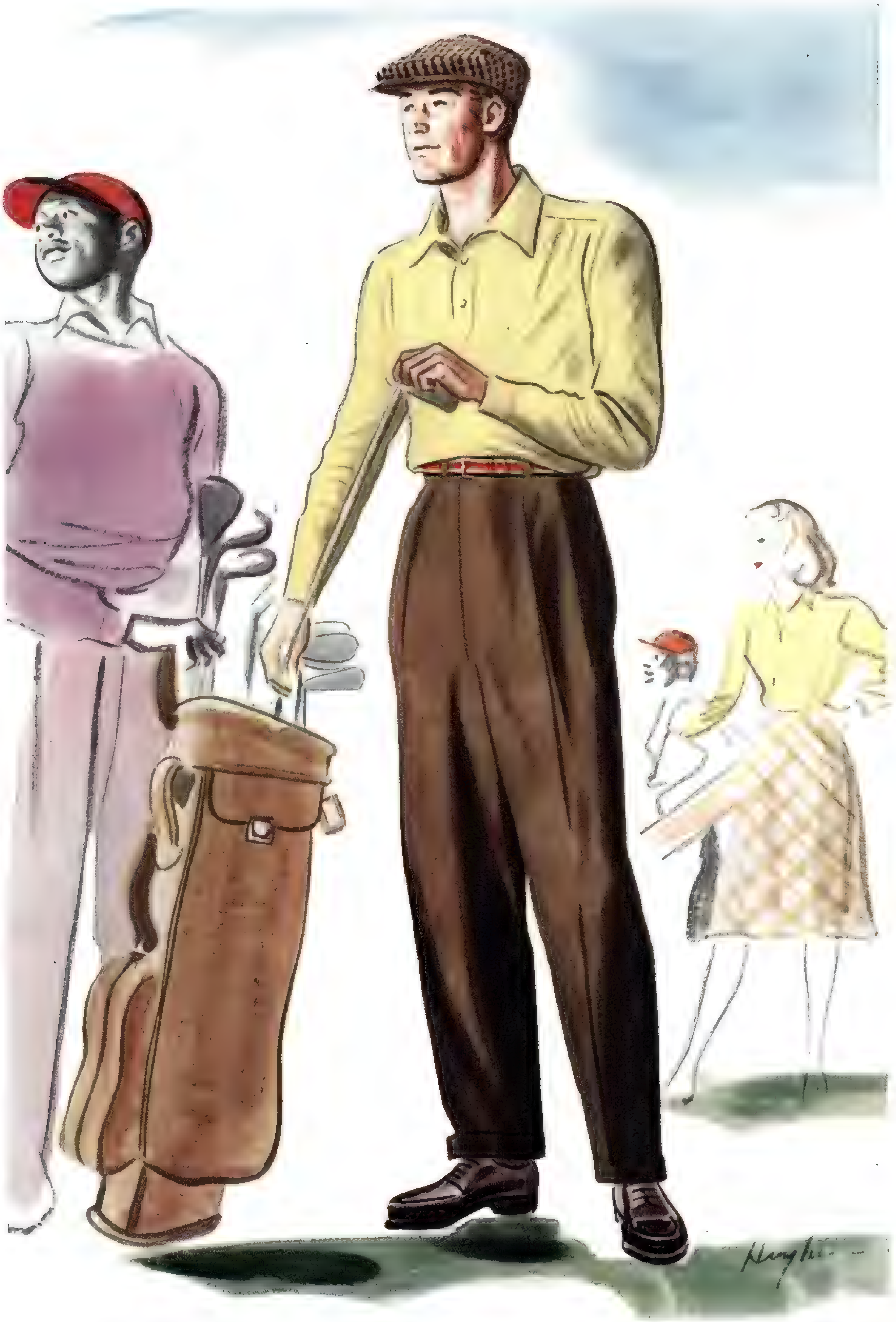


"He says he's a stranger here himself!"

The President urges that professional baseball keep going in wartime—thereby continuing the God-given right of the American citizen to keep howling for the speedy demise of the Axis and the umpire.



"I meant to tell you, Miss Burns, I finished your picture yesterday!"



watch the birdie

It must have been a smackeroo mashie jumper shot that sailed up and over the deep ravine and plunked right down on the green velvet, for the coffee-colored bag-toter just whistled, "Man! You'se in de groove!" And may we add, "That's no malarky, brother!" Of course, our particular groove is just good old fashion, but this golfer pars on both scores. We might well call his loose wool jersey blouse a "swing classic," for it has smooth, trim lines, and still allows for bending the elbows, and if you look closely, you'll notice that his opponent wears a ditto shirt with her plaid wool skirt. His tweed cap (no longer the means of identifying a botany professor on a Sunday excursion) is new, and hanging back in his locker is a matching tweed sports jacket. The slacks are A-1 gabardine, and since this guy is now 1-A in the draft, he'd better get in as many strokes as he can while he can!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Memorable Evening

Continued from page 51

you know it you wind up as a corporal or a sergeant, and that is the end of bein' any fun in this world."

"How quaint," said Mrs. Courtney. "Surely you're being facetious. I should be proud indeed to serve my country as a sergeant."

"It ain't no life for a lady, ma'am," said Smoot. "But if they will let you inlist up I'll be ony too glad to teach you the ropes and let you run my platoon."

The second course consisted of a potage Crécy, a clear soup with a carrot floating around in it. Corky Smith commented in his foghorn undertone that it tasted like some particularly delicious type of rainwater. "Somebody is astin' a carrot to proform the impossible," he said.

"So you were a philosophy student when you were inducted." Mrs. Courtney was speaking to Harrison Hyler.

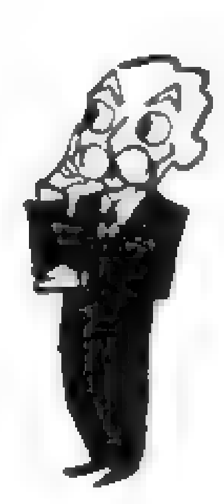
"Yes. I'm afraid I lived a rather sheltered life. I'd intended to take my Ph. D. and then go on and teach other philosophy students the stuff I'd learned out of books. However, it seems to me that some of our philosophical concepts need overhauling when the world political structure permits a puling little guttersnipe like Herr Hitler to overturn the universe."

"Oh, quite," said Mr. Courtney.

"He goes whole days," said Smoot, "without ever gittin' one of them spells. Just make believe like you didn't hear him."

"I'm beginnin' slowly to starve to death," muttered Corky Smith. "Maybe this old dame is a fifth or sixth colonist hired by them yellow monkeys to starve the Army to death one by one."

"Shut up," said Ortwingle. "All this stuff is a preelude to the preliminaries. It's a lawr in high society to show a guy kin still laugh and talk while he is starvin'. In a minute the guys will come out with turkeys and pigs with apples in their mouths and roast sheeps on big platters, like they done in a movie I once seen."



With cavities in one's teeth it's a case of the bigger they are the harder they fill.

As a matter of fact the main entrée consisted of half a squab on golden mandarin service plates the size of sewer covers. The squab looked like sparrows that had just undergone a long, severe winter. The men who brought them from the kitchen didn't even laugh. There were also some diced parsnips and a tomato that had been emasculated and filled with something that tasted to Corky Smith like hardwood sawdust.

"This is a very special occasion for me," said Mr. Courtney. "I'm eating just about everything on the calendar. Ordinarily I have to stick to skimmed milk and Melba toast. Atrophy of the large intestine, you know. I feel rather like Henry the Eighth, but I suppose I'll pay for it tomorrow."

"I'll pay for this tomorrow, myself," Smoot mumbled to himself.

For dessert there was a water ice and some wafers. "Isn't these what they crumple up and feed to goldfish?" asked Corky.

When the men had finished dinner, or rather when none of them could spy anything more to eat, Mrs. Courtney asked if they wouldn't like to retire for coffee and cigarettes. They all would.

"At lease we git a hot cup o' Java in our insides," said Ortwingle out of the corner of his mouth.

When the huge silver coffee service had been brought Mrs. Courtney poured. Naturally it was demi-tasse.

"This is very beautiful china," said Corporal Hyler, balancing the tiny cup and saucer delicately between both hands. Corky Smith was afraid to pick his up.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Courtney. "It was left to me by my great-great uncle, Captain Ephram Jones, who had it from the Ranee of Rhangpore. One or two lumps?"

"Puttin' a lump o' sugar in one of them cups," Ortwingle said under his breath to Corky Smith, "is like tryin' to drown a cat in a bowl of soup. Jist wait till we git out o' here. This is all Smoot's fault. He must of knew what was gonna happen from readin' that book by Elsie Post."

Mr. Courtney put a symphony recording on the phonograph.

"My god!" said Ortwingle. Stokowski apparently was imprisoned inside the box with the whole Philadelphia orchestra and would either fight his way out or burst a blood vessel trying.

Eventually it was time to go.

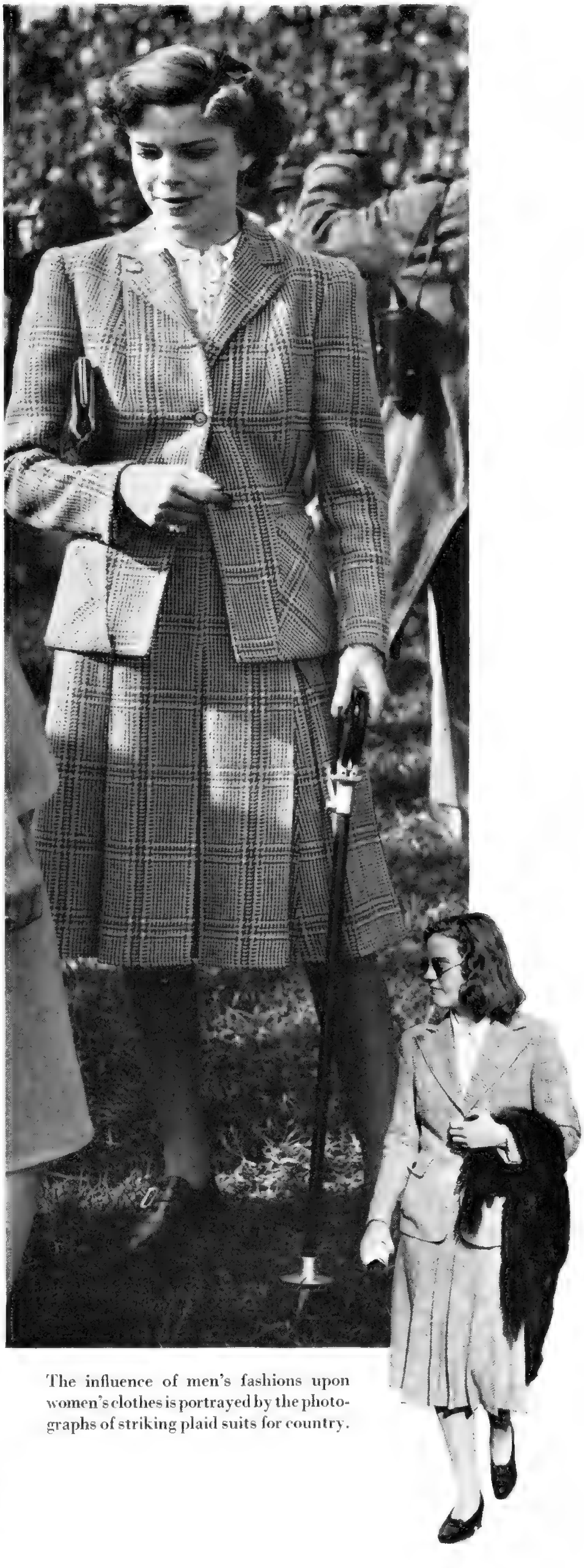
"I trust you've enjoyed yourselves, boys," said Mrs. Courtney. "The value of relaxation in times of stress must never be underestimated and overlooked."

"Thank you both," said Corporal Hyler. "It's been a memorable evening."

They climbed back into Corporal Smith's old rattletrap Ford. No one said anything for a while. Finally Ortwingle asked in a low voice, controlled but pregnant with sinister overtones, "Well, soldiers. What's the worst thing anybody kin think to do to him?"

"Now lissen, you guys," said Smoot. "I—"

"That is easy," said Corky Smith. "Jist make him that he is got to take us to the White House cafeteria and buy us all at lease six hamburger samwidges apiece." #



The influence of men's fashions upon women's clothes is portrayed by the photographs of striking plaid suits for country.

Convoy Town, 1940

Continued from page 27

to lift the spectacles and at the same time puckered his mouth to spit. Instead he swallowed back down in a long, angular, Adam's apple gulp. Alongside was a submarine, green with weed, encrusted with barnacle. Standing in her small conning tower was a smiling yellow-haired youth in a double-breasted naval coat, heavy with the gold lamp wick of an officer.

"We are," he smiled and bowed, "what you call I believe, a Dutchman—"

"I'll bet you are," said the skipper, "and, by God mister, you gave me quite a start."

The Dutchman got what she wanted; a call in on the lightship's wireless telephone announcing the arrival of a friend. She would have had a bouncing cruise up the fairway otherwise.

There was a wholesome relish in Convoy Town's yarn of the *San Demetrio*. For some reason, possibly because fate for once was thrifty, it was best told by a Scot. I heard it first from the mate of a Glasgow ship, himself a big Aberdeen man.

The *San Demetrio*, a tanker, was of, as they say, "the *Jervis Bay*." She was in line of convoy with that famous armed auxiliary when a raider found them, as you will recall, a year ago last November. The *Demetrio* sheered off as she was commanded while the *Jervis Bay* closed with the enemy. For a time it seemed that the tanker would escape unscathed. Then shells splashed about her and finally she was hit by some six-inchers amidships and caught fire. Her cargo was aviation gasoline and, fire being what it is under such circumstances, the order was given to abandon ship. Her people took to two boats and that night they saw the glare of four burning ships against the sky. Now and again star shells from the raider blended their ghastly blue-green with the red glow of the flaming hulls. In the second boat were sixteen men including the Chief Engineer, the Second Officer, a seaman from the Shetland Islands and a fifteen-year-old cabin boy.

It seems that in every Battle of the Atlantic lifeboat yarn the small craft find a gale, usually the first or second night. The *Demetrio's* second boat, which is the one concerned in the yarn (the first boat was picked up, skipper, third officer and all, very uneventfully by a naval vessel), found her gale the first night. The Shetland Island man knew a great deal about small boats, a rather unusual knowledge on deep water. The second mate had enough sense to put him at the helm and follow his advice about streaming the sea anchor and parceling its wharp. As a consequence they weathered the night and morning found them shipshape and dry atop a great southeast sea. They sighted a Swede, probably the *Stureholm* who picked up what was left of the *Jervis Bay's* people, but she did not see them. At noon they sighted a stationary ship smoldering down to leeward and at five o'clock they were close enough to make out that she was their own ship, the *San Demetrio*. She was still afire and gasoline lay on the water all about. They decided not to board that night but pull down wind a ways and lay-to. They expected to drift with the ship and make further plans at daylight. It was another boisterous night. What was their disgust to discover at dawn that they surveyed an empty horizon. In the night the *San Demetrio* had disappeared. But the weather was moderating and they bent their sail and set a course as near easterly as they could lay. Then, by one of those odd quirks that the sea loves, they again sighted a ship, changed course to come up with her and again, she was their own *San Demetrio*. She was still smoldering and hot enough amidships. Her bridge and accommodation were completely gutted, she was down by the bows. But, bad as she looked, she seemed to promise better than what they had and they took a vote. There was some convincing lobbying by the Chief Engineer whose end of the ship, dead aft in a tanker, seemed but slightly harmed and the vote favored boarding. They hove alongside and swarmed over the blackened rail. There was gasoline washing the decks and every time she pitched more spouted up through shell splinter holes.

Political Note

Brassieres and Lana Turner sweaters were never intended for have-nots.

The engineer called his small handful of black gang about him and led the way down the engine room ladder. The deck crowd turned to with buckets and oars behind the second officer, poking away cork insulation that seemed to be holding the fire and washing it down with sea water. At five-thirty p. m. the chief stuck his head out on deck and announced that he had some steam and he thought he could get them some water through the hoses. He had plenty of water to spare, he said, for the engine room was flooded to the floor plates. By daybreak the fire was out and most of the rents in the decks and upper plates were plugged and all hands felt hungry.

There remained in the charred meat cage one large quarter of beef and four cases of eggs. Both were a jet black. Below onions and potatoes were found unharmed. Chipping at the charred outside of the beef it was discovered that beneath was a pink succulence, roasted to a juicy turn. The cabin boy shucked a black egg and when he saw what emerged from the ebony shell he took a great bite and let out a yell at the same time.

"Something, ye'll mind," said my narrator, the big Aberdeen mate and he had come, one could see, at the part of the yarn that warmed him, "nought but a tanker's lad could e'er accom-m-mplish. What the wee lad held aloft for a' to see was a tidbit, white and golden as any har-rd boiled egg at a Pre-e-esbyterian picnic."

The Chief Engineer, champing a chunk of beef he had carved out with his sheath knife ("Aye" said my mate, "his name was MacPherson and verra probably Sandy, as ye infer") mumbled something about waiting and he vanished below with a fireman and they brought up a bucket of onions and another of potatoes, both nicely cooked with live steam. Sitting about in a circle, feeling tired but jolly, the party set to at their feast.

They wiped their mouths with the backs of their grimy hands and set about getting way on her. She clanked and groaned but slowly, woundedly, she moved. The chart room had gone with the bridge. So had her main steering. There was an emergency wheel aft, a small docking rig. A shell fragment had smacked it but two spokes and a hub remained and, it worked. After a hunt they found a six-penny school atlas. The mate opened it to the pink and green chromo labeled *The British Isles*. He brought her up to a tipsy, north-by-east that, by his reckoning, should run her smack on Fastnet Light, Ireland.

The stars came out that night. The mate, pacing the after deck with his pipe tasting prime as a pipe does when it combines its aromatics with the savor of a happy and satisfied heart, admired the heavens. He started, then rubbed his eyes and stared about at closer focus to see if nearby things seemed as strange. Off the port quarter hung Charles' Wain, the Big Dipper. The pointers laid the North Star, Polaris. He bore where Polaris never should on a ship headed north-by-east—dead astern. The small binnacle standing beside the battered emergency wheel had been so upset by Jerry and his screaming shells that it was pointing its north fleur-de-lis dead south. The mate sadly hung its tarpaulin back over its poor rattled head and set a course by the stars. He opened the atlas again, this time at a page labeled simply, "Europe!" Some charmed days later they made landfall. They had missed the Fastnet a trifle. In fact they had missed all Ireland and it was the southern swing of the Hebrides they had brought down. The only signal flag she had left was the best one of all, her red duster that had been flying through thick and thin. They swung her off south for the Western Approaches and brought her home under that. She discharged her gasoline through her own pumps and took a voucher for eleven thousand tons delivered.

"And," said the Aberdeen mate, "let this war-r-m the cockles of your heart and confound the Hun. She sailed—'t'is a miracle—wi' eleven thousand, two hundred."

In the land city alongside, Convoy Town held certain holdings. They were the Marine Wards of two city hospitals. Warm, large wards they were, streaming with light, a pleasant contrast for the occupants. They were men whose ships had been sunk under them and who had been picked up by west-bound traffic and brought back to Convoy Town.

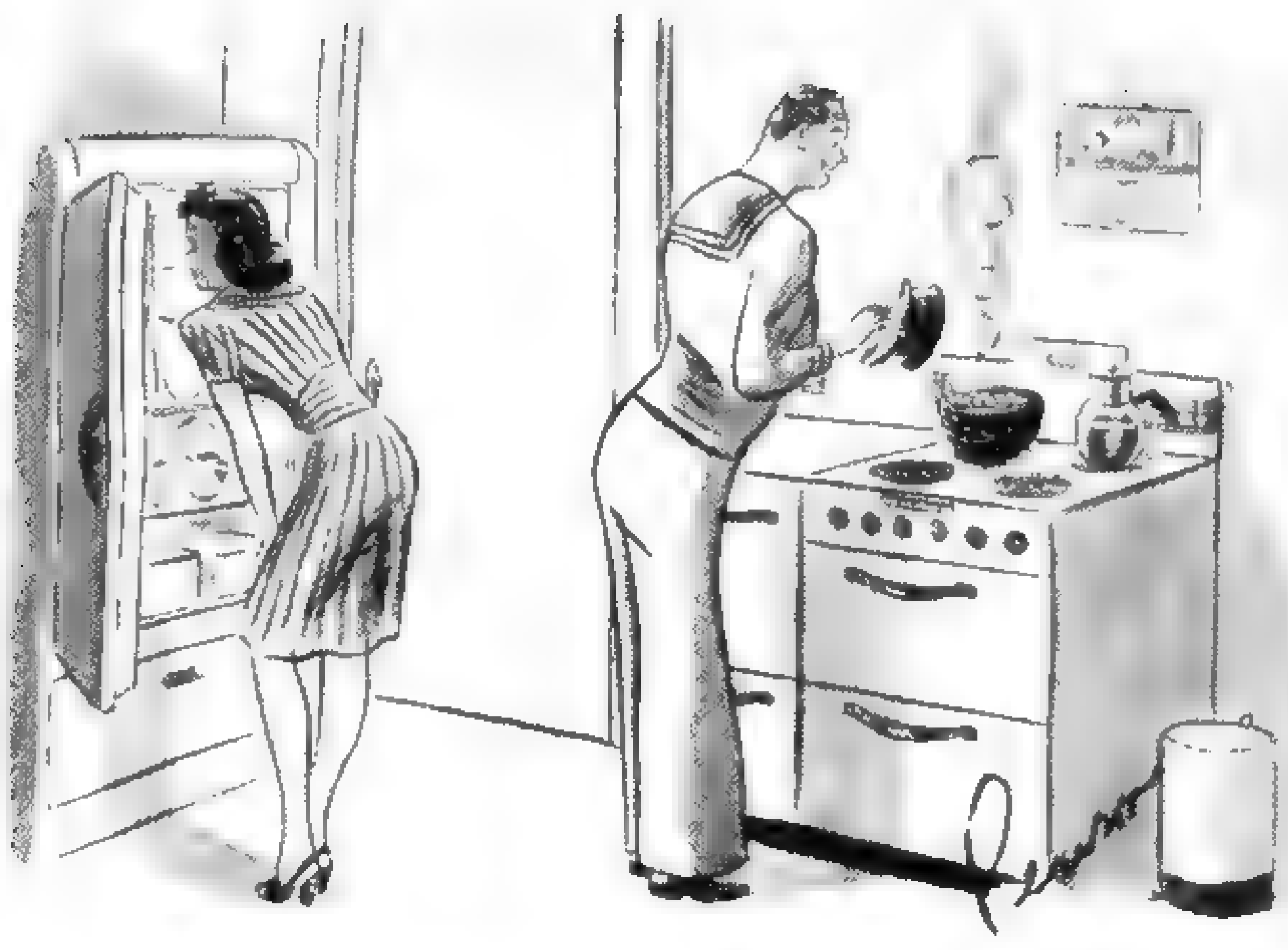
I saw A. B. James Patterson of England softly open the swinging doors of one of those wards and then, as it swung to behind him, heard him tiptoe respectfully for a moment and then, his step quickening, stride ringingly down the corridor. He had just said goodbye to three lifeboat companions and he was bound back to Convoy Town and a new ship. The ring of his step was a remarkable sound, for his comrades would never walk with spry step again. Gas gangrene following severe freezing had left the surgeons no alternative but leg amputation.

The *Carleton* was a British freighter with an all-British crew. One day, a year ago last December about 500 miles off Ireland an Eyetie submarine sent a warhead into her rusty belly. The crew had six minutes to get into the boats before she sank. Her skipper with eighteen men made one party and her Chief Officer with sixteen including Patterson, the other. The two boats became separated in the night, the Captain's party to disappear forever.

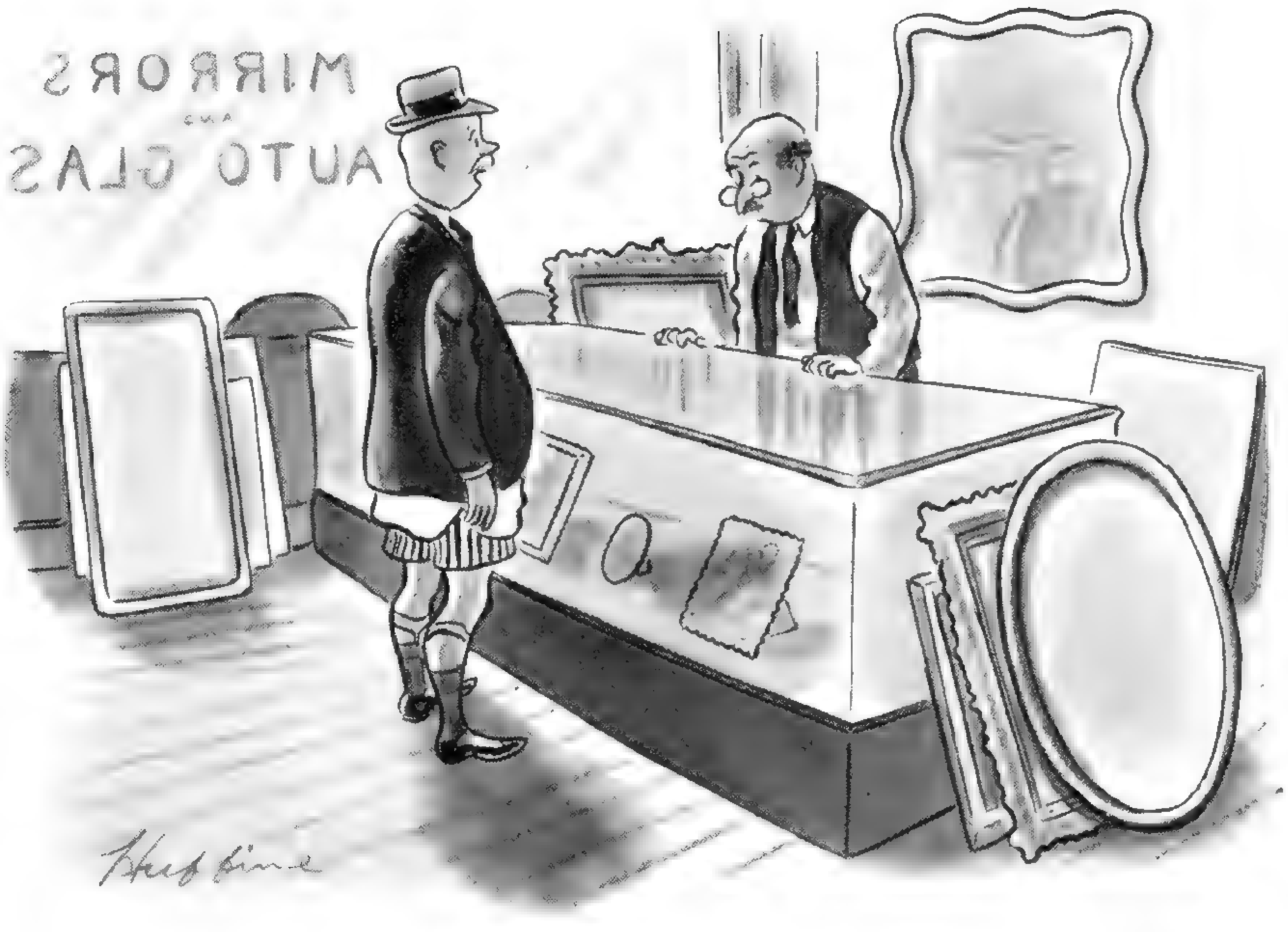
The second night a southeaster found them. Before midnight, it was blowing so hard they streamed the sea anchor and lost it and then, in trying to keep head to sea, ten of their twelve oars were battered out of nerveless hands and lost or broken. They drifted helpless before wind and sea, northwestward, out of the track of ships.

The cook, an old man, died on the sixth day. They believed it was Christmas day or the day after. Then four Negro firemen, unable to stand water discipline, were caught stealthily dipping their socks into the butt's bunghole at night and sucking them dry. The stolen ration seemed to concentrate their minds on thirst the more and they ended by drinking the sea. They went mad before they died. The others stripped their

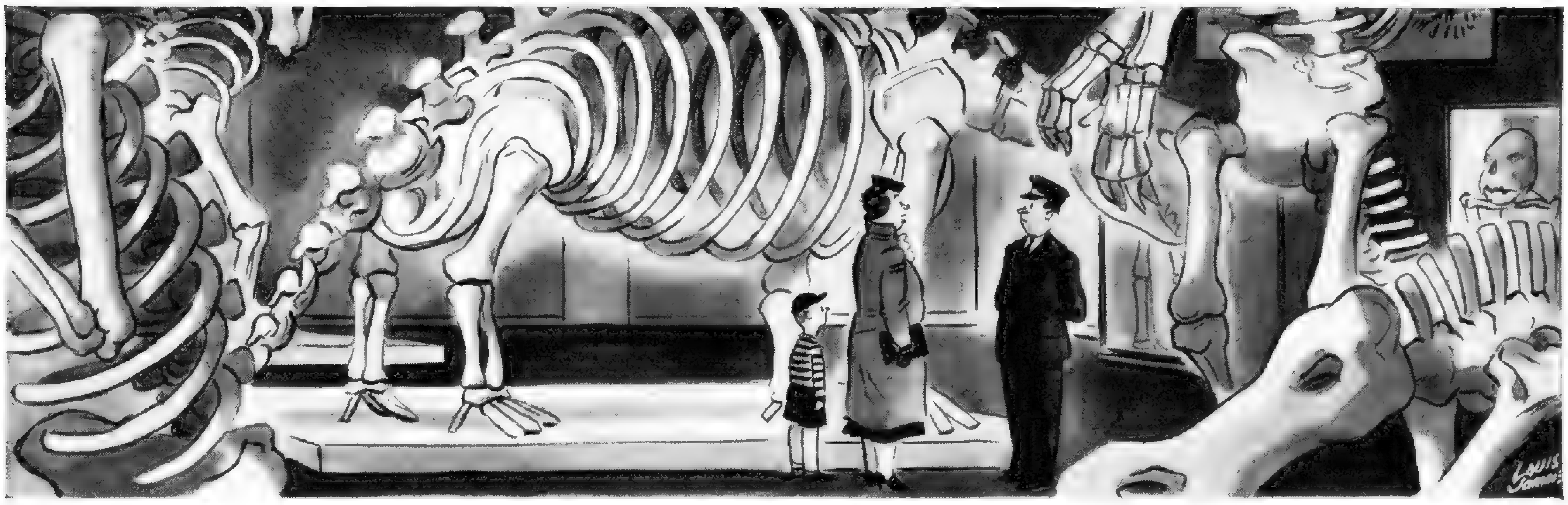
Continued on page 118



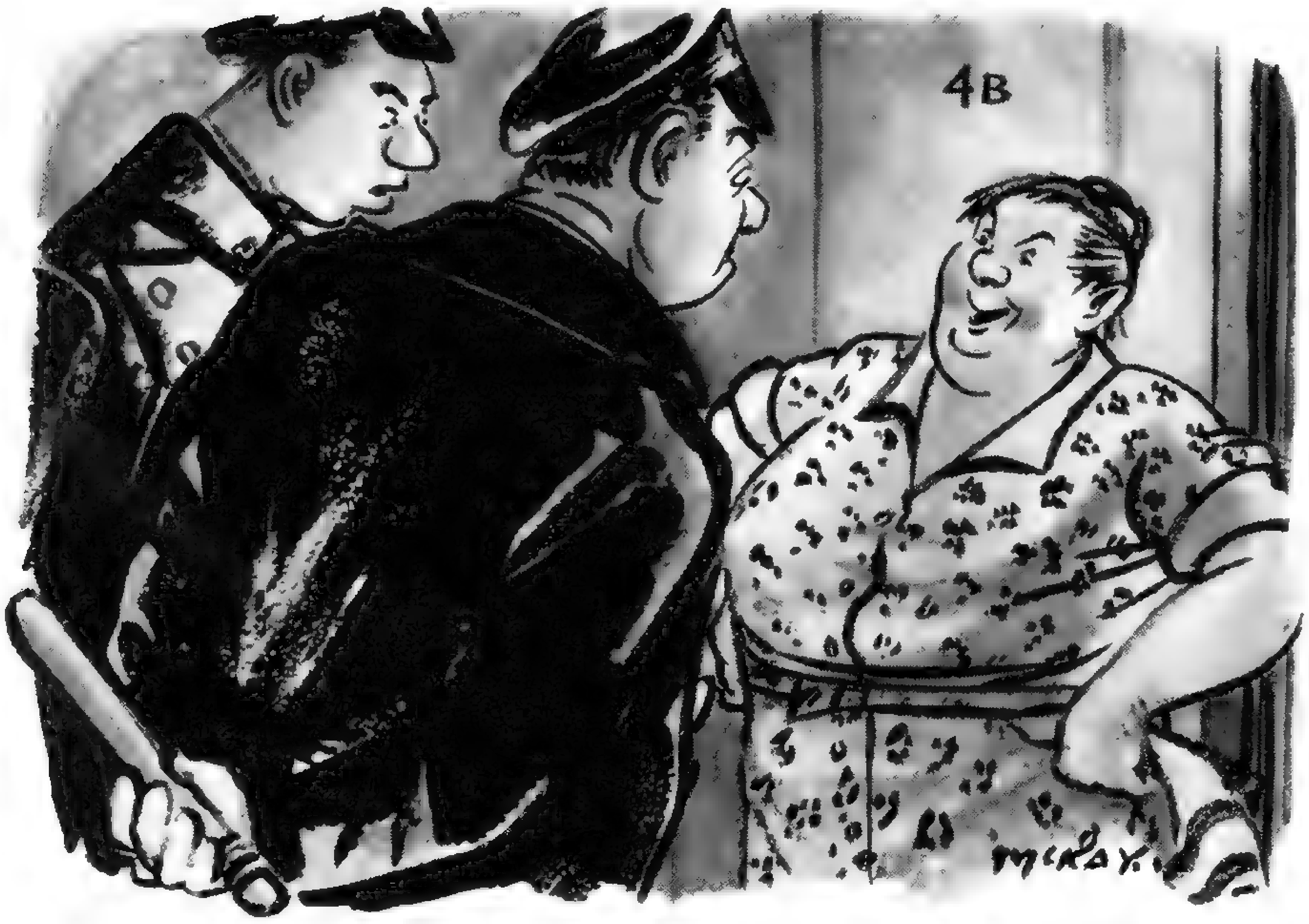
"Oboy, beans!"



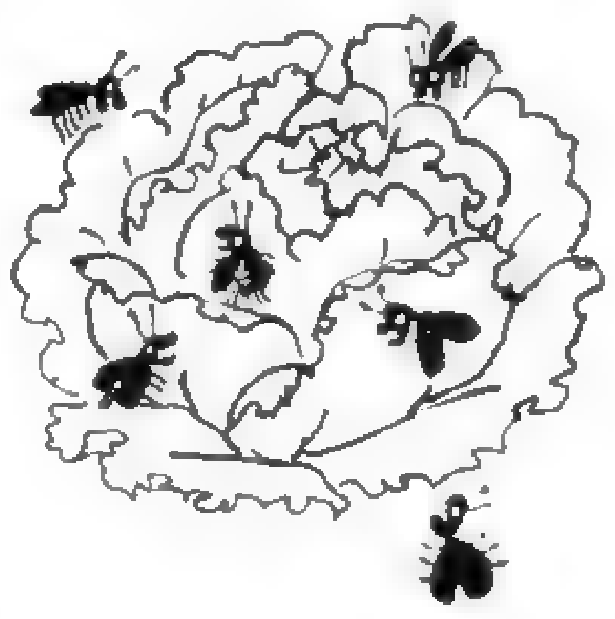
"I wish to order a full length mirror, please"



"Haven't you anything educational—like rabbits?"



"He's having breakfast at the moment . . . will you wait?"



There may be ten million amateur vegetable gardens this summer, so who says that nobody profits from war? Look at the treat the bugs are in for.

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FOR ACTIVE MEN
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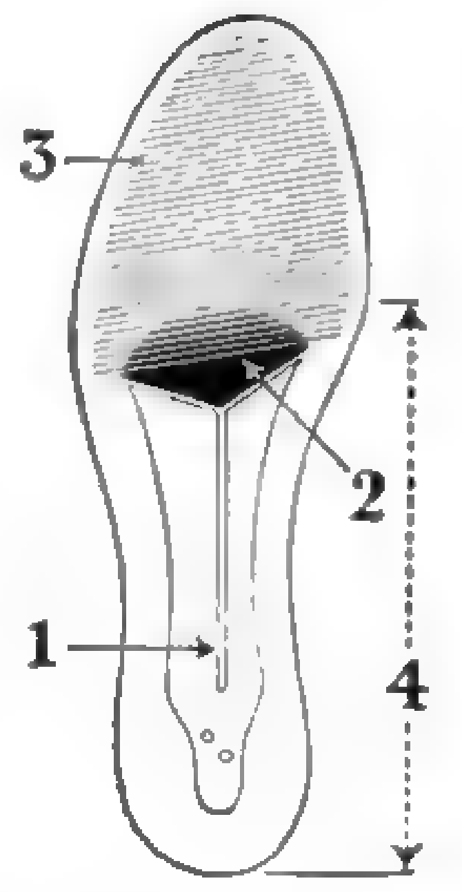
A thousand fine dealers — with specially trained fitters—carry these top quality shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-5, Rockland, Mass.



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St. Paul	Emporium
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San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
Scranton	Lewis & Reilly
Seattle	Frederick & Nelson Nordstrom's
Shreveport	Phelps
Spokane	The Crescent
Springfield	Morse & Haynes
Tacoma	Pessemier's
Toledo	B. R. Baker Co.
Troy	L. H. Cooper's
Washington	Boyce & Lewis Raleigh Haberdasher
Wichita	John Braitsch
Wilmington	Storm's
Worcester	Shean's
York, Pa.	Newswanger's

For Women — Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

Convoy Town, 1940

Continued from pages 27-116

bodies before they buried them in the sea for even rags have a little warmth. Then the others died, of exposure, of cold, of despair. The mess boy named Tommy George and a cabin boy named Arthur Clark died on the same day. The apprentice with the memorable name of Alexander Selkirk died next and the others, no one recalls exactly when.

Driving helplessly to the northward, pushed on by the southeaster that seemed to have no end, the remaining four huddled, padded thick with layers of dead men's clothes. There were shoes aplenty but their feet—all save Patterson's—were so badly frozen that any covering at all made them more bloodless and agonizing. Patterson was never still. At first when there was little room in the boat he beat his arms and stomped his boots and took double tricks at the steering oar. He pulled off his boots and dipped his socks into the clean sea and wrung them out and shoved them in against his body to warm while he kneaded his toes—kneaded them and pulled them until they were red instead of the sepulchre white they wanted to remain. Then when the crowding was over, he was forward and aft in the boat swinging over the thwarts, slapping one of his mates on the back, grabbing another, horsing with them, trying to make them laugh or curse or fight or dance. When they tried to sleep he wrapped them up in the clammy sail and then, beating his arms, stood watch alone, his steady breath wreathing in icy wraiths, his eyes, a faded blue, set deep in squint wrinkles, searching the distances.

They had plenty of ship's biscuit but the water was low in the butt and the filth the Negroes had deposited dipping their socks, stirred up every time they lowered the dipper. It made their ration thick and dark. One night it warmed enough to sleet but when they peeled the thin glaze of ice from the thwarts and gunwales and tried to suck it, it was rank with old salt which encrusted everything.

Patterson thought what he saw far off was a vessel. He did not sing out at once. But at last there was no doubt. The mate, on the floorboards, hove himself up and propped against a thwart and did what he could; piped like mad on his small nickel-plated mate's whistle. It was a tiny shrill in the vast void of that cold silent world but on he shrilled.

Patterson got one of the AB's up on the forward thwart beside him and they beat the water like a gull with a broken wing trying to row toward the ship. She saw them. Patterson made the line that snaked down from her fast and then indicating above that the others could not handle themselves, started to pass lines about them, rigging them for heaving up by tackle. When the master of the rescue ship called to him to stop, that he was sending down men to take over, Patterson started aloft unaided. He took sixteen days in hospital, the last ten of them under violent protest at so much laziness and then strode back to sea, AB again in a Dutch tanker.

A city changes at night. Fantasy and magic rustle in its night gusts, dance in its cats' paws. Convoy Town was a dark place.

There was one night of strangely warm southwester. It was still mid-winter but the air had a Gulf Stream smell. A restless night. There was a convoy sailing in the morning and I had spent an afternoon and evening in a Scotchman's mess room listening to what was bound to happen in the Old Toll Bar or Paddy MacNeil's or The Aden when the roomful of mates and wireless operators and quartermasters got to Edinburgh or Glasgow. They belonged to the nearby ships in the convoy and had congregated for an afternoon's gam while their various masters were ashore getting last minute instructions in conference with the navy. The conferences were part of routine. Convoy conferences they were called and they were colorful, serious albeit often uproariously funny, meetings. The harbor craft that was to ferry the captains off was to take me in and it was well into middle evening when she arrived. She was a twenty-foot Cape Island motor boat with scant head room under the carlines of her small narrow house and a smell of captains, cigar smoke, sailing day Scotch and Yardley's lavender toilet soap, still pungent there.

Jack was the name of her coxswain and he had one more task—to transfer a Greek mate from one ship to another—before we could go in. We found the mate. His duffle, two imitation leather suitcases, dog-eared and stuffed to bursting, came down on the end of a heaving line. He followed heavily down the dimly lit side ladder, a puncheon built, squat-necked Hellene in a blue overcoat and a gray tweed cap. He looked a little like Tony Galento.

"You don't know where this other Spig ship is?" sighed Jack. "There's a hundred ships in this basin tonight. How do I know where she is in the dark?"

"That way—" The Greek motioned with a hand like a clove-baked ham. "You shine the light. I'll steer."

He grasped the small brass steering wheel that was set against the forward bulkhead by the hub, his fingers bulging through the spokes, cuffed the throttle wide open, struck a match. The Turkish reek of his cigarette changed the smell of the cabin. Jack opened the starboard window and, as we slid at fifteen knots close under the bows of the big brooding hulls that jumped one after the other out of the darkness, he shined up the flashlight searching for names. For an hour we searched, in under the bows so close we could reach out and touch the ice-caked mooring chains, then still at fifteen knots, tight down alongside and then, hard over, under the towering sterns.

The southwester's lop, the nervous night, had brought Convoy Town nervously alive. Changed was the daylight whimsy that it was a solid town. Its hundred anchor lights were the picket lanterns of some unearthly caravan bivouacked for the night and the ships were nervous tethered beasts. They were brooding tethered mastodons awake in the dark, worrying and grieving with slow rhythmic sway. The big Greek beside me was pagan too.

"There's a nervousness in the air tonight," I said. "It might be spring."

"The ships are scared tonight," he said. "We go out in a few hours. Too many fine ships, they die—too many."

We found his vessel at last. Without a word he lumbered his great barrel body out atop the Cape Islander's house and stood there riding her jerky pitch on treelike legs. He looked aloft, caught the heaving line that came down out of the darkness, threw the bowline securing his bags and gave the gutteral foreign command to heave away. His fat back vanished up the ladder and the last I saw of him was the red eye of his trailing cigarette and his round wide feet covered with a pair of shiny town rubbers.

The southwester had turned smoky in the morning with a merry sun and a big lump of blue winter sea outside. Convoy Town was a town again with smoke blowing straight off chimneys and wash aflutter on clothes lines. The convoy got off at noon. Swinging your eyes about, you could see ships in all stages of getting under weigh. The lead ship was moving smartly down channel. Astern of her at proper station was number two, swinging down into line from a berth off channel was number three with a wet smear down her starboard bow like a runny nostril on an urchin. Farther upstream was the explanation of that catarrh. A hawse-hole was full spouting as a crew hosed the mud off anchor chain and the anchor itself. Other hooks were in further stages of weigh; straight up and down or clanking in at full winch with the whole forecastle deck shrouded in steam.

Faster bows that bore me, turned seaward, ran by the line and carried on for the sea buoy outside, then slowed and waited. Out the convoy trundled not tenements nor mastodons now but ships; hard working, plump, lean, low-waisted, high-waisted, fat-bottomed, lean-bottomed, old lady ships. They sported a touch of color up in their hair, the same gay International Code bunting they had worn back in town. Slowly, very dignified and cautious they rounded the sea buoy and took station abreast.

We left them again and sped on, swinging Asdic gear to see what was ahead. There was Atlantic Ocean blown fresh and clean swinging to the southwester's full croon. We made very sure that twenty miles was as clean alow as aloft then ran back to meet the girls. The southwester as I say, was smoky. The visibility while brilliant was very short—two miles maybe. Out of the gentle mist the lead squad came. It was in column of fours in perfect alignment. Then, astern, we could see the whole column steaming, "bungs-up, bilge-free, carry-on." It was more than a pretty sight, it was a breath-taking one. A big sea would run across the line and first one then another—seven thousand ton freighters, mind—would lift to it, up, up light as a dory and show half a length of strake. And then down would sway bows and, with a toss, ups-a-daisy, lilted sterns like a congo chorus and there were glistening, spinning screws tossing snow-white lace against the blue sea and sky. And—all is vanity—dun and modest as the old girls were in public, they showed us esoteric ones their red underdrawers. Topside may put on sack cloth and ashes for war but bottom paint is still bright barn red.

We stayed with them through an afternoon, put up a pink and opal sunset astern and then a moon, a winter's moon, fat and full. It painted a marine of great beauty; forty ships of the Western Ocean convoy reaching across a swift running sea of molten silver with gossamer crests of wave and hard, shooting shadow. Moonlight became the old ladies. It turned gray into soft blue, buff into pink, wiped away dirt and scars. More magic still, it suddenly hammered a whole ship's side out of sterling as a sea drenched her and she rolled, side out, for the hot moon to warm.

Then words came over the wireless indicating that bigger escort than we were taking over ahead.

We turned back and ran through an inbound tanker fleet at midnight.

They wanted to know how the chances were to find a vacant lot or two and spend a week-end in Convoy Town. ‡‡

Television may be a good idea, but what if some of those contestants on the quiz programs look as dumb as they sound!

"Going to Town! A Winner!"

THAT'S THE RATING HANDSOME HAIR WINS YOU!

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10 Seconds to Comb—And your hair stays neatly in place—with no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.

All the world loves a winner—respects him—admires him. So pitch your personal prestige high! Let Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" turn you out looking your best—with well-groomed, handsome hair giving your personality and prestige a lift—speeding you ahead to success!

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Good Soldiers Play Safe

Continued from page 23

about war aims and his unmannerly abuse of the enemy was "civilian talk." Worst of all was his professed eagerness for battle. That was on a par with volunteering for barrack fatigue, or getting up before réveille. None of us were surprised when the unfortunate man turned tail on contacting the enemy in his first skirmish.

One would think that members of a corps possessed of high morale would be anxious to engage the enemy in battle. Such has not been my experience. Morale as understood by the professional soldier has nothing to do with heroics of that sort. It means discipline, plus esprit de corps, plus a high degree of human cunning. Discipline enables a soldier to obey orders. Esprit de corps helps him to endure any torture rather than bring the least suspicion of dishonor on his unit. Cunning helps him to preserve life as long as possible, within the limits of his dangerous profession.

Sometimes, conduct that appears admirable to the professional soldier is regarded as cowardice by the civilian, addicted to the worship of false military values. During the First World War, a certain regiment of the line went to France on the outbreak of hostilities. It was immediately dispatched to the front, in an endeavor to halt the rapidly advancing enemy. A corporal and two men were left behind at the base, with orders to protect the regimental property. Almost immediately after its arrival at the front the regiment was completely annihilated. It vanished from existence without leaving a trace and it was struck from the books of the war office. There remained, however, the corporal and two men at the base, where they continued to exist without the knowledge of any competent authority.

The corporal was confronted, under these circumstances, with a peculiar problem in military discipline. He was confronted, in a broader sense, with a problem of morale. What should he do? Should he make the war office aware of his presence? He did nothing of the kind. He behaved like a good soldier. He obeyed to the letter the last order he received, which was to stay at the base with the two men under his command and protect the property of his regiment. Until he received a further order from his regiment, it was his duty according to King's Regulations to carry on with his task and keep his mouth shut. As his regiment had ceased to exist, he and his two men were officially dead for the duration of the war. Yet he could not abandon his post, or cease carrying out the task assigned to him as long as hostilities lasted.

The corporal and his two men remained at the base during the whole war. All three of them married French women from among the local inhabitants. Furthermore, all three of them got quite rich. The corporal organized and managed very profitably a house where warrant and non-commissioned officers amused themselves. The two men ran a gambling game called Crown and Anchor, very popular in the British Army. At the end of the war, they reported their presence to the base commandant, as well as the presence of the regimental property entrusted to their care "all present and correct." Needless to say, this sudden appearance of three officially dead men, together with a certain amount of military property that was officially lost to the enemy, caused a tremendous disturbance in the innumerable offices of His Majesty's War Department. Finally, however, the matter was arranged to the satisfaction of the corporal and his two men. They were repatriated. They received all their back pay. They were returned to civilian life without a mark of any kind on their record, concerning the pleasant time they passed at the base guarding regimental property.

The patriotic civilian, that outrageous fellow who is always eager to immolate himself on battlefields in defense of just causes, not only condemns the corporal and his two men as cowards and malingerers, but he also is inclined to feel outraged by the inefficiency of the British Army for being unable to detect the presence of the three men during all that time. For the civilian is always convinced that the professional army is an organization of bungling parasites, who have grown fat and incapable while gorging themselves on the money of hard-working taxpayers. The truth is that the British Army, as I knew it, was a very efficient machine with magnificent morale. Its efficiency and its excellent morale were responsible for the corporal and his two men being able to "swing the lead" at the base during all that time without detection. If you go into a factory for the first time and look at the complicated machinery of an assembly line, you only see it as a whole if it is functioning properly. But if there is some cog that is not performing its proper function, you immediately fix your eye on that cog. "Ha!" you say. "There is something wrong here." In the same way, in a military camp such as the base at which our corporal and his two men resided so long and so pleasantly, each soldier must be obediently and in an orderly fashion carrying out an assigned duty, if the machine is to function properly. So long as each soldier is carrying out a prescribed duty in an orderly manner, or gives the impression of carrying out a prescribed duty in an orderly manner, no competent authority will halt him brusquely and roar:

"No thanks . . . Just wishing!"

No wonder everyone admires trousers with Gripper fasteners!

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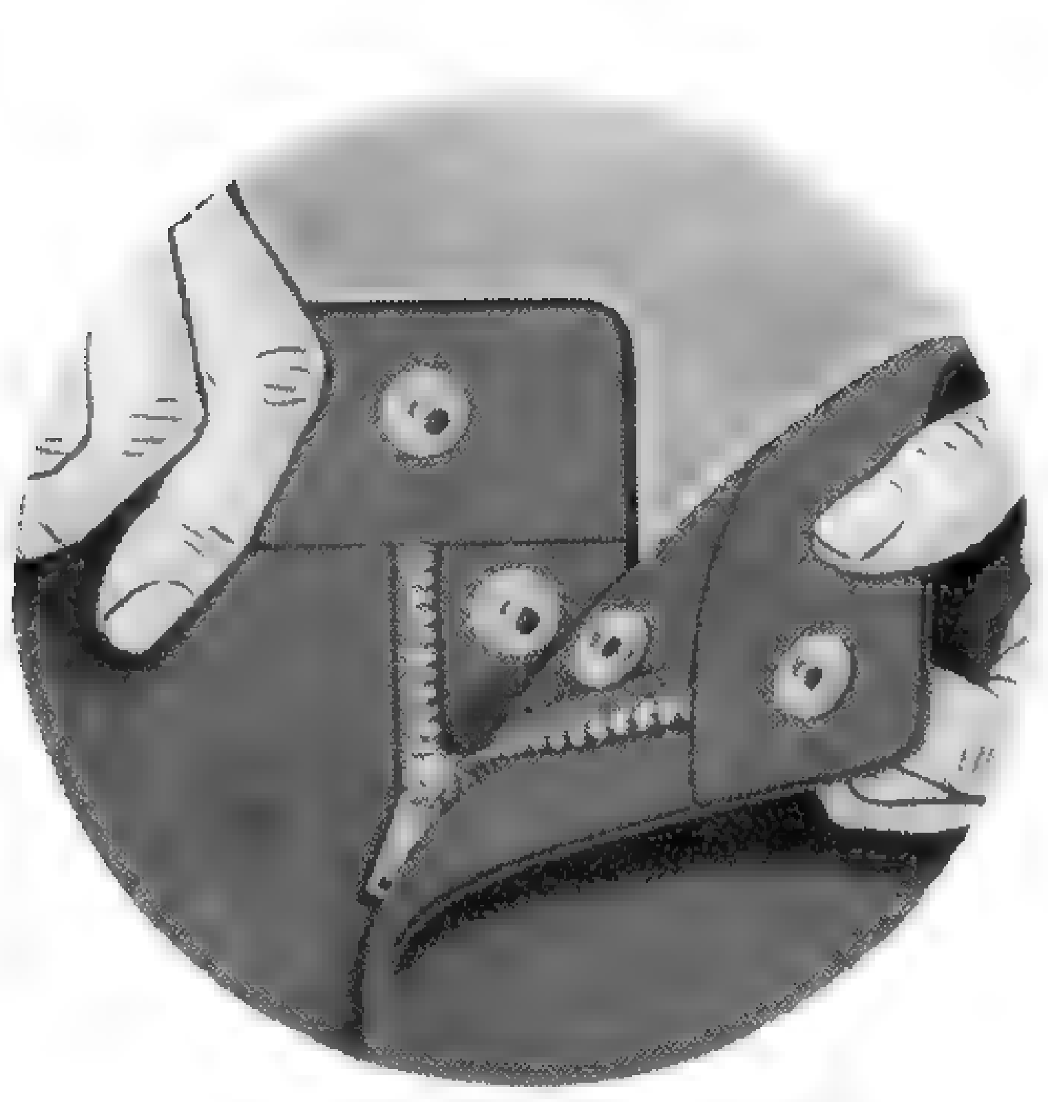
Handy little Gripper fasteners above the slide-fastened fly are neater . . . worlds more convenient. They keep waistbands flatter and smoother, securely closed at all times . . . outlast the trousers themselves.

Next time you buy a suit or odd trousers . . . ask for Gripper fasteners above the zipper fly!

P. S. But be sure you get GRIPPER fasteners . . . not just any snap fasteners. Gripper fasteners have been laboratory tested . . . proved in use for more than six years. Ask for them by name.



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MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother."*

"Hey! You! What are you on?" On the contrary, if a soldier is seen walking around idly or improperly dressed, even though he may be excused from duty, he is halted at every step by a ferocious voice that demands: "Hey! You! What are you on?"

I can quite easily imagine, therefore, that our corporal and his two men were as busy as beavers during the prescribed hours of duty at the camp. The corporal and his two men could be seen marching to and fro any day of the week, with the corporal roaring out "E-E-Eyes R-R-Right" or "E-E-Eyes L-L-Left" when he met an officer. His men would never appear within the military compound without being armed with buckets, pails, or scrubbing brushes. They marched to the incinerator, to the equipment store, everywhere but to the front. Everywhere they were known as "a detail of such and such a regiment." And as nobody in that camp was responsible for the aforesaid "detail of such and such a regiment," nobody could bother them unless they committed a crime against military discipline. Being excellent soldiers, they committed no such crime.

This infinite capacity of the good soldier with excellent morale for implicitly obeying the last order received and for never asking questions was responsible for many such pleasant interludes during the grim business of winning the first round in the War for Democracy. A taciturn fellow with whom I served cut his heel one night while we were out in No Man's Land putting up some barbed wire barricades. For some reason, known only to himself, he did not at once report the slight mishap to his heel. It festered as a result and he was sent to a hospital when we came out of the line. He arrived at the hospital with quite a large body of men from a neighboring sector, on which the enemy had experimented with a new kind of gas. In the confusion, my taciturn comrade was listed among the gassed soldiers of a Canadian unit. He very naturally made no attempt to enlighten the authorities on their mistake, with the result that he began a very interesting adventure.

A decent cup of coffee is a cup that you can get everywhere except in your own home.

Those who had actually suffered from the gas attack either died or responded to treatment, whereas my comrade showed no symptoms whatsoever of suffering any ill effects, except for the festering wound on his heel. For that reason, the medical authorities became extremely interested in his case and observed him with as much care as if he were an experimental guinea pig or monkey. He traveled far back behind the lines to a large hospital, where the effects of poison gas were being observed scientifically. There he lived the life of Reilly for several months, without being of the least service to the cause of science. Finally the medical authorities lost their temper with him and one doctor asked him point-blank whether he had been in the gas attack at all. My comrade answered promptly, in the most soldierly fashion, that he had not been in the gas attack and that he had been sent back from quite a different sector with a festering wound on his heel. When asked by the enraged doctors why he had not said so before, the good soldier answered calmly that nobody had asked him. Since this was the truth and since his conduct during the whole period of his stay in the hospital had been exemplary in every respect, the authorities could do nothing but discharge him and he returned peacefully to his unit with his heel quite cured.

The same point of view which prevents the good professional soldier's hating the enemy, or accusing him of childish atrocities, also forbids any emotion that resembles fear of the enemy. This does not mean that a good professional soldier is incapable of experiencing fear. Far from it. It is true, however, that the enemy is the least object of his fears. On the other hand, the fear of falling into disgrace is his greatest. I had a comrade who was really magnificent in action and had been twice decorated for valor. The same man always suffered agonies of fear during parade, as he had a fixed idea that he was destined sooner or later to commit the almost unpardonable offense of dropping his rifle. I have heard of strong men fainting on parade when they heard the hoarse and ruthless voice of the platoon sergeant bark: "Take his number, corporal. Company orders tomorrow morning." Whether the crime is a dirty rifle barrel, or dull tunic buttons, or an improperly shaved chin, or moving about in the ranks, the good soldier is mortally ashamed when he hears those dreadful words.

One day in the line, a sudden attack enabled a fairly strong force of the enemy to infiltrate into our sector and we were massing on our reserve line for a counterattack. By my side was a young fellow who had recently joined our unit. This was his first time going into action. He was obviously experiencing great difficulty with his nerves. The platoon sergeant, marching up and down the trench as he waited for

Continued on page 122

Treasure Hunt
Hangs on Mystery Clue!
LISTEN... HERE'S THE LAST CLUE, JANE. "GO TO BARTON'S, GIVE THE PASSWORD, AND 33 TO 1 YOU'LL FIND THE TREASURE."
BUT WHERE'S BARTON'S... AND HOW WILL WE EVER FIND OUT THE PASSWORD?
BARTON'S—THAT MUST BE THE INN. NOW FOR THE PASSWORD—LET'S SEE... "33 TO 1"... SAY! I GOT IT... LET'S GO!
DICK AND JANE GIVE THE RIGHT PASSWORD...WIN THE TREASURE!
PABST BLUE RIBBON WAS THE PASSWORD. HOW CLEVER OF YOU, DICK. BUT "33 TO 1"—PLEASE EXPLAIN...
SURE THING! IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER. BLENDING GIVES IT THAT PRIZE-WINNING FLAVOR.
Treasure
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 TO 1."
LATER
ALL TOGETHER GANG — 3 ROUSING CHEERS FOR OUR HOST AND HOSTESS.
LET'S MAKE IT 33 CHEERS — NOT EVERY HUNT ENDS WITH A TREASURE LIKE THIS.
Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

A clue — for you — on smart entertaining! Next time guests come, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. There's a treasure of flavor in every glass. See how this blend of 33 fine brews makes friends, wins compliments. Enjoy it in regular or club size bottles, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD HARVEY

Model Conduct

Interviews on men with America's most popular models

MARDEE HOFF

Daughter of cover artist Guy Hoff, Mardee Hoff is herself learning to be an illustrator in whatever time she can spare from being one of the most active professional models in New York. McClelland Barclay calls her the "most charming example of young American girlhood," and in support of this dictum the Art Directors Association once voted her the Most Popular American Girl.

Miss Hoff on Men: "All a man has to do to make a big hit with me is one simple thing—be a foreigner. I'm not awed by a European background, but I am impressed by the superior manners of the foreign men I've gone out with. They know how to make a girl feel feminine by certain little attentions—rushing ahead to open a door, helping her on with her coat and that sort of thing. And they know exactly how and when to compliment you. American men are too matter-of-fact with a girl, treating her like a pal almost to the point of disrespect. It's really our fault for trying to place ourselves on the same plane with men. But what most of us secretly wouldn't give to be 'handled with care' for a change! Incidentally, I've noticed that military training works a wonderful transformation in the manners of most fellows; I guess it's because men in uniform try to live up to the military tradition of gallantry toward womanhood. Officers' wives are the luckiest women I know. In general, I think American men are physically more attractive than Europeans and have a boyish quality which is very endearing. I hate to sound critical and disloyal to them but I'm just trying to be honest. If I had to choose, I'd take an American man every time—but wouldn't it be marvelous if I could get him with the manners of a European!" #

Vital Statistics: *Name:* Mardee Hoff. *Model Agency:* Conover. *Home Town:* Buffalo, N. Y. *Age:* 23. *Height:* 5'8". *Weight:* 117. *Bust:* 34. *Waist:* 24. *Hips:* 34. *Hair:* Blonde. *Eyes:* Blue.

Good Soldiers Play Safe

Continued from pages 23-121

the order to attack, noticed the discomfiture of the young soldier. Coming up behind the young man, the sergeant deftly undid a strap of the recruit's equipment. Then he promptly called the recruit to attention, with a roar that drowned the artillery barrage. He denounced the young fellow with all the most horrifying epithets in his vocabulary, on the grounds that his "fighting order" was improperly strapped. The effect on the recruit was instantaneous. Forgetting his nervousness, he went over the top in as disciplined a fashion as the oldest soldier in the company.

The good professional soldier, serving in a crack corps, has never much time to think about the enemy, or indeed about the war in which he is engaged. Rations are more important to a good soldier's morale than victory. He never shows the least interest in the progress of the war. If he did, I am convinced he would soon become a bad soldier, enthusiastic while advancing, panicky if forced to retreat. The civilian, on the other hand, regards war as a matter of advance and retreat. When there is an advance he waves flags. When there is a retreat, he overthrows his government and demands the head of the general responsible.

As a matter of fact, every good professional soldier is more partial to a good retreat than to a victorious advance. For one thing, from an artistic point of view, a good retreat puts all the finest qualities of the soldier to the supreme test. (For that reason, every army is exceptionally proud of the successful retreats it has carried out under difficult conditions. But there are more important considerations than professional prestige that make a retreat preferable to an advance.) For one thing, every good soldier hates marching away from his base of departure, since he knows that he must sooner or later make the return journey and the farther he goes the longer must be the return journey. Marching with a weight on one's back, in our case ninety-eight pounds, is a very painful business. It only becomes reasonably endurable when one is marching back to barracks. Then the vision of one's barrack room bed and a comfortable seat in the canteen, with a pitcher of good beer in one's hand and the merry voices of one's tipsy comrades raising the roof with their boastful songs, raises one's morale to the supreme pitch.

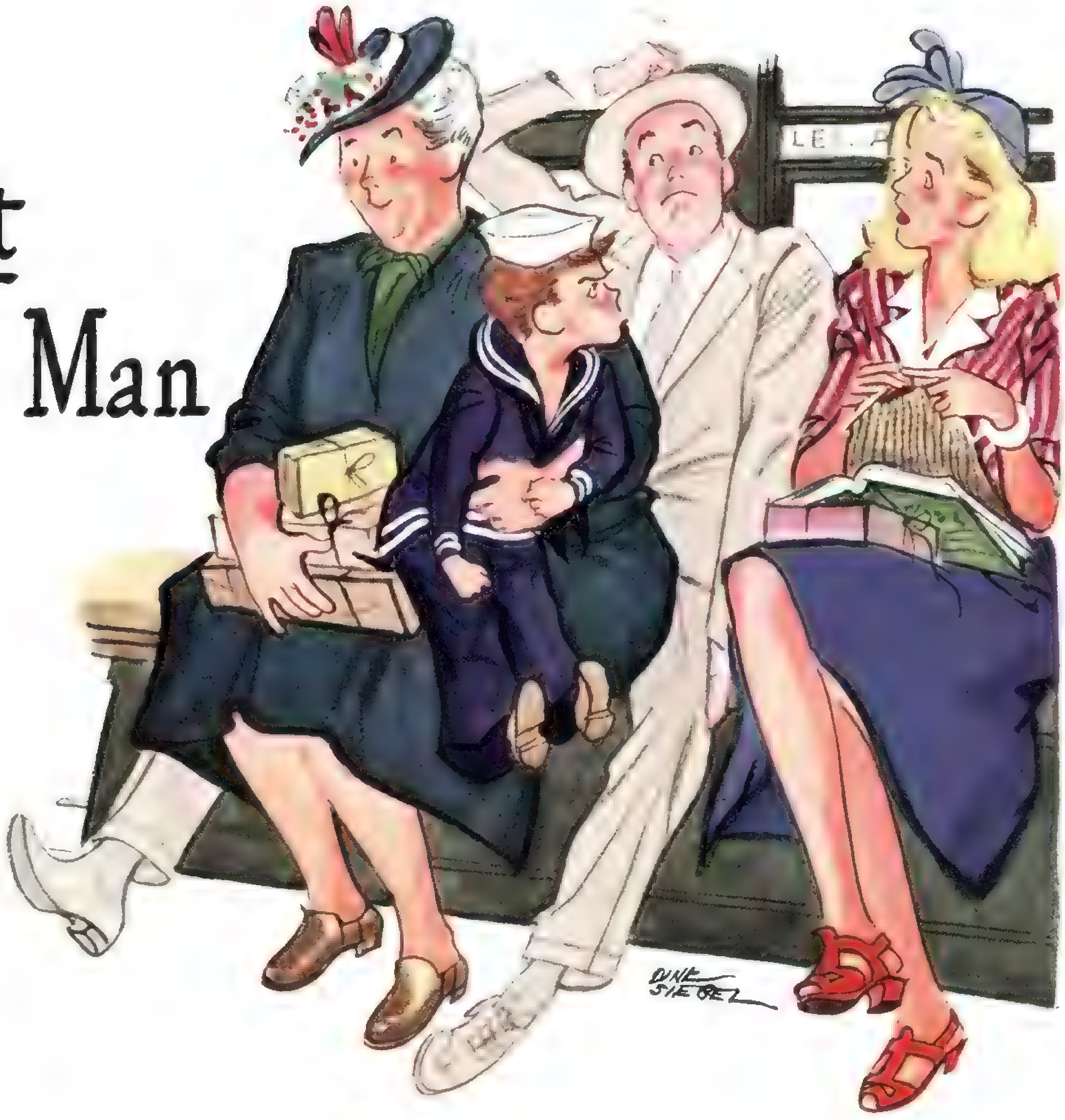
The advancing soldier, on the other hand, is in a pitiful state of mind. He is, first of all, running away from his rations, which must follow him with ever increasing difficulty along lengthening lines of communications. If the enemy is efficient, which the fellow generally proves to be, the advancing soldier finds destruction strewn all along his path. There is neither food nor shelter to be found by the advancing soldier along the path of the enemy's merry retreat. There is nothing but desolation and misery. The victorious soldier trudges on gloomily, devoured by the horrible fear that his general has become a maniac who wants to march right round the earth.

The history of all wars and of nations proves the truth of this contention. The British nation has remained undefeated in any European war for several hundred years and yet the history of its army is a long tale of successful retreat, varied by a few paltry advances that always ended disastrously. Even during this present war, the British army has retreated successfully several times. The same holds true of the Russian nation. Its history is one of continual retreat by its army. Yet its territory has become the graveyard of every hostile army that advanced into it. The greatest example of all is the Mongol nation, under its great general Ghengiz Khan. The great Khan certainly knew a thing or two about the art of soldiering and particularly about morale. As soon as he came into contact with the enemy, he burned large quantities of his baggage to give the idea of panic and then took to headlong flight. His retreat lasted for several weeks, if he had sufficient space in his rear. Finally, when the enemy was exhausted by advancing over scorched earth, the great Mongol turned and destroyed him.

The German nation is a terrible example of the school of thought, invariably followed by civilians, which regards advance as desirable and conducive to high morale. At the beginning of each war, the German army plunges forward recklessly and advances deep into enemy territory. As the war progresses, the German soldier becomes exhausted by victory and finally collapses. Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon Bonaparte and Alexander the Great are further examples of this folly. And yet, our fanatic civilians persist in waving flags when their soldiers advance, while they are prone to commit suicide on hearing of a masterly retreat.

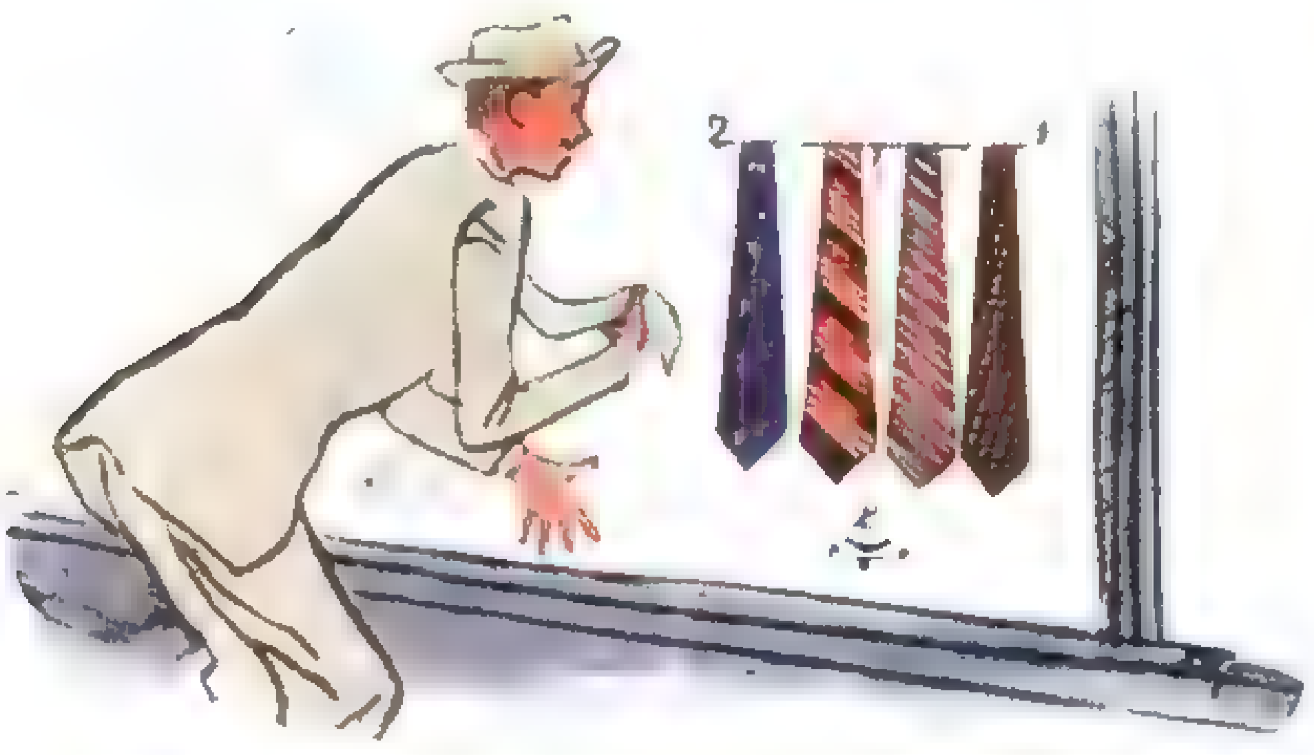
Owing to the manner in which this war is being waged by all parties concerned, with complete disregard of all the accepted rules, I find it a horrifying spectacle. The only consoling thought is that reputable organizations like the Marine Corps are in existence and unaffected, from what I can hear, by the prevalent hysteria. Very likely, when the proper moment arrives, they will intervene and put an end to the unseemly squabble. Otherwise, I feel inclined to believe a French staff officer, whom I heard remark during the Spanish Civil War, after watching an engagement between Nationalists and Loyalists through his field glasses: "Monsieur, if this is war then humanity has degenerated to a dangerous extent." #

The Almost Invisible Man



PEOPLE NEVER NOTICED Tom Reynolds. His appearance was so drab and colorless that very often he would seem to disappear entirely.

One morning in the subway, Tom was sat upon by a 190-pound woman who thought the seat was empty. "This," gritted Tom, "is the last straw. I'll have to do something about my appearance."

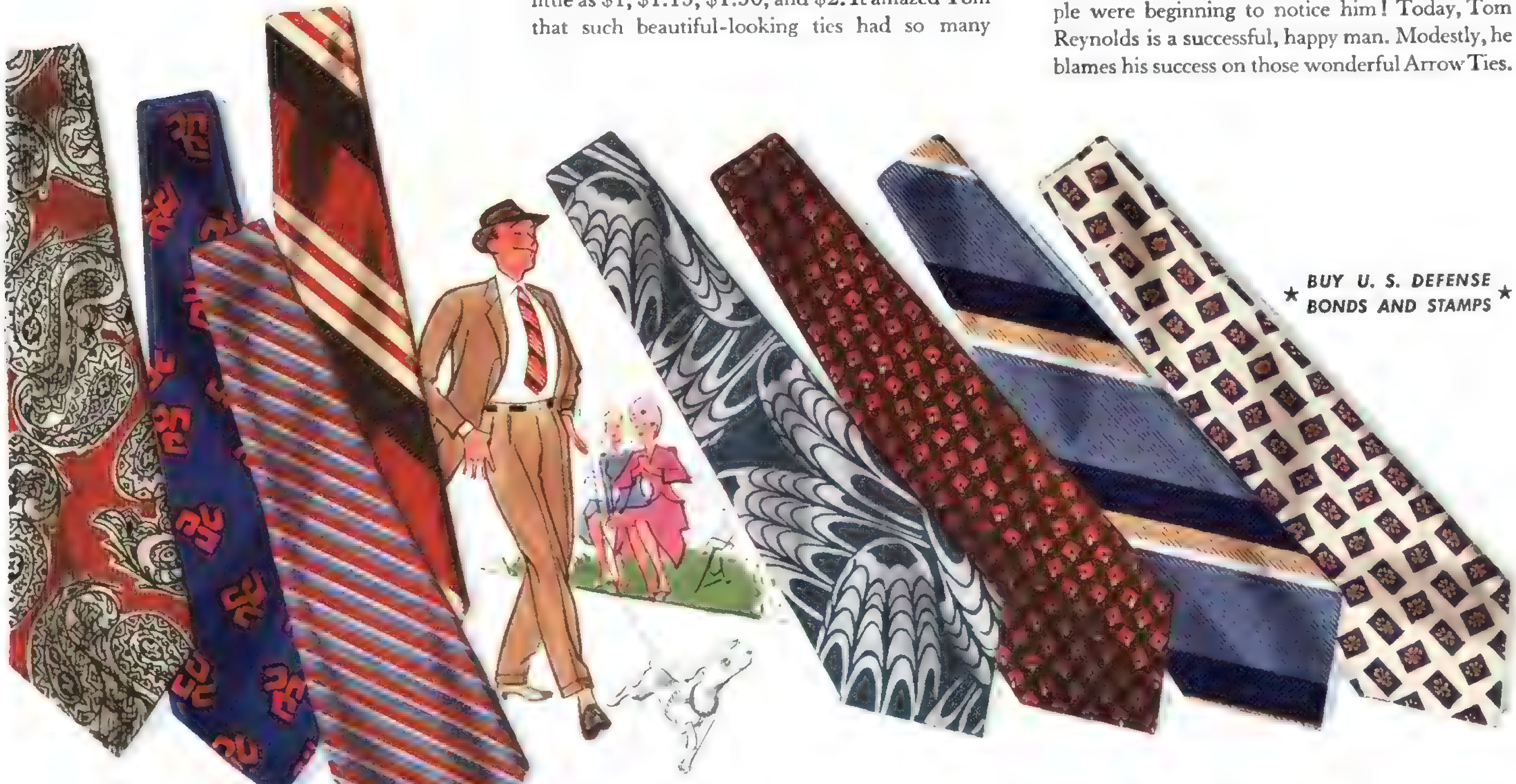


That afternoon, on his way to be measured for a scarlet suit and a purple hat, Tom passed an Arrow dealer and spied the smart, colorful Spring Arrow Ties in the window.

He thought, "Boy, aren't they beauties! What style! What color! What swell-looking patterns! I'll bet people will notice me if I wear handsome ties like those Arrows!" So he went in.

He selected half a dozen. The clerk told him all about how perfectly they knotted, and how long-wearing they were, and how they cost as little as $1, $1.15, $1.50, and $2. It amazed Tom that such beautiful-looking ties had so many other wonderful features. So he bought them, and even put one on.

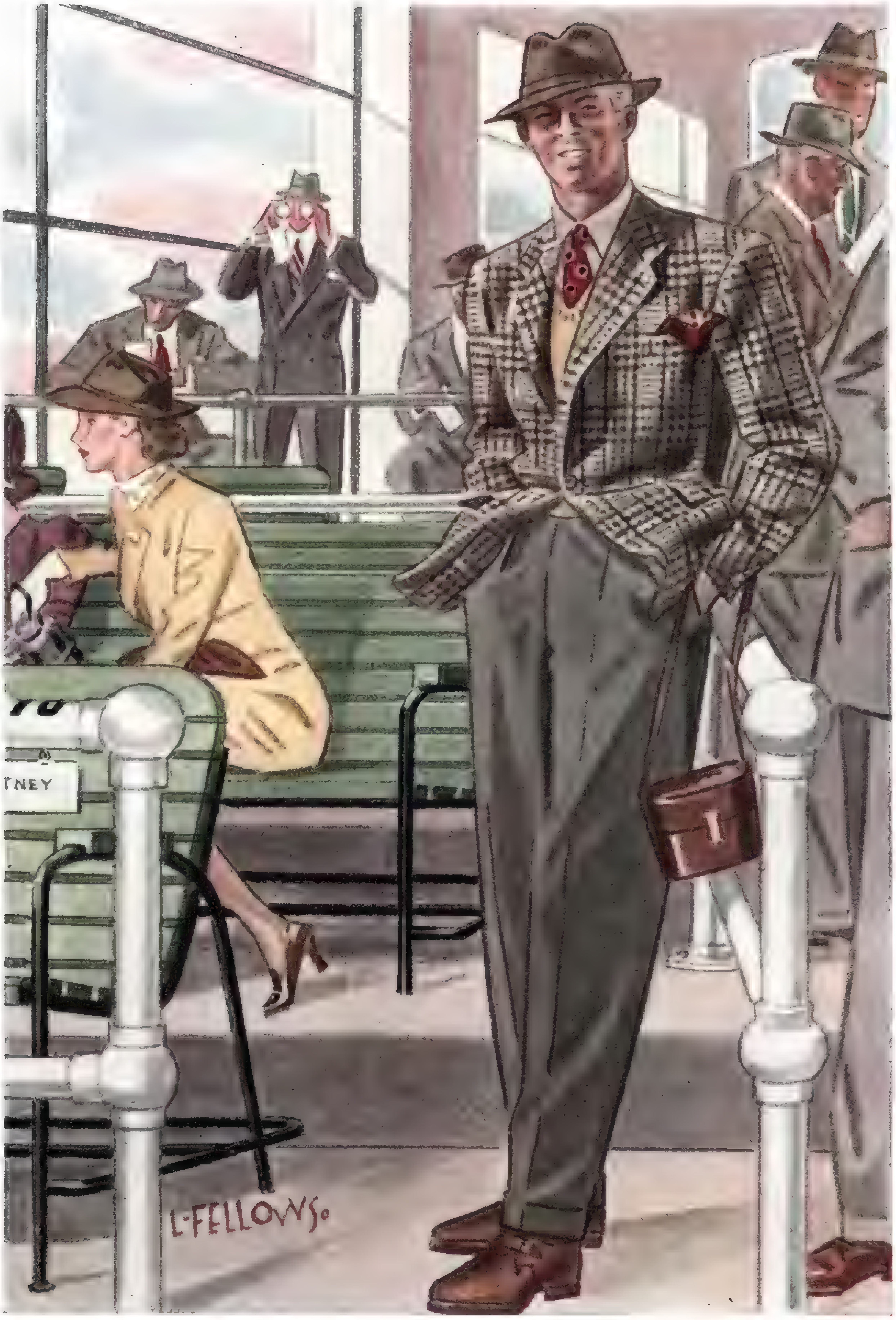
When he went out into the street, a man asked him for a match, and two women asked him how to get to Main Street. Tom felt wonderful. People were beginning to notice him! Today, Tom Reynolds is a successful, happy man. Modestly, he blames his success on those wonderful Arrow Ties.



★ BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS ★

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts



clothes horse sense

"Come on you bangtail!" this follower of the gee-gees mutters under his breath. He glues his eyes on his favorite hunch who creeps around the bend in an embarrassing position . . . both for the horse and for the gentleman above. You may have lost on the race today, mister, but we'll give you a blue ribbon for your outfit any day! That new cashmere jacket with blue and Sandune markings is racy enough to make Seabiscuit's mouth water, and the tan flannel shirt with the printed foulard tie are now track prerequisites. You were a wise guy to pick up the Sandune color for the shade of your sweater from the markings of your plaid jacket. And the foulard handkerchief is *the* companionpiece to your tie. Your Brownstone flannel slacks offset the gay tones of your jacket, and the reverse calf monk-front shoes are the nuts. Well, the Hell with the dope sheet, you look like a winner!

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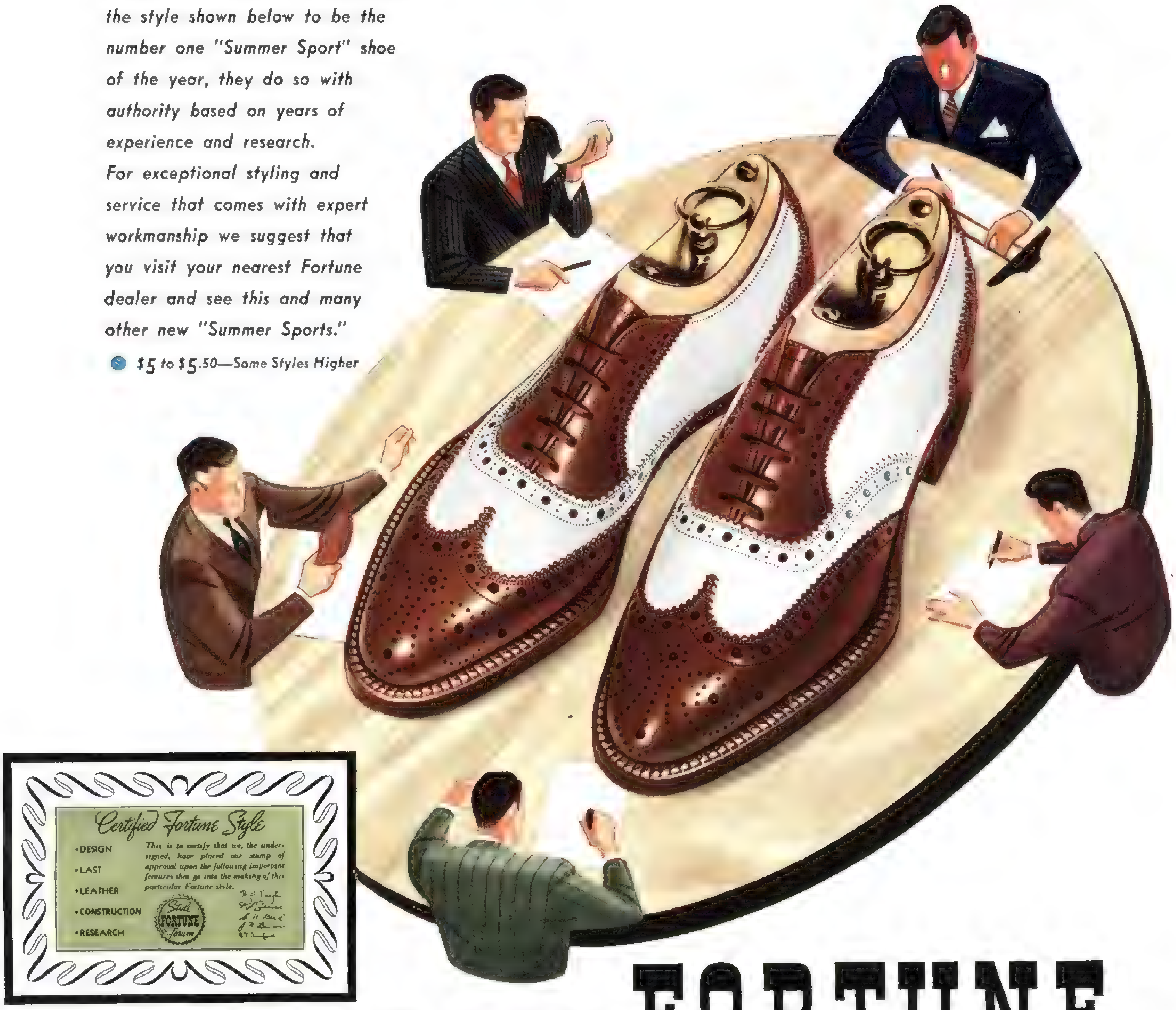

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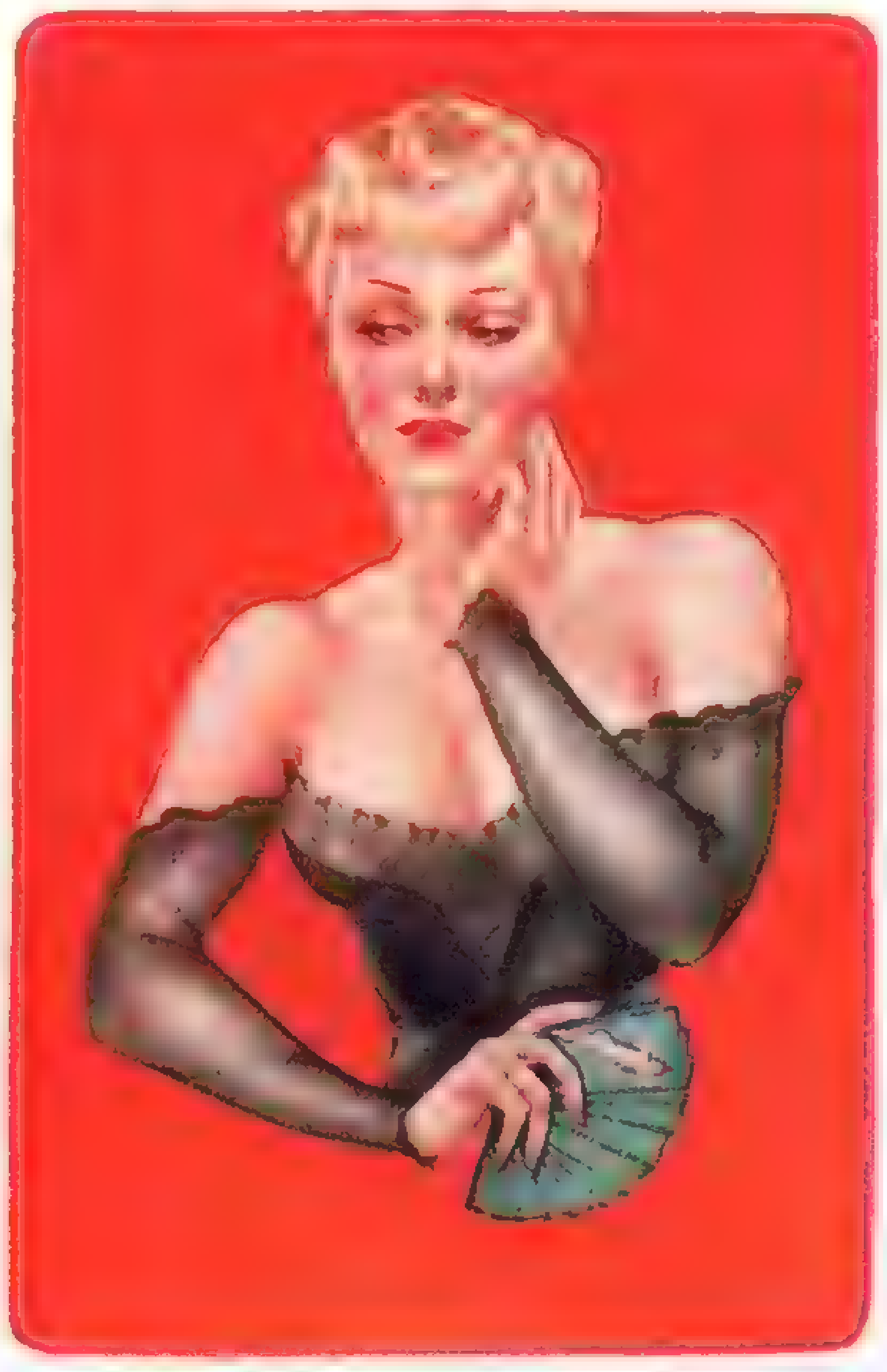
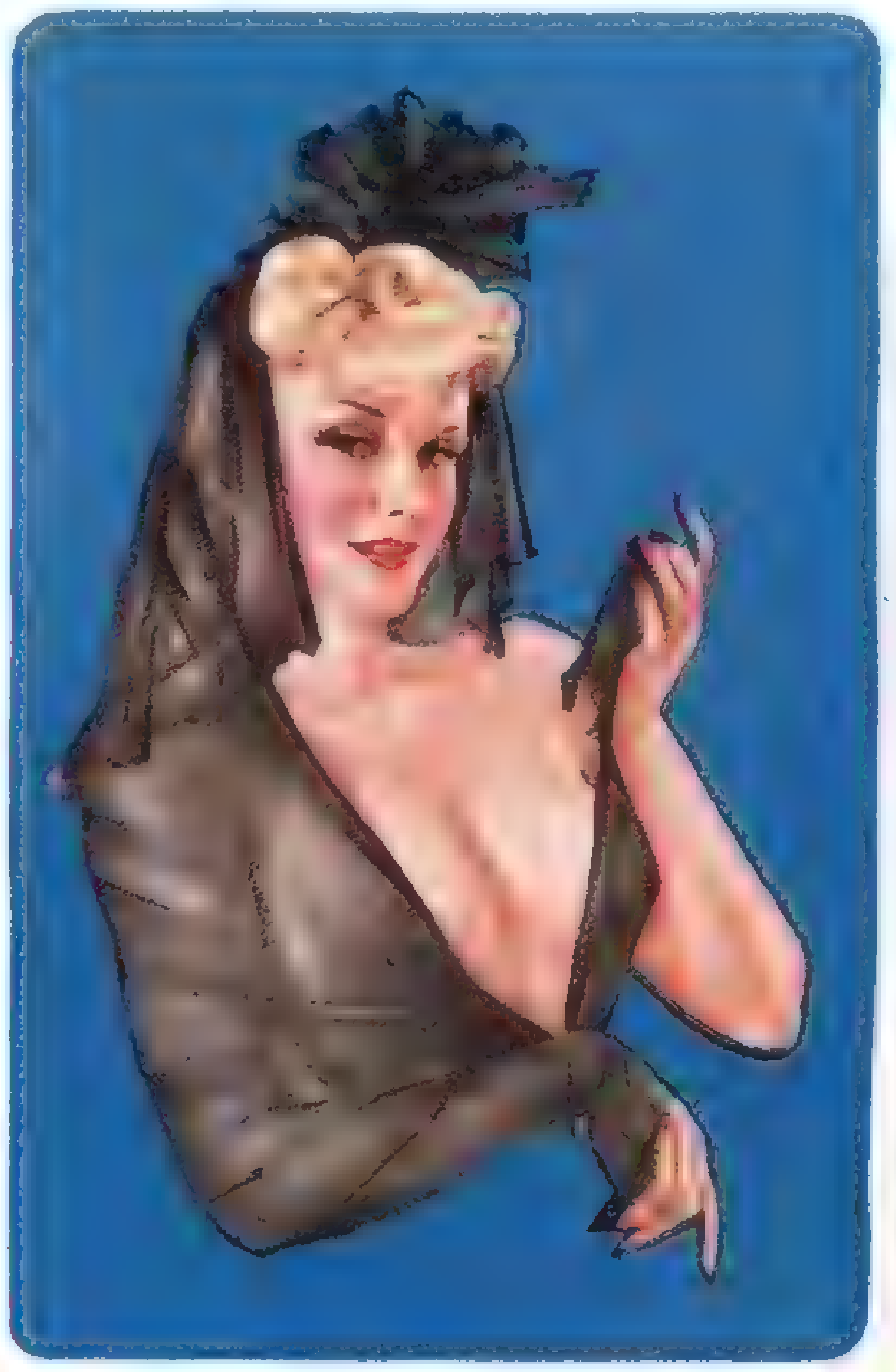


"A" DECK

actual size



"B" DECK

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 85

methods. Continuous use of those methods as self protection may prove fatal to one's ideals."

QUESTION III

Do you believe that it is justifiable to continue spectator sports as usual on the grounds that by providing diversion they bolster public morale?

The public	**Yes 93.10%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 99.01%**
Sports editors	**Yes 97.07%**
Langley Field	**Yes 95.32%**

Regardless of whether it's for relaxation, escapism, or the glow of vicarious engagement in a struggle, the majority registers an overwhelming approval of spectator sports continuance.

As **Eddie Lyon,** KTUL, Tulsa, Oklahoma, said: "The Big Guy in the White House had the right idea."

Advised **Alan Scott,** WGN, Chicago:

> Don't cut out spectator sports—not because they are so damned vital in themselves as wholesome diversion in time of war, but rather because their *interruption* would deflate morale.

For the affirmative also was **John Kolbmann,** WHAT, Philadelphia, who stated:

> Athletics should be increased whenever possible, not cut down. The action of the United States Golf Association in cancelling the major golf championships was a mistake. I think they were figuring only in dollars and cents. When our leaders haven't the courage to carry on, how can they expect others to do so?

This view was favored by **Major General John V. Clinnin,** commandant of the Illinois Reserves, who wrote:

> Time to brood over depressing matters of war should be relieved as much as possible to preserve morale. Excitement and laughter are among the essentials needed.

Veterans of the last war favored continuation. **France Laux,** KMOX, St. Louis, wrote:

> I was in the air service with the 259th Aero Squadron during the last war, and to my way of thinking sport is one of the greatest morale builders in the world. At a time like this the government should insist that they carry on.

He was seconded by another vet, **Al Warden,** *Ogden Standard-Examiner*, who said:

> I captained the track and field team at San Diego (U. S. Navy in World War I) and sports played a leading role, not only among enlisted men, but among the men, women and children on the sidelines. Sports is a needed tonic, a tonic that will play a part in winning this conflict. So I say: "Keep 'em playing."

Fred Digby, *New Orleans Item* noted:

> Since England and Russia have seen fit to carry on their sports even to the extent of bringing back stars from the front to compete in championship events, I think it wise that we should follow that example.

From **Bob Eiseman,** WCOS, Columbia, South Carolina, came the words:

> As time goes on and the bitterness of the conflict increases, I fear that sports will pale into insignificance. Perhaps we should copy the Russians; when fighting an all-out war, fight it all out. Winning the war is more important than maintaining morale. Too damn much talk about morale. What recreation does a soldier get on the front line? Does lack of recreation weaken his morale? This war is not going to be won by keeping the home front entertained. Because of our proverbial isolation, it might even be a good idea to drive home the seriousness of the war by banning all entertainment and recreation on a mass scale, including pictures and theaters, for a month or so. The nation must stay fighting mad—and though day in and day out of war-production and nothing else will get awfully boring, it might be the best way. This is contrary to all the accepted rules of modern psychology, but I don't believe Washington's Army had much recreation and they won a war against terrible odds.

QUESTION IV

What do you consider the most valuable entertainment feature in the military camps?

The public	**Sports 50.79%**
Sportscasters	**Sports 55.22%**
Sports editors	**Sports 57.81%**
Langley Field	**Sports 35.06%**

Attendance figures quite closely confirm the poll's finding of sports having the call as military camp entertainment. Privately we were surprised at crap games not receiving frequent top mention in view of the high favor the tumbling dominoes enjoyed in 1917-18 and reports from lads in camps for the current hostilities.

The public rated dances at 25.38%, theatricals 15.87%; the sportscasters gave dances 23.88%, theatricals 14.17%, while the sports editors rated dances 17.5% and theatricals 16.81. At Langley Field, sports won by only a very small margin over theatricals which polled 34.19%. Dances rated 22.94% with the young aviators. **Fred Waring,** logically enough, rated "gang singing and radio music." **Jack Benny** voted for "special appearances by stage and screen groups." **Sergeant H. C. Wintermoyer** of Langley Field asked for "personal appearance of celebrities." Among the officers at Langley Field there was a diversity of opinion on diversions. **Captain Robert H. Shank** cited theatricals first and dances second; **Lieutenant William B. McBryde** underscored dances; **Lieutenant Thomas H. Vendel** rated music; **Lieutenant M. M. Cline** took theatricals; while **Lieutenant Gordon D. Estabrook** strung along with sports.

Private Harold H. Fenstermacher of Langley Field explained that: "Dances are favorable at smaller posts and camps, while theatricals are preferable at the larger camps."

Like most of the other army officers, **Lieutenant Colonel Louis R. Kupfer** of Camp Lee, Virginia, favored a spectator type of entertainment. He wrote:

> What the soldier needs after a hard day of training in the field, is good clean recreation in the form of a theatrical performance where there are plenty of good-looking girls, like your Varga girls; or a comedy—along with sports such as boxing or wrestling. Let the recreation be snappy and full of humor.

Speaking from personal experience, **Earle D. Wilson,** WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, observed:

> I might say as a first sergeant of the Field Artillery in the last war, spending a year with the A.E.F.—six months in the mud and six months with an Army show—my answers are based on what the soldiers wanted in the last war. I believe the government should make an effort to give more importance to sports in the camps. Boxing bouts are tops with soldiers, sailors and marines, but I have listed theatricals ahead of sports because that field is more adequately covered.

Commented **Jack Overmyer,** Rochester, Indiana, *News-Sentinel*:

> Although sports seem to be the major feature in Army camp entertainment, it is my opinion that dances—with modern music and well-selected girls—can also do a great part in bolstering the morale of the men. Given a pretty companion and a chance to "knock himself out" to some modern, jivey music, a soldier will feel more like returning to his more-or-less tiring routine of soldiering with a vitality and satisfaction unequaled as a result of any other form of entertainment.

Ted Husing, selected theatricals, as did **A. F. Hanson,** vice president of Wembley, Inc., New Orleans, and **Bill Leiser,** *San Francisco Chronicle*.

QUESTION V

Do you believe that experienced hunters, or men trained on the rifle range, develop better the type of marksmanship needed in military action?

The public	**Hunting**	**61.21%**
Sportscasters	**Hunting**	**58.82%**
Sports editors	**Hunting**	**55.12%**
Langley Field	**Hunting**	**50.00%**

Although many military instructors say they can make boys who've never had shooting experience far better than average shots, conclusive evidence of the movie about Serg. York shows that a lad who is a deadshot can demonstrate his skill on any kind of a varmint, under any circumstances. And who the hell are we to argue against Hollywood? Langley Field split even on this one.

"The experienced hunter would certainly be the best in the Malay jungle, or where camouflage is used extensively," decided **Ivan E. Wilson** of Indianapolis. **A. B. Pappenhagen** of Orofin, Idaho, reported: "As a member of the previous A.E.F. I think the hunter and the trained rifleman are both important. The trained hunter makes a sniper." **Gene Hampson,** Plainfield, New Jersey, *Courier-News*, said: "Riflemen are too automatic, depending too much on gadgets, and some might go to pieces when pressed for time." **Bill Reddy,** *Syracuse Post-Standard*, rated "skeet shooting better than either."

According to **Jim Van Heel,** Mason City, Iowa, *Globe-Gazette*:

> Skilled hunters are able to do shooting not confined to "painted targets" and the kind generally used for military training. Their eyes are keener trained for open action and they are probably better shots at moving objects. They can shoot in many positions and quickly, whereas Army target practice stresses sling adjustment and form.

The sports editors broke up pretty even Stephen on this one. Both **Vincent D. Lunny,** *Montreal Standard*, and **Bill Gaynon,** Niagara Falls, Ontario, *Review*, took the rifle range, as did **Wilbur Wood,** *New York Sun;* **Jack Conway,** *Boston American;* **Les Goates,** Salt Lake City *Desert News;* and **Francis E. Stan,** *Washington Star*. Among those backing hunting were: **Earl Ruby,** *Louisville Courier-Journal;* **John R. Hess, Jr.,** *Providence Journal;* **W. N. Cox,** Norfolk, Virginia, *Virginian-Pilot;* **Ward Burris,** *San Antonio Express;* **Jack Troy,** *Atlanta Constitution*, and **Royal Brougham,** *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

QUESTION VI

Do you believe that as a part of the post-war program for the betterment of international relations, the Olympic Games should be resumed?

The public	**Yes 81.11%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 90.19%**
Sports editors	**Yes 84.27%**
Langley Field	**Yes 79.19%**

Hope springs eternal in the majority opinion on the Olympic Games subject. Prior experience in international competition, with Germans and Japanese especially, gave to Americans a lucent revelation of Axis authorities as stinkers. Notwithstanding this exposure, the American hope plainly is that international sports competition will restore amicable relations. Maybe so, if conscientious sports officials are allowed to conduct the affairs honorably, instead of having governments take control to use the competitions as manifestations of murderously aggressive potentialities.

Among those voting no was **Ralph Hubbell,** WGR, Buffalo, who snapped: "So that a Hitler can turn his back on another Jesse Owens? Never." **Howard Millard,** Decatur, Illinois, *Herald-Review*, was on the same side: "No nation could have contributed any more toward the well-being of the Japanese than the United States, and you know what we got. Certainly the Olympic Games didn't help us any with the leaders of Germany, Italy and Japan." **W. E. Bates,** Henderson College, Arkadelphia, Arkansas, continued in the same vein: "Despite claims of Olympic enthusiasts, these games only increase international ill will. In the past twenty years especially these games have been used intensively to foster the spirit of nationalism in its worst form. Germany and Japan have been the worst offenders in this respect." **Tony Koester,** KFBK, Sacramento, added: "I believe that the bitterness between nations and races will be too acute for many years to permit athletic competition on

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The Esquire Sports Poll

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a basis of sportsmanship." **Bud Cornish,** Portland, Maine, *Press-Herald*, said: "Teams can take lickings from other teams of their own countrymen, but internationally, no!" **Bob Johnson,** *Spokane Chronicle*, recommended: "Resuming the Olympics would serve as an ideal way of 'shaking hands and forgetting bitterness' after it's all over."

Also on the favorable side was **Bill Draves,** *Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune*, who wrote:

> Having witnessed two of the modern Olympic Games—Los Angeles, 1932, and Berlin, 1936—I feel qualified to state that no single sporting event, if handled properly and ethically, may have such a great effect upon world peace as the Olympics. The originator of the modern games, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, always had a feeling that a continuance of the Olympics would have much to do with world peace. After seeing the men and women of many nations competing against each other (for individual rather than team honors), I am convinced of the Games' importance. One of the first things the United States can do at the finish of this war is to plan a revival of the Games, if not in Finland, then for New York or Chicago, and encourage every nation to compete once again.

QUESTION VII

Should the time traditionally given to athletics in our high schools and colleges now be devoted to some phase of military training?

The public	**No 58.13%**
Sportscasters	**No 72.11%**
Sports editors	**No 76.34%**
Langley Field	**No 53.76%**

Complete concentration on military training as a substitute for sports in advanced schools would not improve the American young man as a warrior, according to the majority of voters participating in this poll.

A substitute idea was backed by **Ted Hodge,** WNLO, New London, Connecticut, who said:

> Americans everywhere have been debating this question. It is my opinion, however, that militarism has no place in American schools. I favor adoption of the equally-discussed "compulsory military training" program for boys between the ages of 17 and 20. The average boy is 17 or 18 when he graduates from high school; he doesn't know what he wants to do, and usually wastes a year trying to find out what he is best suited for. If these boys would be placed in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard for a period of about one year, they would be given the opportunity to learn one of several trades these services offer, or, if the boy preferred, he could receive his discharge at the end of the year and then enter college.

Another reasonable thought was that of **Joe Ruffner,** KTFI, Twin Falls, Idaho, who suggested:

> I feel very strongly that military training life should come to young men with a certain suddenness, not gradually sifted into their civilian lives. Let's continue high school sports, and let Junior have his fun. Then, when the draft age slips along, military life will become something new, a new adventure, just like learning a new curve in baseball or a new football play. In this way the sporting spirit will continue in military life, but accomplished through a sudden break-off process.

Phil Sutterfield, WTMA, Charleston, South Carolina, pointed out that:

> Not *all* of the time now given to sports should be given over to military training but the greater portion should. This makes for discipline, which the U. S. Army sadly lacks now when it needs it most. I know because I see enough of it here in this defense area.

QUESTION VIII

What sport, in your judgment, best develops the attributes most necessary in an effective soldier?

The public	**Football 53.37%**
Sportscasters	**Football 57.57%**
Sports editors	**Football 58.80%**
Langley Field	**Football 47.43%**

Football, peer of the contact games, rates highest as sports training for the warrior. In learning to bounce back after being banged around, Bub discovers what it takes to do battle successfully; so most of the voters believe. Boxing was second, baseball was third and basketball and track were fourth and fifth, respectively, as soldier training in the opinion of every one of the blocs polled except Langley Field which placed basketball ahead of baseball, and swimming instead of track.

Speaking for the winner, **Gene Shumate,** KSO, Des Moines, declared: "Football teaches a man to carry out orders and operate as a unit even though he can't always see what's happening elsewhere." **Dan McGuire,** *Berkely Gazette*, recalled that: "In 1906, when many schools threatened to abolish football because it was too rough, the commandant at West Point declared that the Army would encourage the game because it was the best sport for developing officers." **Benny Leonard** named boxing because of its utility in bayonet drill. **Tom Harmon** took boxing and basketball.

Joseph S. Trum, KRIC, Beaumont, Texas, wrote

> I believe that the training of a boxer is most valuable for soldiers, but when it comes to an officer, one who must lead and formulate decisions, I respect track and field most, where individual competition is stressed with competition against time, where bodily synchronization between mind and muscle must be so perfectly co-ordinate.

Nixon Denton, *Cincinnati Times-Star*, backed boxing, saying:

> I rate boxing as the best sport to develop a soldier because it demands courage, co-ordination of muscle and

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mind, and the ability to react in moments of stress.

Ira Seebacher, *New York Morning Telegraph*, believed that:

> Any sport where both the mind and body are developed is beneficial from the standpoint of training a fine soldier. Boxing and wrestling being two of the most rugged, and sharpening as they do the reflexes, would have to rate.

Baseball received support from Jim Woods, KGL, Mason City, Iowa, who said: "Baseball incites more perfect timing and teamwork than any other sport," and also from Robert E. Hooey, *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, who wrote:

> A well-drilled baseball player, mentally alert, should prove to be an effective soldier because he is always thinking of "a play ahead." In most other sports, it's the play at hand that counts, but baseball calls for advanced thought. For instance, the outfielder while in the process of making a catch must be figuring the speed of a runner then on base and must know before making the catch to which base he will be throwing the ball after making the catch. There are hundreds of such plays in baseball.

Ernie Harwell, WSB, Atlanta, batted for basketball with the statement: "Basketball is the one sport that develops the attributes most necessary in an effective soldier. There is more quick, original thinking, more mental ad libbing required in the cage game than in any other sport." Ed Cochrane, *Chicago Herald-American*, took hunting, as did Jimmy Powers, *New York Daily News*, and J. Albert Dear, Jr., Jersey City *Jersey Journal*, who said: "But there are not enough hunters."

QUESTION IX

With boxing a leading sport in the military camps, do you favor use of a protective headgear for the upper half of the head in all camp bouts, as another step in the same direction that in the past brought the boxing gloves?

The public	**Yes 81.61%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 79.41%**
Sports editors	**Yes 69.95%**
Langley Field	**Yes 63.95%**

Majorities ranging from 63.95% to 81.61% opined that military camp boxers should wear protective headgear as boxing training camp performers do, rather than risk being batted round-heeled in practice. The minority, though, put up a good case for soldier boxers getting all the practice they could in learning to duck.

Said W. Russell Voigt, Albert Lea, Minnesota, *Tribune;* "I see no need in risking a perhaps permanent injury to a novice boxer whose services are going to be needed greatly elsewhere." Paul Zimmerman, *Los Angeles Times*, answered: "Use of the headgear would not teach the boxer proper defense." Pete Norton, *Tampa Tribune*, argued: "I believe a light headguard, protecting the ears should be used in camp bouts. It is just as easy for an amateur to get punch-drunk as a professional." Harry Keck, *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, shot back: "Soldiers don't go into battle wearing coats of mail, do they? Therefore why box behind boiler plate? Train as you fight." George Edmond, *St. Paul Dispatch*, wanted to know: "Why injure any one needlessly?" Charles Israel, *Philadelphia Bulletin*, called for: "No headgear for boxers. If the boys can't take it in a camp bout they are ill equipped to face the enemy." L. F. Roberts, Grand Island, Nebraska, *Daily Independent*, favored: "A headgear to cover the entire head so that nose, mouth and teeth as well as ears are protected. A baseball catcher wears an all-protective mask. Why not a boxer?" Joe Donovan, *Newark Star-Ledger*, concluded:

> Wearing a headguard in boxing is silly. It doesn't teach the basic principles of boxing. And that's alertness, speed and teaching a man to block. Guys who wear headguards become more punch drunk than the others simply because they don't know how to evade, ward off, or knock down punches. That's the principle of boxing—not to let the other bloke knock your ears off.

Mervin A. Blach of Blach's, Birmingham, Alabama, favored the headguard.

QUESTION X

Has your interest in sports diminished since the entrance of the United States into the war?

The public	**No 73.41%**
Sportscasters	**No 83.49%**
Sports editors	**No 71.16%**
Langley Field	**No 72.99%**

The vote indicates that Americans haven't developed such addiction to sports that the populace is off balance. If the world-shaking war news hasn't drastically diminished our compatriots' sports interest it's probable that such interest was on a sanely restrained basis prior to happenings that have necessitated readjustments in our mental focus.

"I find myself becoming better acquainted with a greater variety of sports for relief and relaxation," wrote Hal Totten, NBC, Chicago.

A gradual return to virtual normalcy was noted by John Steadman, WOAI, San Antonio, who explained:

> At the very beginning of the war I think everyone's interest was more or less centered on how the U. S. armed forces were going to counter the treacherous stab-in-the-back at Pearl Harbor. After the initial horror and rage subsided at the attack, I believe the interest is gradually returning to normal channels. I know mine has.

The value of sports interest as an escape was emphasized by Jere R. Hayes, *Dallas Times Herald*, in his commentary:

> I don't believe the interest of any real sport fan has diminished, but a natural doubt as to what effect the war will have on sports worries the average American. And what we need now is something to keep us from getting the "war jitters" by sticking close to a radio and spending too much time reading war news. A person's mind, as well as his body, must be kept in trim, and a rest from war trouble is necessary.

With the utmost honesty, George B. Reeves, WSIX, Nashville, concluded:

> My interest is still very much in sports, but I don't see how any true American, after thinking it over, can answer this any way but yes. After all, sport is secondary in most minds today, to winning the war. At least, I hope it is. ###

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So You're Going to Study Spanish

Continued from page 52

kind of Spanish. The Argentinian is at home in Mexico City and vice versa.

The most striking difference between the Castilian of Madrid and Latin American Spanish is well known. It is the pronunciation of what is consistently heard in Spanish America as "S." In the Castilian of Madrid, this "s" sound is heard as an English "th" sound in "thick." The "s" sounds so affected are represented in the orthography common to all Castilian Spanish by the letters "c" and "z." However, in Spain itself there is some confusion as to the use of these two sounds, and they are often heard interchanged.

Incidently, it is sometimes said that this so-called lisped "s" was popularized at court by one of the Spanish kings. Needless to say, this is a legend that has no basis in fact. The sound seems to have developed out of an earlier sound that was at that time common to both Spanish and Italian.

Bear all this in mind when you meet with the Castilian versus American-Spanish controversy. One of the questions often asked is: "What kind of Spanish shall I learn—Castilian or South American Spanish?" The decision should depend on the circumstances. Let the Chicagoan ask himself: "What kind of English shall I tell that Peruvian to learn? Shall I tell him to learn Chicago English, or look for a Londoner as an instructor?" The same criteria apply for American Spanish as for American English.

But remember, one important consideration for us at this time is the question: With whom are we going to speak Spanish after we learn it? Our contacts with Spain have been decreasing for some time now, and the probabilities are they'll be slight for some time to come. The reverse holds true for America south of us. However, if you have an instructor who uses the Castilian pronunciation of Madrid naturally, learn it from him; it will be accepted anywhere in Latin America. The chances are you'll lose it after some contact with Latin Americans.

Despite all this, don't be discouraged when your ship docks in the first port and you hear the stevedores speaking a language that's meaningless to you. It always happens and you'll wonder what kind of Spanish it is. There are many reasons why you should. One is, they're probably talking about the handling of cargo and ships' gear. If they were stevedores in an American port speaking English, you probably wouldn't understand all of it either. You'd just take it for granted that you did. On the other hand, if you pay your customs officer the compliment of speaking Spanish, you can expect to understand him wherever you are in Spanish America.

Don't worry about this sort of thing but it is important to know it. When you go to Spanish America, the people you talk to won't confuse you with trick localisms. As a matter of fact, they'll have a fine sense of your limitations and try to help by using the standard Spanish you are familiar with. If you stay anywhere long enough you'll learn the localisms in time.

You'll find many Spanish-Americanisms in Latin America. We find Americanisms in the United States. This is how languages grow and change. Suppose we had a society in which sin were completely unknown: nobody had ever deliberately violated the canons of God or man. Such behavior had been unknown among the people. Then, a number of people began sinning. A new situation comes into being and people want to talk about it. The people call this new behavior "blah-blah." The learned call this new word "slang" and caution others against its use. But the learned have no new word to substitute for it because the new situation was unknown to the people from whom they inherited their language. They soon find that they must use the new term "blah-blah" to talk about it. This is how old words come to have new meanings and why new words are sometimes invented. This is how American English meets new demands on it as a system of communication. It happens in all languages and you can expect to find it in Latin American Spanish.

Sometimes these new words are names of things that exist only in America, or they're only local names for things more widespread. When the *conquistadores* came to America, they found many new trees, fruits, foodstuffs, and other things they hadn't known in Europe. For instance, they saw Indian corn for the first time in the Caribbean Islands before they reached the mainland. This Indian word became the Spanish *maiz*, from which we get our English word "maize." When they got to that part of the mainland which is now Mexico, they found the Aztecs used the word *elotl* for green corn on the ear. This distinction was useful so the Spaniards picked it up and turned it into the more Spanish sounding word *elote*, which is now in use. All of us who've been to Mexico have seen the *metate*, the stone on which corn is ground. This same stone was called *metatl* by the Aztecs. You will notice that in both cases the final "tl" of the Aztec words became "te" in Spanish. This "tl" was a common ending for Aztec words and it usually became "te" in Spanish.

Sometimes these Spanish-Americanisms are words or phrases referring to new relations among people. When you find them, study them, they're interesting and sometimes they'll tell you something about the people who use them. Here is an example of the latter kind. On the north coast of

Honduras, where Hondurans come in contact with many Americans, "grand guy" has been turned into "gran gallo." *Gallo*, of course, is "guy" hispanicized. It also happens to be a Spanish word. It means about what it does in English. When an American is a "gran gallo," they sometimes mean he can unbend and give an "abrazo" without feeling self-conscious about it. If you've ever seen an "abrazo," you'll remember it. They clap each other on the back with their right hands; it's comparable to our hearty handshake.

Americans are often as self-conscious about the imitation of foreign sounds as they are about the "abrazo." We pronounce foreign sounds as we try on new hats: we try to keep the new ones as much like the old ones as possible. That's no way to learn to speak Spanish or any other foreign language.

Learning to speak Spanish, again like golf, is a matter of imitation. No two people hit a ball alike, nor do they produce the same sound exactly alike. Your object is to produce a series of sounds that are more like Spanish sounds than English sounds. Once you get the knack of this you'll take a good long swing and you won't care who's watching or listening. Sometimes you'll be in good form and sometimes you'll fall off. But it won't matter then. You'll be a sport about your Spanish as you are about your golf.

However, don't make the mistake of thinking you're going to learn Spanish just as a child does. It's seldom been done, and it's the hard way. Remember you're not a child—you've neither his memory nor the flexibility of his speech organs. Also you have habits to break. But if you're not a child, you can substitute conscious imitation for unconscious imitation and, if you do this carefully, you'll speak a far more pleasing Spanish.

It's important to remember this because Latin America is full of Americans who preserve their Americanisms to the bitter end. Don't form speech habits in the beginning that you'll never break. Listen to a speaker of Spanish pronounce a sound and imitate it till you both think you do it well enough. Then keep doing it till you get used to the sound of your own voice.

Watch your instructor's mouth, see how he holds his lips and where he puts his tongue. Any natural mimic will tell you it's the way to control "accent." Take a Spanish *t*, for instance. When we pronounce an English *t*, we place the tip of the tongue against the palate just back of the upper teeth. For the Spanish *t*, they place it back of the upper teeth instead of the palate. Watch a native speaker of Spanish and you'll see that it works. There are fewer of these sounds than you think, and you'll never regret getting started right. Nor will your Latin American friends.

Be careful of your pronunciation, but don't be afraid of it. When you pull a whopper, as you will, remember you're much more

Continued on page 132

The pale shade processed cotton raincoat combines with plaid jacket and whipcord slacks. At Maryland Hunts Meet, Glydon, Md.

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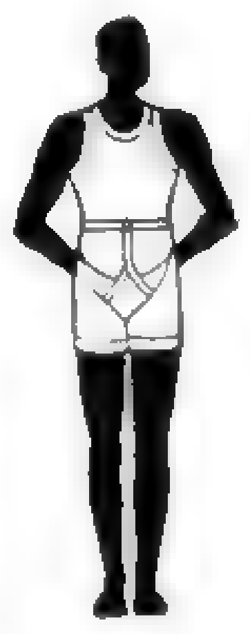

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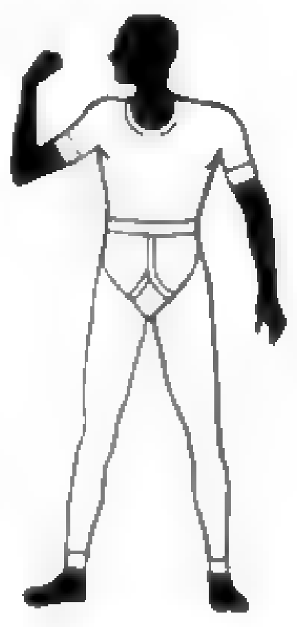

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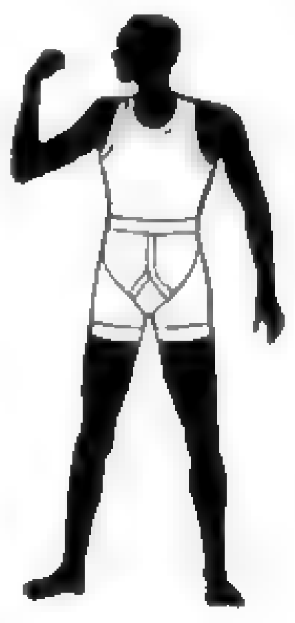

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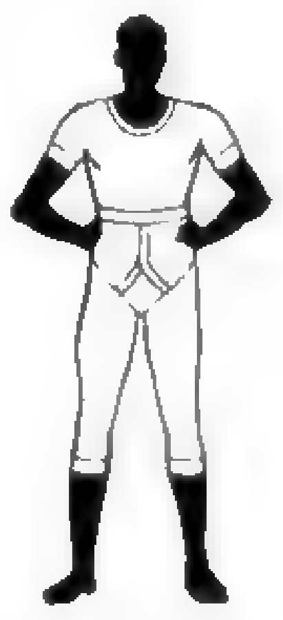

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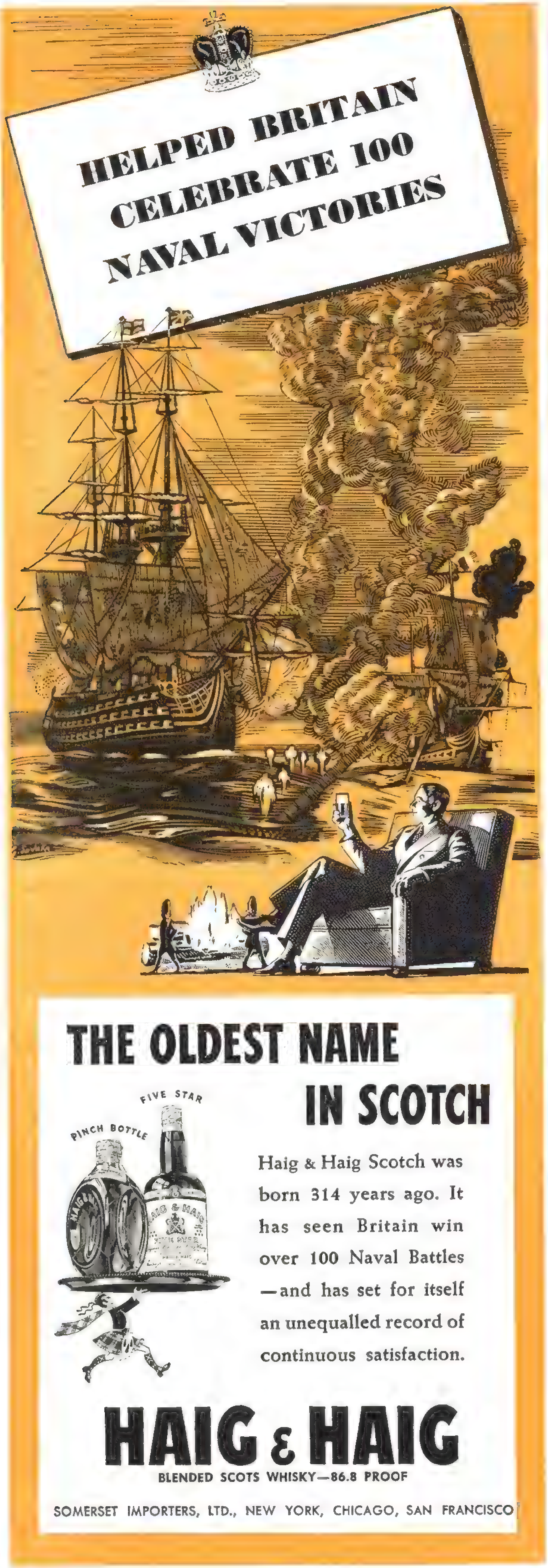
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So You're Going to Study Spanish

Continued from pages 52-131

likely to be funny to another American than to Spanish-speaking people. For generations in the United States we've known the dialect comedian. He used to stand before the footlights of vaudeville, and he still stands before the mike and gets a laugh. With each wave of immigration we've had German, Jewish, Polish, Italian comedians. The Latin American wasn't brought up on this tradition, and he doesn't think murdering a language is funny. One of the things you can count on is his tolerance and forebearance in this respect. However, what he does think might well be a matter of concern to you. The point is, don't be afraid to speak, but don't pull that whopper too often or it'll become a habit.

Now we come to the importance of putting your words together the way they do in Spanish. This is the old bugbear of the American. It's grammar, of course. Most of us remember grammar as it was defined for us: "an inquiry into how we ought to speak and don't." The picture isn't so black as it used to be. Some of us accept a new definition: "an inquiry into how we *do* speak." This isn't sales psychology. Some pretty good arguments can be advanced for this point of view.

Your grammar book may not be as good as it will be some day when we understand more about why we put our words together as we do. Nevertheless, it can supply you with some valuable information and, by way of efficiency, you can't afford to neglect it.

We don't know what happens in the mind of a child, but we suspect that he learns word groups first—phrases, clauses, sentences. All languages are constructed by analogy on a limited number of these word groups, or formulas. Some occur with greater frequency than others, and some seldom occur at all. These formulas are for the most part fixed. Here is where your book helps you. It'll give you the formulas to learn as patterns. Such a formula is: the dog bit the man. If you know that, you can substitute the cat for the dog, and the child for the man with automatic precision. These formulas are often more complex, but the principle is the same. These formulas stand for a set of relations. Don't be confused by the terminology of your Spanish grammar. There are equivalent formulas in Spanish and English for the same sets of relations. If you learn these formulas in the beginning, you'll know what to do with the words you accumulate.

This is important to remember because many Americans living in Latin America speak a kind of "simplified" Spanish that resembles pidgin English used out on the China coast. Don't get into the habit of developing your own system of Spanish, or you'll speak a "pidgin Spanish." For instance, if you want to say, "Please inspect my baggage now. I'm in a hurry," don't say in "simplified" Spanish something that sounds to the Spanish American as pidgin English does to you. If you were the customs official and the Latin American the tourist, "You hop long lookee baggage" would be understandable but, you'll agree, it does put a strain on tolerance. This would be a good gagline for an American comedy if it came from a person with enough dignity. Unfortunately, the Spanish American hears it daily in real life.

All this is by way of saying that a language is not a chaotic system of communication. If it were, we would neither have time to learn it during our lifetimes, nor would we be able to communicate in it afterwards. Grammar should be considered as a formulation of how we say what we mean. All languages have grammar in this sense whether somebody writes a book about it or not. It has been said that grammar is a discovery and not an invention. If you look at it this way, you'll lighten your task.

It also means that you can't learn Spanish altogether as a child does. You've got to substitute something for his long training from the cradle. After you get past the first stages of imitation, you should hear all the Spanish you can, to train your ear. Turn on your radio and listen to talks and news broadcasts. If you have Spanish phonograph records, play them daily. You won't understand it of course, and in the beginning it is not necessary that you should, as you're only training your ear to sound. You'll notice that what at first seems a hopeless jumble soon clears up, and recognizable patterns of sound emerge. This happens because, as in music, there are a limited number of sounds possible in any language. This is the principle by which anyone learns a language.

You can also read. But when you do, try to read what you know something about. Try, for instance, a Spanish translation of a current best seller you're familiar with in English. This will give you a better idea of Spanish-English equivalents than a dictionary. Since your object is to learn Spanish-English equivalents as applied to situations, the more you know about the situation, the closer you come to understanding the Spanish used.

Another help is to use what is called a frequency word list. This is a small dictionary containing words of high frequency in usage. This frequency is determined by actual count. It's less cumbersome than a standard dictionary, gives you an idea of the relative importance of words to you at the time, and it'll be a check on your daily vocabulary.

Don't be discouraged when you listen to an adult of twenty-five speaking Spanish and you admire the ease and efficiency with which he uses his language. Remember he has been learning how for twenty-five years under conditions you can't possibly duplicate. Although it does take some time, it needn't take so long as you think.

In spite of all difficulties, adults do learn foreign languages and learn them surprisingly well. At this point you're no doubt thinking that most of these adults are foreigners who learn English and not Americans who learn Spanish. You're right; it's a matter of common observation in Latin America. In many parts of Spanish-speaking America, English is just another foreign language. In the more cosmopolitan centers you'll be struck by the Europeans who not only learn Spanish, but also find time to learn English, and speak both languages well.

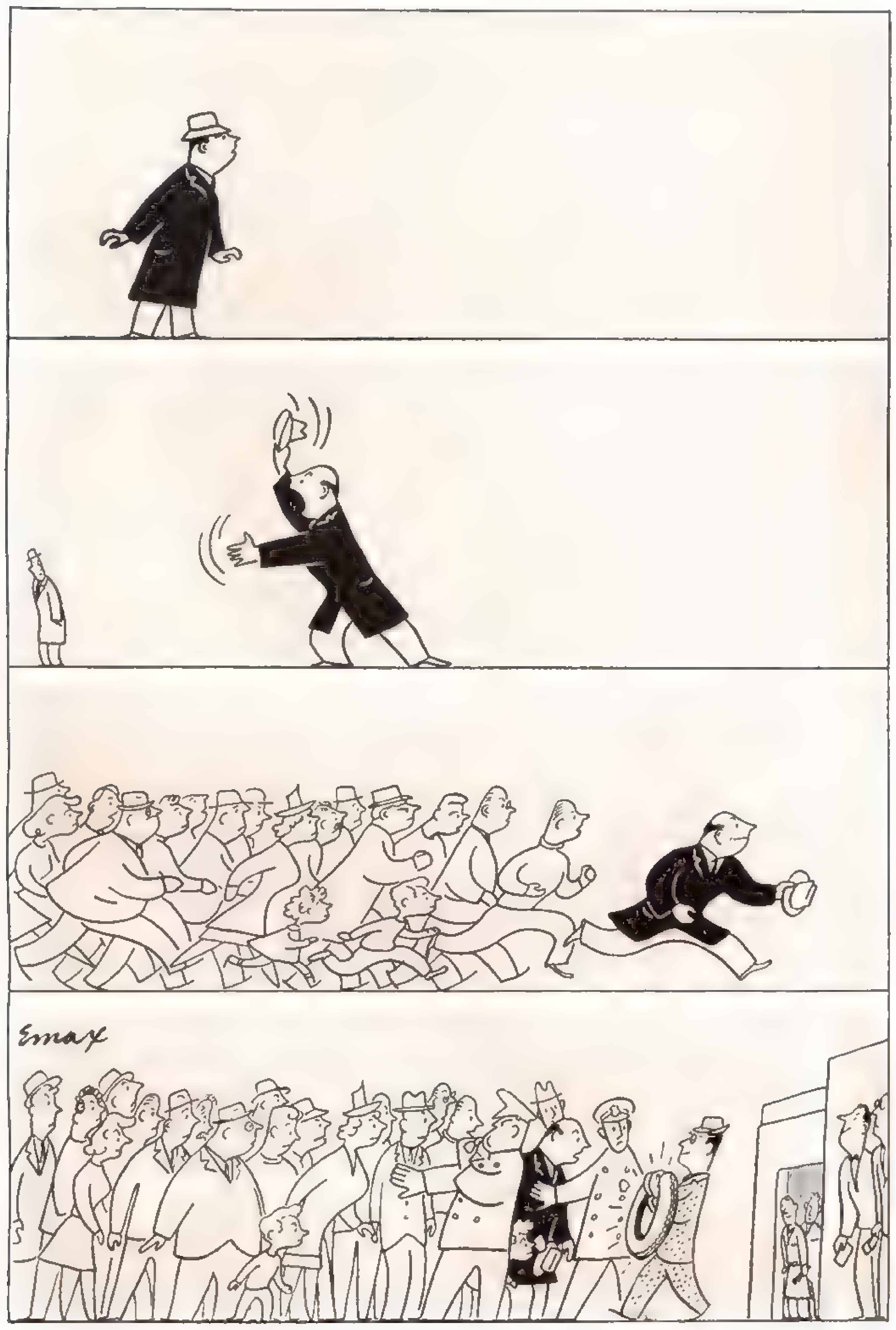
Learning a foreign language, like anything else, hasn't only to do with intellectual capacity. Its controlling factors lie in the attitude of the individual toward the task he sets himself. At this point, make sure you haven't a sneaking suspicion that speaking a foreign language is just a bad habit. If you have, cast it out. It won't help. It's part of our heritage. Dickens might have been trying to point this out when he had his old lady shout at foreigners who couldn't understand English. When she didn't shout, she talked baby talk to them. We ought to make sure there isn't some of the lady's point of view in all of us.

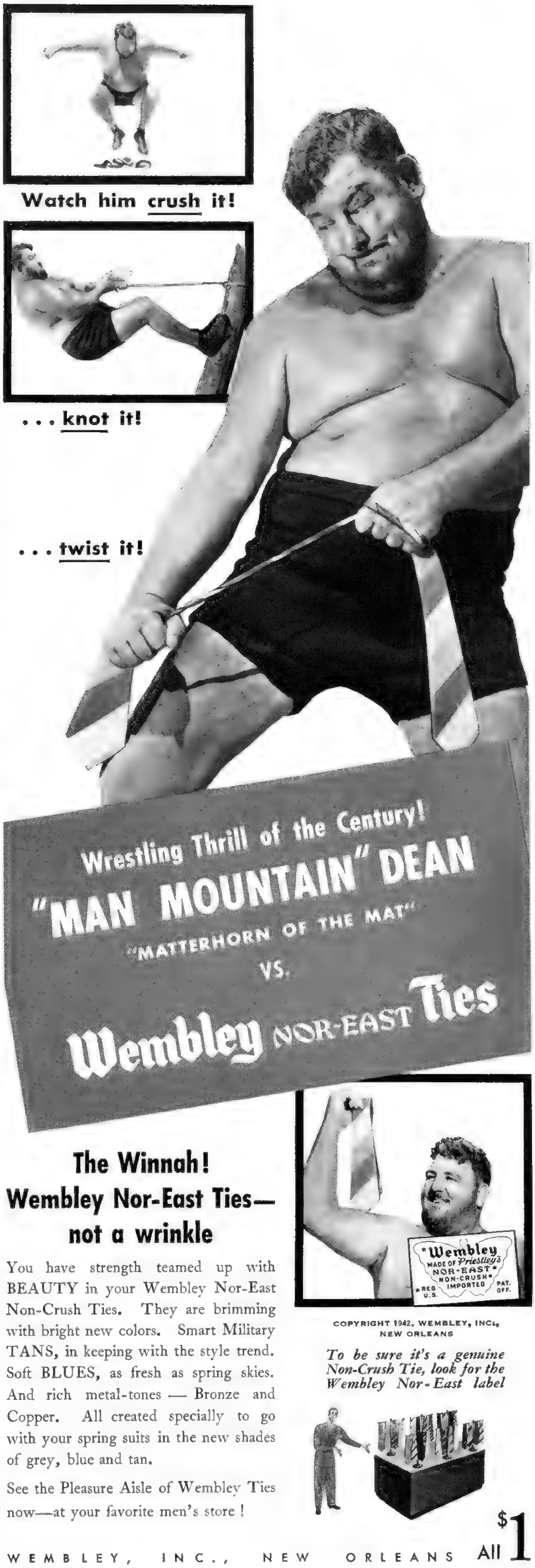
Theoretically a language is a system of verbal communication. In real life it's often more than that. In competition with another language, it can be a symbol of a people's hopes and fears, dreams and aspirations. When it ceases to be that, people give it up. They take over the other language. That is why people often cling to a language even when it's no longer the only means of communication.

Spanish has been in America for a long time. It's the language of eighteen of the twenty-one American republics. These people spoke it during their colonial period, they spoke it when they planned and fought for their independence, and now they're shaping their destinies in it.

We're going to Latin America as we never went before. We're going as laborers, mechanics, clerks, merchants, and diplomats. We're all salesmen of what this nation has come to stand for in the new world. Let each of us remember that we're not the product of a mechanized political machine: that we're each the product of the democracy we stand for.

A czar of Russia once said that with each new language, we gain another soul. If taken literally, this sounds like an enthusiastic overstatement of the case. But if each of us knows more about Spanish than we've ever known before, we'll come closer to understanding the soul of the democracies south of the border. #

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Barabbas Was a Robber

Continued from page 42

answered proudly.

"You have been saved from the gallows."

"Every swallow in my throat comes now to me free and without cost."

"You might have been dead."

"Yes, true, my friend. And instead of being dead I sit before you without even a headache."

"But you did not surrender your life, you merely . . ."

"Ah, how many times I risked it! Many a fellow would have given himself up for dead and died of the giving up. Yes, 'tis true."

"And you honor us tonight with a visit," said Simon, curious to know why he had come.

"With a reason," the robber replied. "With Barabbas there is always a reason. How is a man to enjoy his freedom if he does not have a place to sleep? Last night I had the shelter of a dungeon but tonight I have the inconvenience of being free. And so a word here and there and I learn there is a merchant in a street not far away who is called Simon and that he has a vacant upper room."

"No!" called Peter quickly. "In this room we had our last supper."

"That would not matter to me," said Barabbas.

"I know but . . . In this room He . . . The one whose life was given and your life was saved instead . . ."

"Then who should have more right than I?"

Simon was prepared to support Peter in this matter.

"My friend Peter," he said, "will sleep in the upper room tonight. He has come here for that purpose and even before you arrived he had my consent."

"No room is too small or too big that it could not hold two."

"But I have never slept with a robber before," protested Peter.

"Oh no!" Barabbas rolled his head in his arms, pretending great agony. "Oh no! He never slept with a robber. And he looks at me with fear and suspicion. My friend, my friend. Do not look at me so. Look rather at yourself. Go take a glass and look into it. Examine your face, your arms, your clothes, your sandals. Examine everything. And then ask yourself what there is a good robber could take. In your face he could find no beauty to steal. In your arms there is no strength. Your clothes are rags and your sandals are missing their metal buckles. What have you got?" he shouted. "Nothing! And what could an honest robber take from you? Nothing. In the world of merchandise he would consider you as . . . As just nothing." He twisted his face into a grimace of disgust.

"Just because I am nothing and have nothing . . . Even that nothing I would not surrender."

"I am not that kind of a robber who can live on nothing. I have appetite. I am a man with reason, with insight. I have imagination and special talents. I can tell how fresh is a desert track and if it is worth pursuing. I can tell from the imprint in the sand how heavy the burden lies on the beast. And when I go into action, ah! You could sell seats in the arena for such a show. I am not bragging. Just look at my record. It is all there."

"Yes," admitted Simon, nodding his head.

And Peter also agreed sadly. Barabbas' record was undeniable.

Differentiation

The sergeant flays his cringing brood
With curses lurid, crisp and crude.
The colonel's equally emphatic,
But uses swear-words more grammatic.

"Were it any other place," said Peter after a brief silence, "I would surrender it to you. But not this one."

"And so you would send me out into the night?"

"You are not one to fear darkness," said Simon quickly.

"No, not darkness. Barabbas is no trembler at this hide and seek of sun and moon. For even when I sleep are my feet on the ground. My philosophy of life can be expressed in a single word. Reality. I believe in reality. In fact, I believe so strongly in this stuff of life that I am myself reality. All this spirit business articulated by thin lips is not for Barabbas. Give me stronger wine and let me face what I have to face, be it darkness or light."

The word "spirit," issued from the robber's mouth, cut deep into Peter's heart.

"Thrice I denied Him," he cried in anguish. "And when the cock crowed I knew it was as He had predicted. And now the deed is done and can never be undone. A little word spoken at night and it echoes on and on."

"And after the cock crowed and you went outside into the yard and stood by the wall and wept . . . Then after that?" asked Simon.

Barabbas listened with a blank face for he did not know of whom they spoke.

"After that," said Peter, "only a little do I know. What happened behind the doors I did not hear. But later they took Him out and brought Him before Pilate who sat in the pavement court. Here I mingled with the crowd and I saw and I heard."

"You heard, no doubt," said the robber, thinking only of himself, "how the people cried for my release."

"Yes, this I heard also. Pilate asked the crowd to choose the prisoner they desired released. As he could find no guilt in Christ he wanted to release Him but the mob cried: 'No. Not this man but Barabbas.' And Pilate could not move them otherwise."

"You see," said the robber proudly. "If one lives by facts and believes in reality then in time a man may make a name for himself . . . And what was the name of this other one? Who ever heard of it?"

"Your words ring with insolence!" called Peter. "You do not know. Alas, alas!"

"Very well, then I do not know. That is no reason for anger. Speak and tell us about this other man."

"Other man!" said Peter, taking the words from the robber's mouth and casting them back. "Do not try to compare yourself with Him."

"But the public cried for Barabbas. You see!"

"Ah! Little do they know. Little do they understand."

"And what charges did they bring against Him?" asked Simon.

"I could not hear all but this I heard. Pilate asked Him: 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' And to this He replied: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' And then after some more words He added: 'To this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.' When He spoke these words Pilate said to Him: 'What is truth?' But He was silent and did not reply."

"What is truth?" said Barabbas boldly. "I could answer that and very easily. The land is truth and the sea also. And my life is also a fact. But real truth I could also tell you. The great treasure hidden deep in an Egyptian tomb, that is truth. And how we sweated and toiled and dug a deep tunnel through the earth, that is also truth. And we melted the gold down in bars and the silver too we melted into bars and these bars we brought into Alexandria; that is the truth. And in Alexandria we lived as though we were princes. Ah! Such a life could only come from truth. All this that I relate to you now is the truth. Pilate should have asked me and I would have told him."

The words of the robber seemed to make not the slightest impression upon Simon or Peter. They disregarded him completely.

"My kingdom is not of this world," repeated Simon in a whisper.

"Yes. Those were His words."

"And He came into this world to bear witness unto the truth."

"Yes, this I also heard Him say."

"Many people say they have come into the world," said Barabbas, "and all their lives they live in a little street of a little village. What kind of a world is that? Have they been to Arabia or to Persia? Have they been to India or to Egypt? Have they been to Rome or to Alexandria? What can they know of the world! But I have been to all these places."

"Did you go for your pleasure?" asked Simon.

"No, for business. But pleasure or business makes no difference. I have been there. I have seen what there is to be seen in the world. And should I have departed from the world on this day, then . . . Well, then . . ." He snapped his fingers with an air of indifference.

"But another died in your place," said Peter. "And He had never been to India or Arabia and still we loved Him. We loved Him because . . . All reasons are vain. Because He gave hope to the poor and lonely. And He blessed the meek and the merciful and the little children. And He preached the gospel of love for one's neighbor and the love of peace. All these things He did and He taught us the way for man to walk. And we loved Him."

"Oh!" called Barabbas in a coarse voice. "How can you compare such a dreamer to me!"

He rose to depart and neither Peter nor Simon made any gesture to hold him from going.

"Farewell," he said, starting for the door.

"Farewell, and peace be with you," Simon replied.

"And your life," called Peter after him. "This life that has just been given you, what will you do with it? Will you repent? Will you seek to repay your victims? Will you go out into the world a man fresh with new life who has seen the goodness and the light?"

"My life?" said Barabbas. "How can you question so foolishly! I have my strength, my wits, my talent. I have also experience and my deep belief in the things that are real. Life for me is made of those things and my feet will always be on the ground. A robber I was born and a robber I will remain until the end of my days."

"Eh! Even longer. Until the end of time," called Peter after him.

But these last words Barabbas did not hear for the door was already closing behind him.

The servant brought a lamp for Peter and he climbed the stair to the little upper room. Here he looked about. The walls were the same; the benches too. And the long boards on which they ate their last supper were also the same. But somehow it was different. Without Him all seemed so very different.

A deep feeling of loneliness took hold of Peter. Tears filled his eyes and dropped to scald his cheeks.

"Three times," he whispered. "Three times." ⵌ

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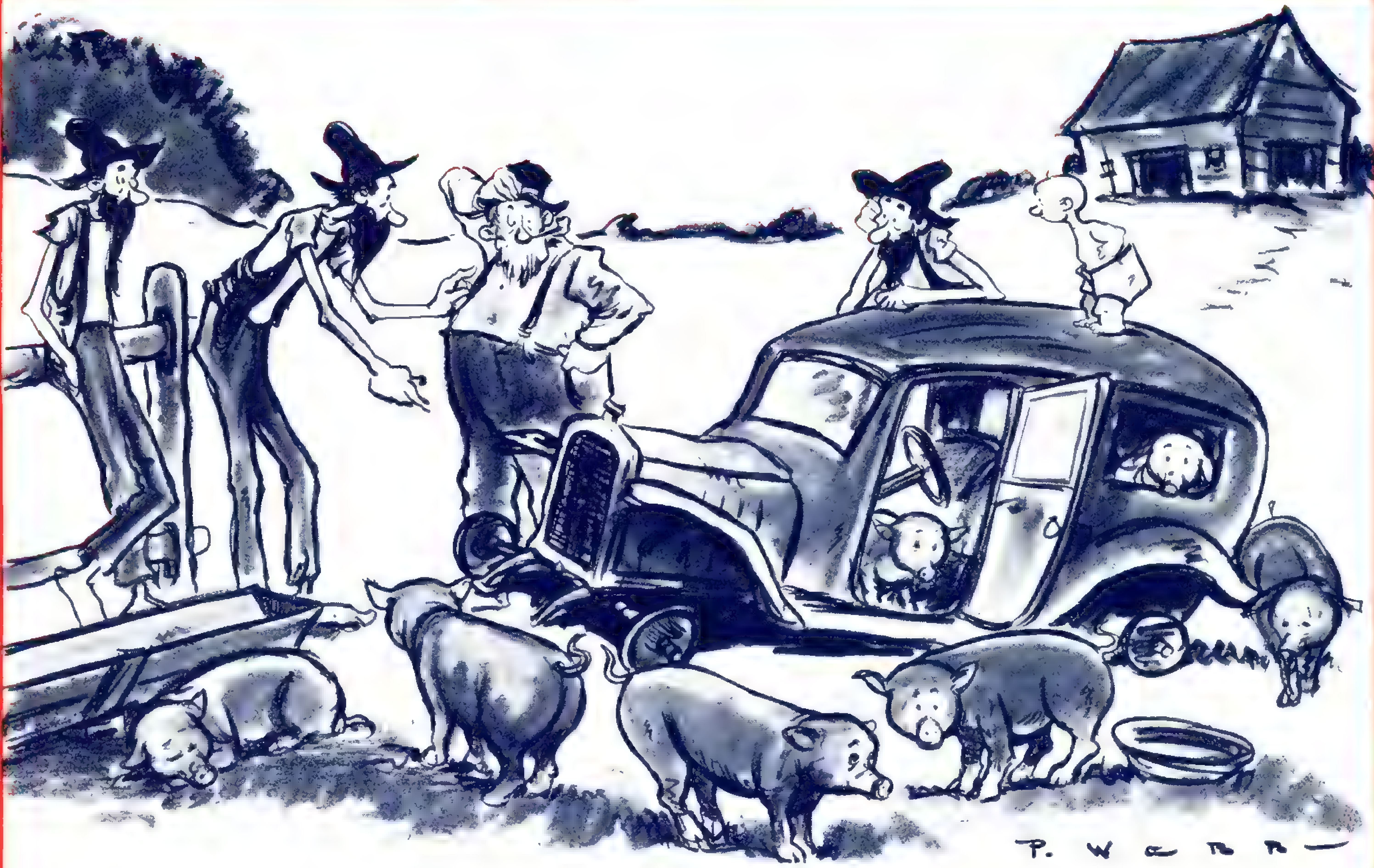

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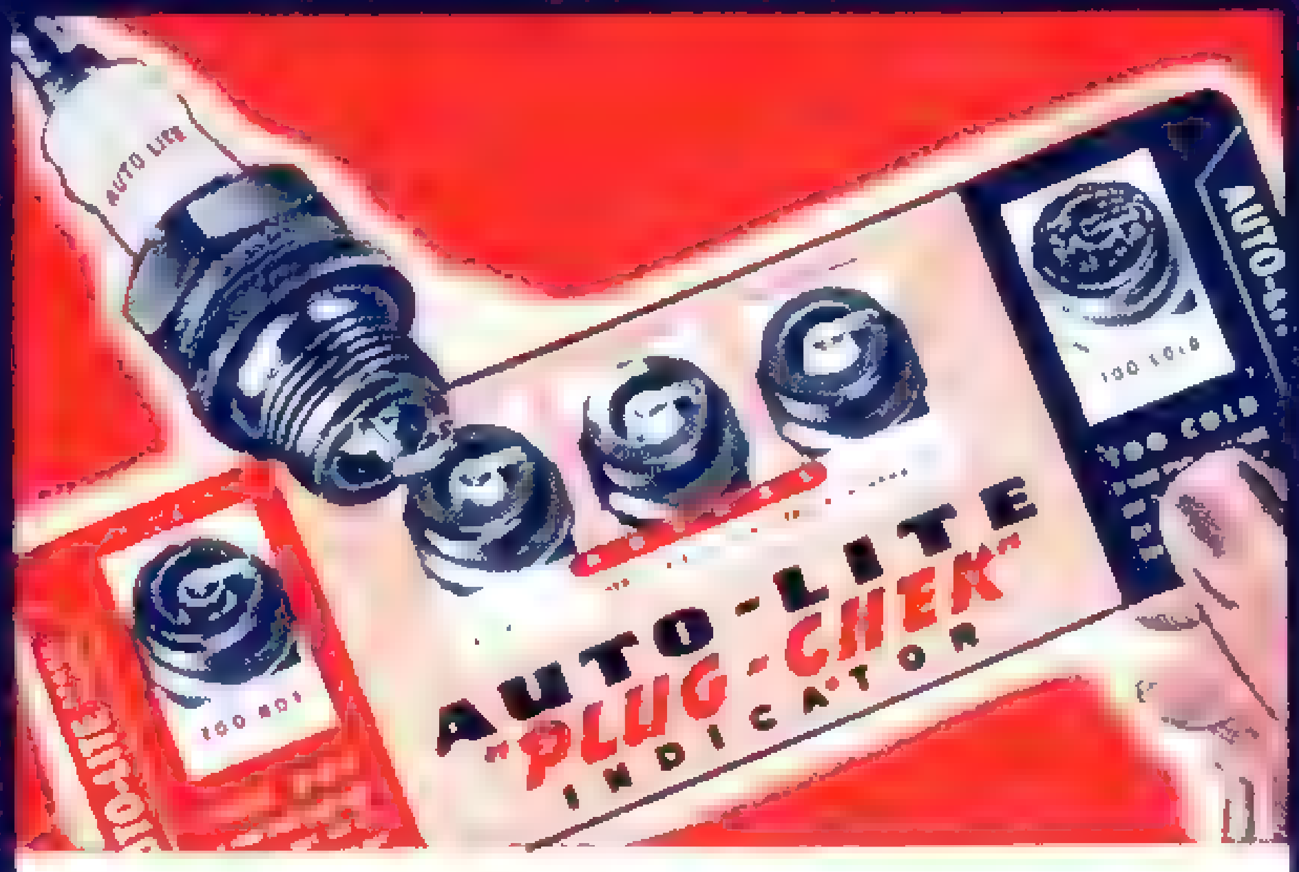

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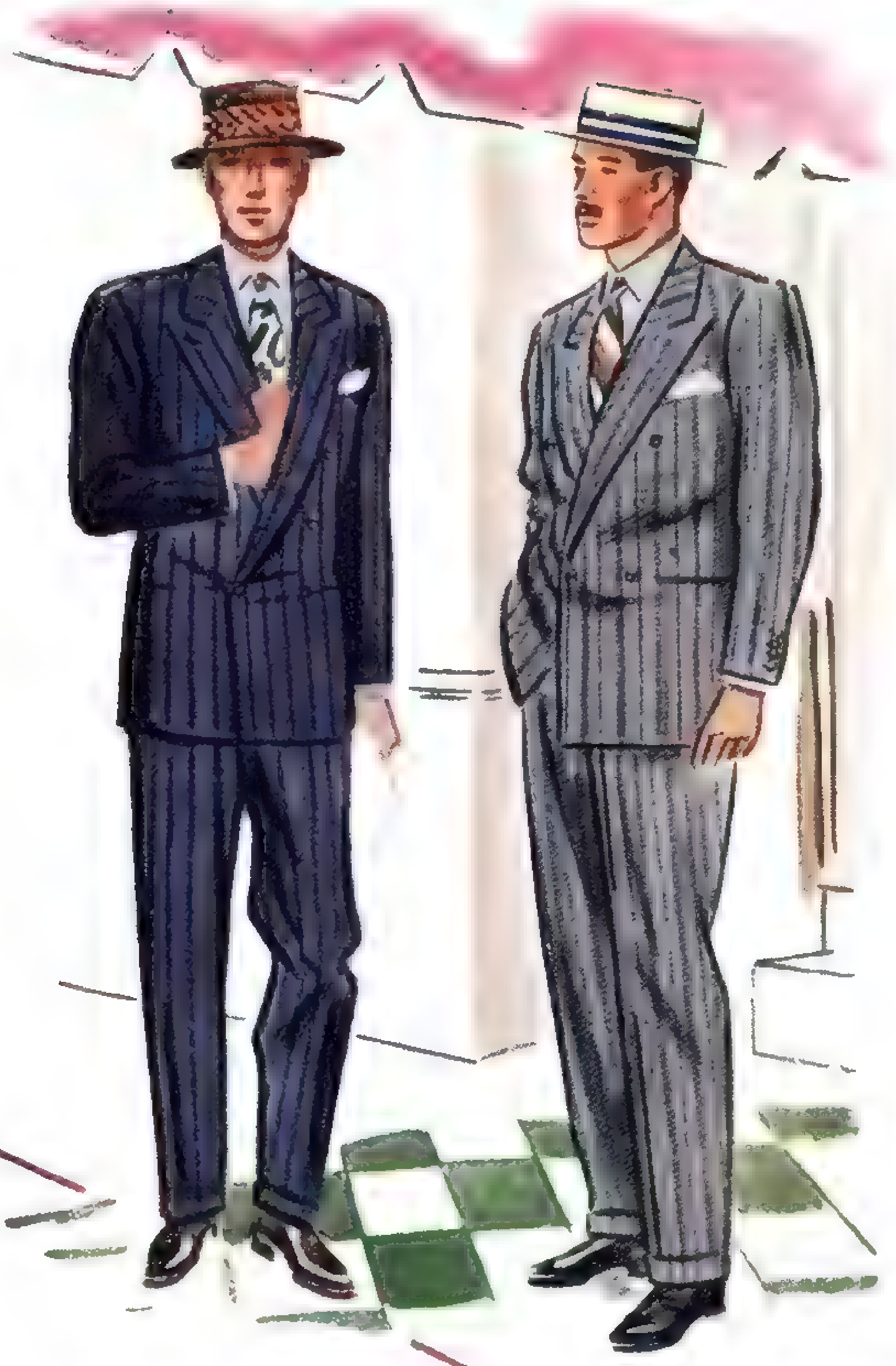
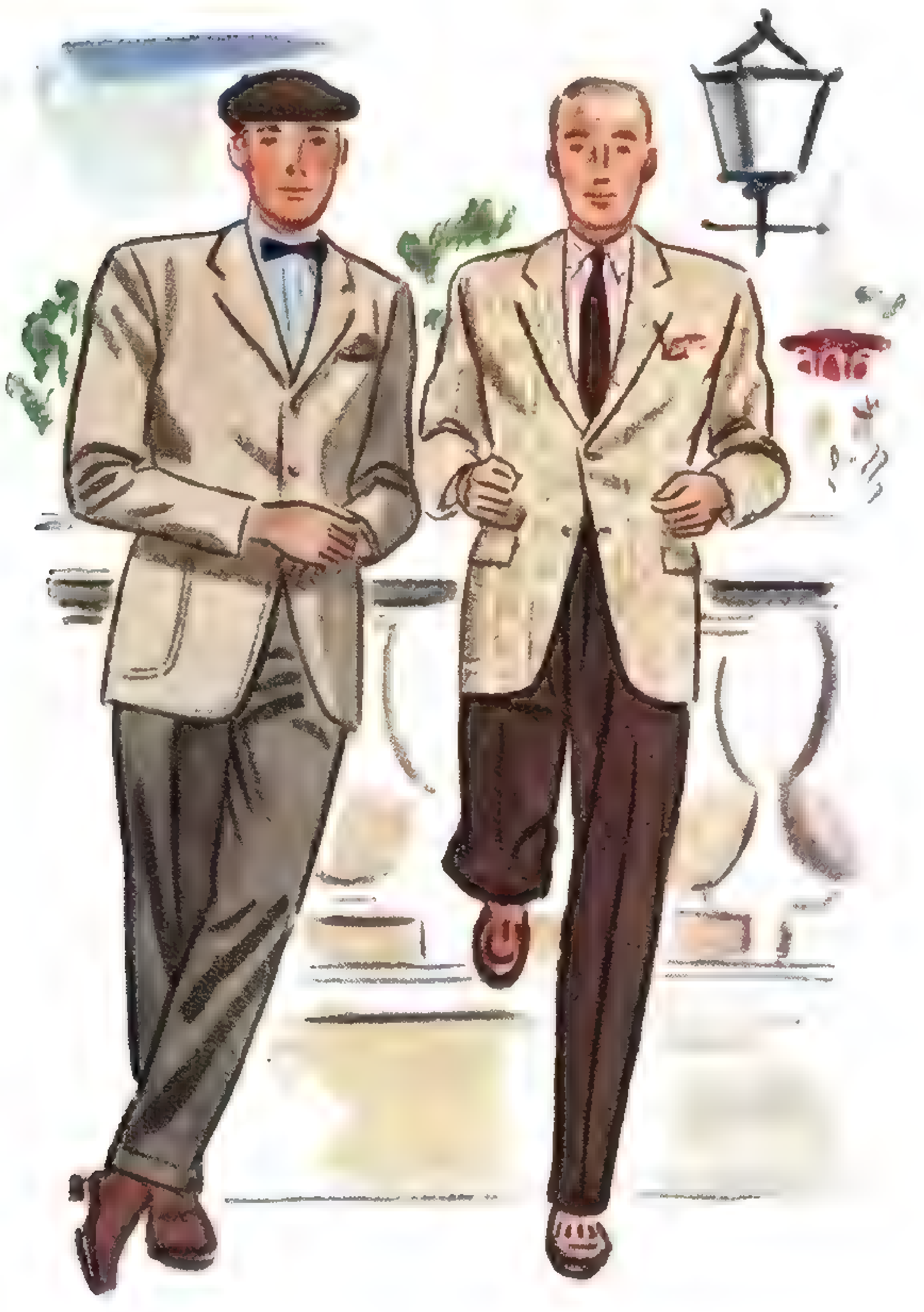


WALDES KOVER-ZIP is the unobtrusive, well-mannered slide fastener. Fabric covered, it seals your trousers in a smooth, unnoticeable seam There are no shiny metal "teeth" glaring in embarrassment. Waldes Kover-Zip is definitely better, neater tailoring.

AN ILLUSION of added height goes with the **"Wall St."** Lounge. Low waist line, straighter side seams, narrow hip effect. Lapel can be rolled to bottom button as one button suit. $55.

COMFORT PLUS! This **"Drurylane"** sack coat has less waist suppression, new, low-waisted effect. Cut on easy lines with low button spacing. Pleated trousers. New Spring patterns. $50

*Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener



EYE-CATCHER for Spring — this neat ensemble by **"Finlay Hall Clothes."** 3-button jacket in herringbones and Glen plaids. Cadets $11.95. Students $13.95. Slacks $4.95 and $6.95.

LOAF AND LOUNGE in this students' sports ensemble by **J. Schwartz & Sons.** Glen plaid jacket with over-plaiding in new Canary shade. Smart contrasting cuffless trousers. Both $24.50.

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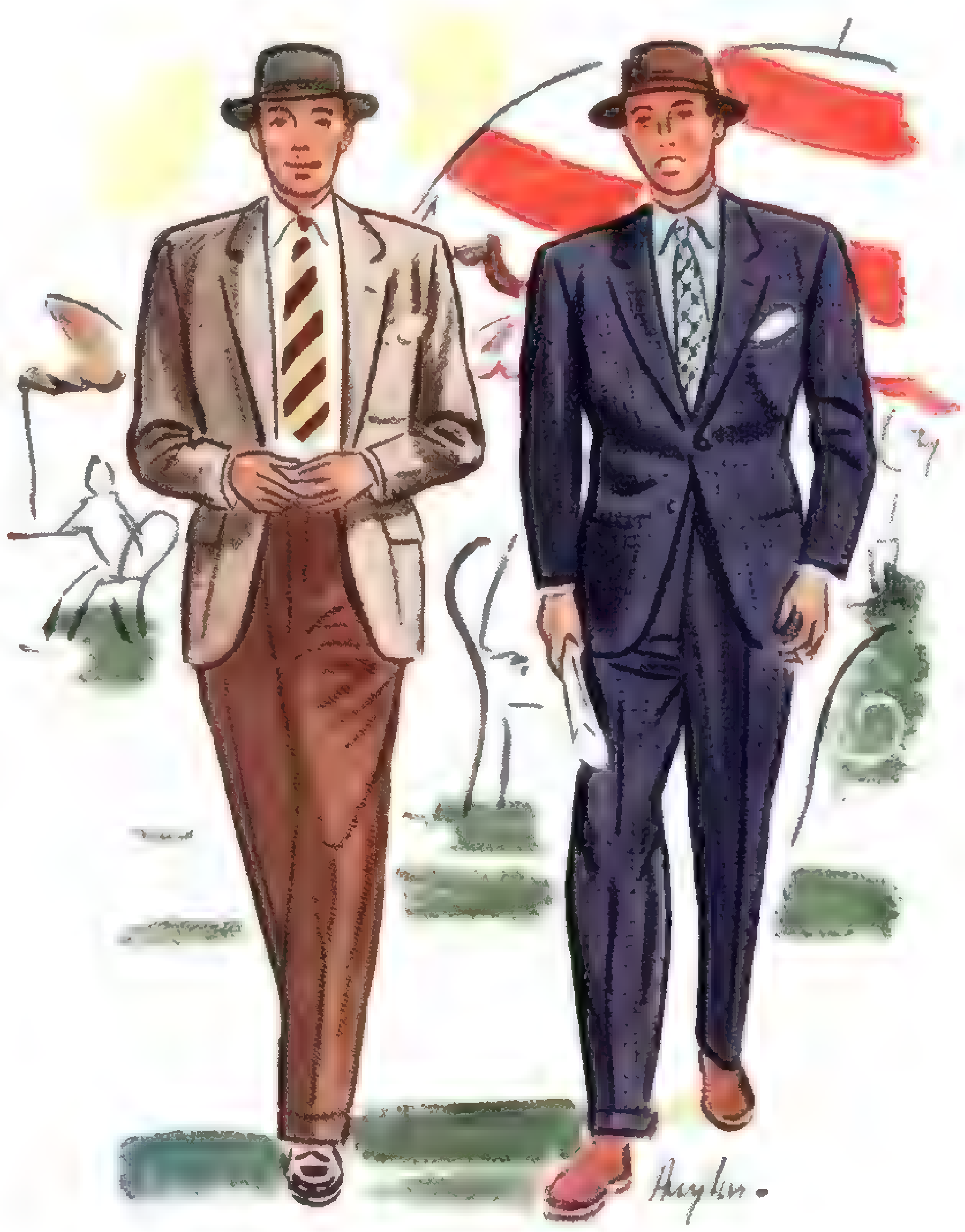

"SUMMER NATURAL" by **"Ambassador."** All-wool camel's hair blend jacket. 2-button, hand-stitched, modified drape in diagonals, herringbones, plain weaves. $30. Slacks $20.

IDEAL SUIT for balmy Summer days . . . new, luxury "Lido" model by **"Philip Morris Clothes."** 3-button, single-breasted drape in fine, 2-ply worsted. 100% virginwool fabric. $25 to $35.

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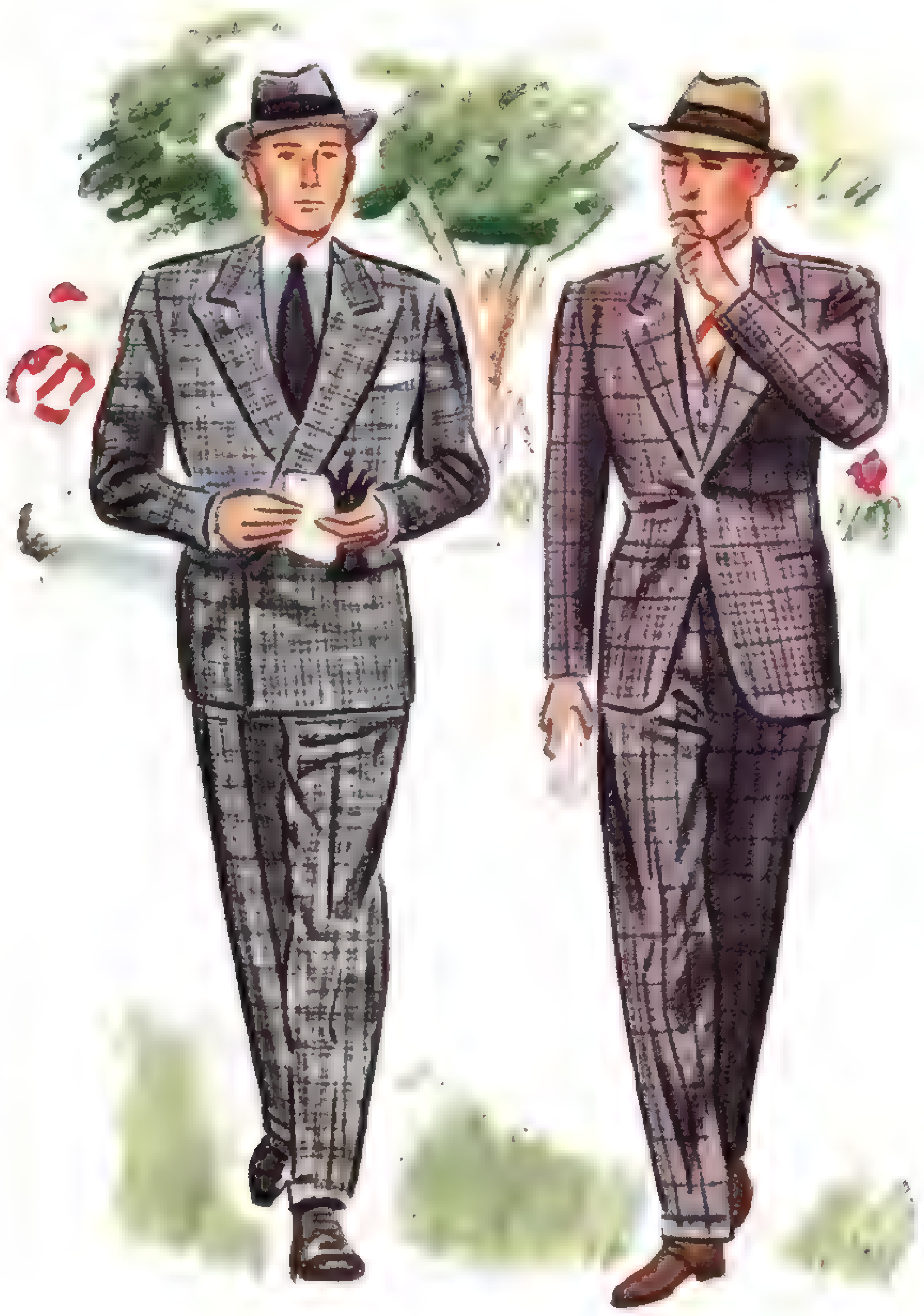
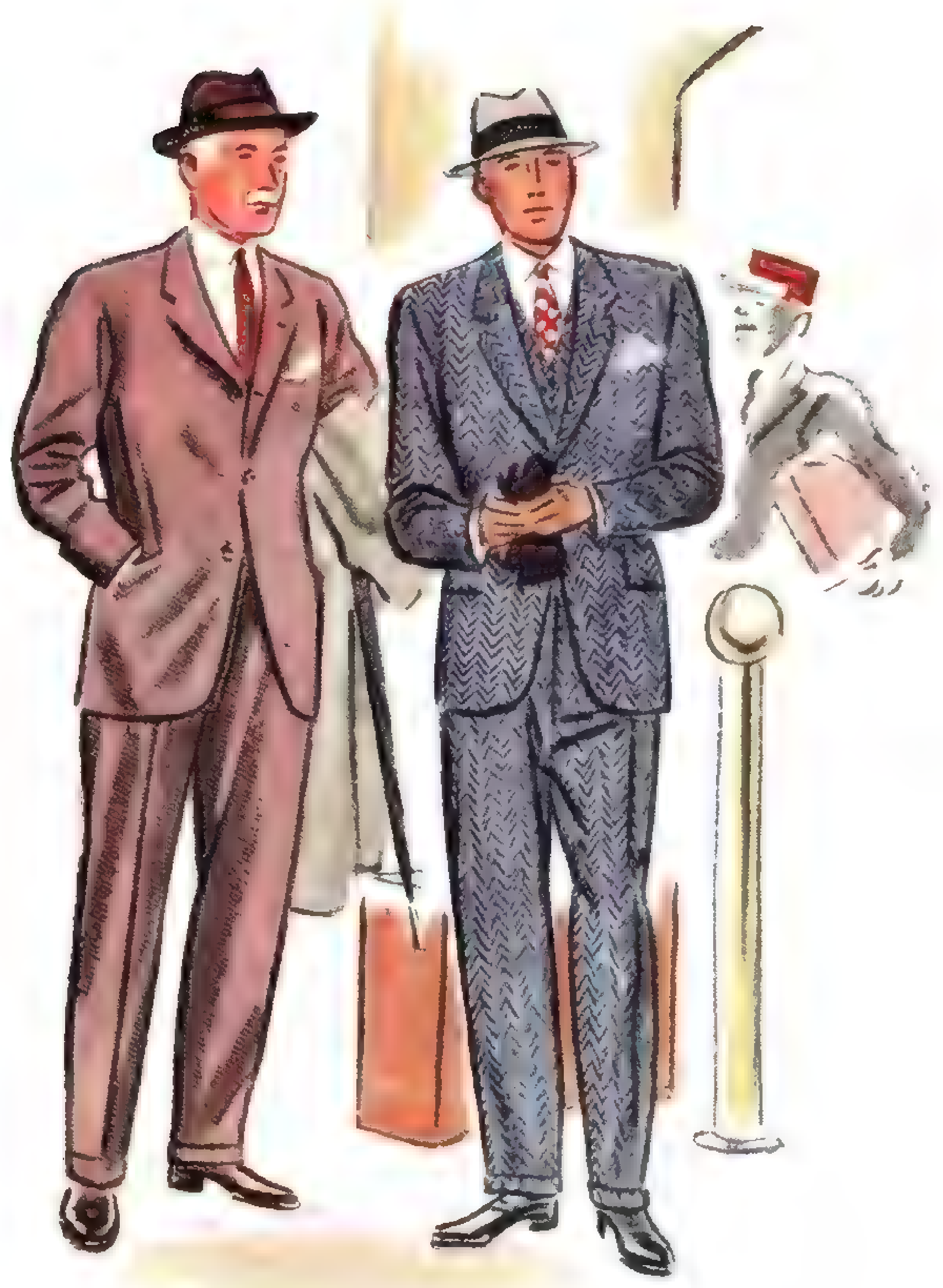


LOOK BETTER, feel better, work better. An attractive suit helps a lot. Especially this soft roll drape called the **"Demont."** Many new patterns in worsted and shetland materials. $40.

AMERICA MARCHES toward the most important Summer in its history. Dress for the busy part you'll play. Here's the fine **"Gary"** model, in worsted shetlands, cheviots and tweed. From $40.

**Tailored with Waldes Kover-Zip slide fastener.*



FOR SULTRY WEATHER, here's the perfect "dress-up" suit. You're "air-conditioned" in a Rivercool Tropical by **"Kool-Master."** Wide variety of the newest patterns and styles. $17.95.

YEAR-ROUND FAVORITE — 3-piece Mac'Dougal Tweed suit by **"Criterion."** Rugged appearance, soft, kindly feel. Perfect for both town and country wear. In new Spring shades. $35.

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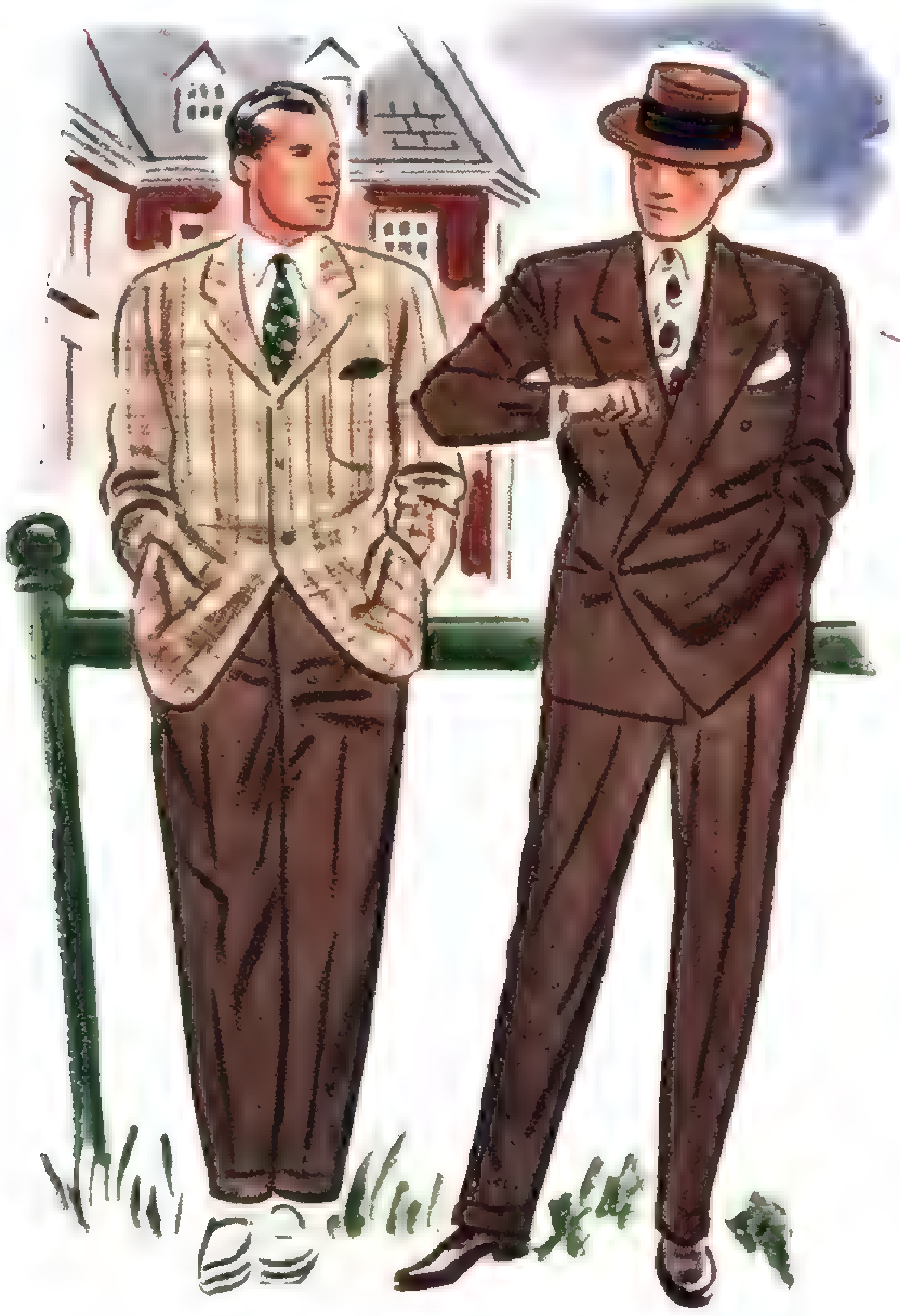

A SMART "MUST" for students' wardrobes. The **"Wales"** model — new, 2-piece ensemble for all-occasion wear. Jacket Glen plaid, slacks solid brown cavalry twill. Both $19.95.

GAIN EXECUTIVE EASE in this exceptional English drape suit. Double-breasted **"Stanwood"** style in fine worsted with luxurious hand-stitched edge. Pleated trousers. $32.50.

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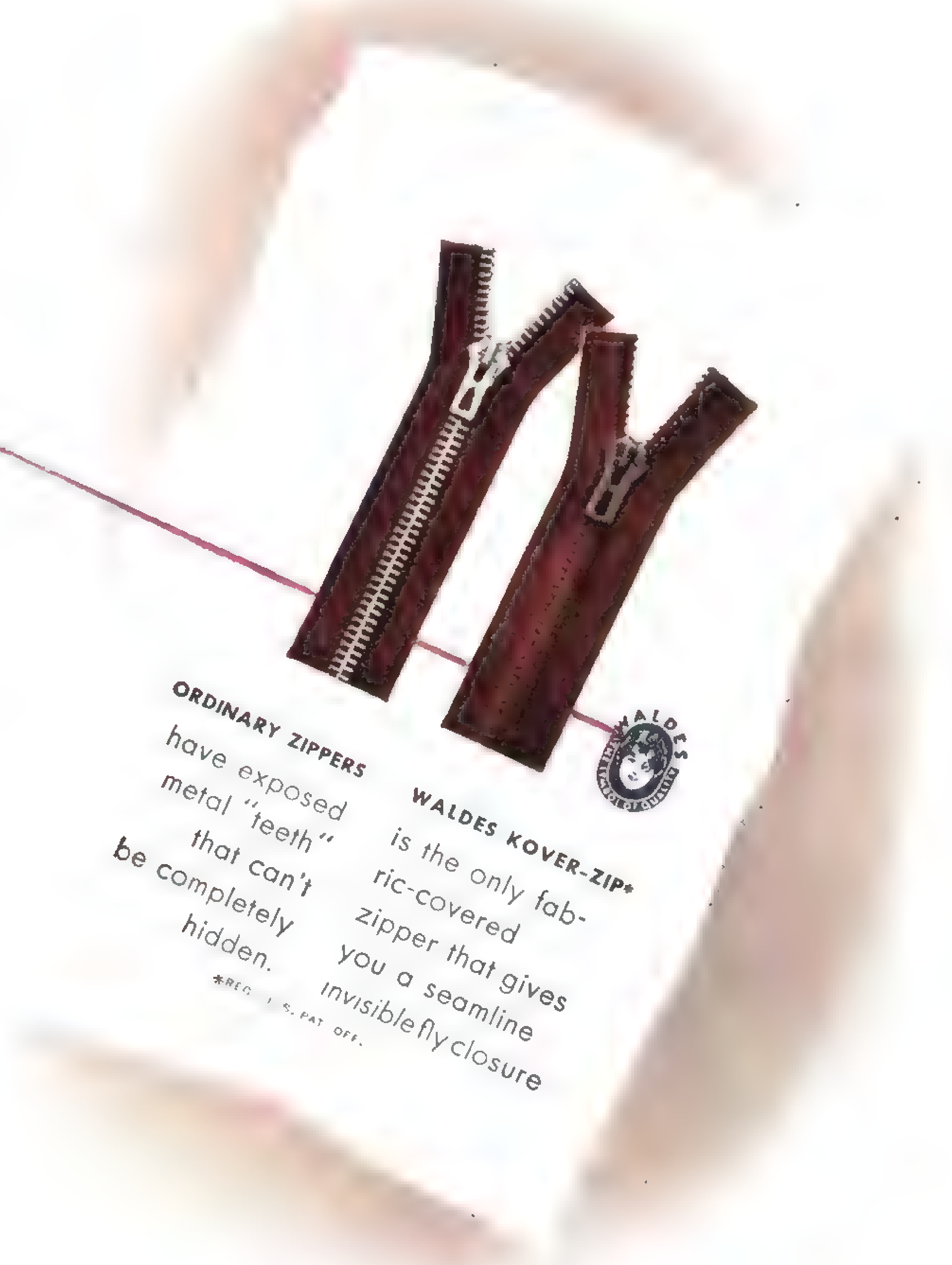

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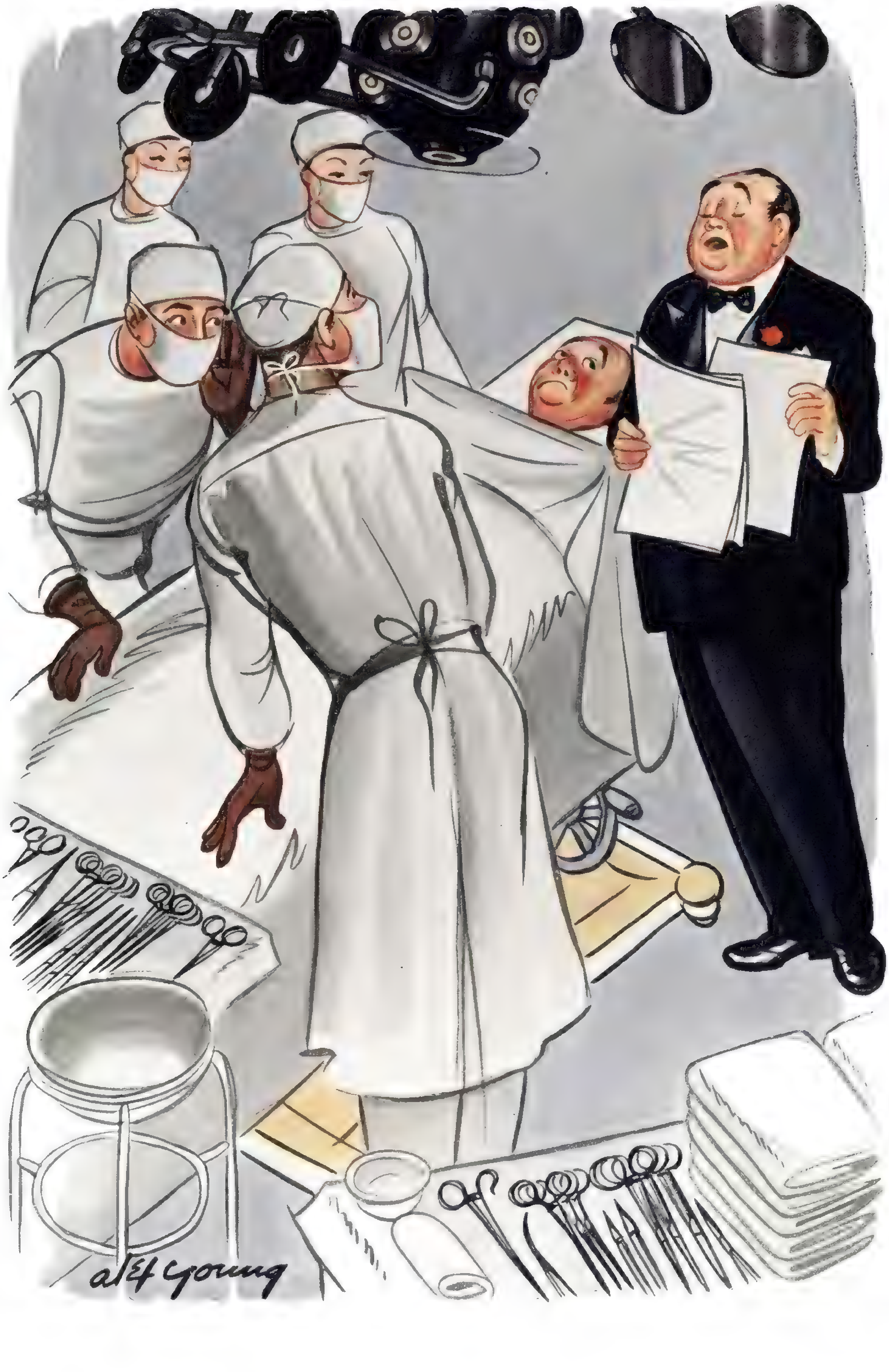

"We're doing away with ether as much as possible—just reading radio commercials to the patient"

Britain's Sport Goes to the Dogs

Continued from page 35

out Tony Galento I flashed from the ringside for a special five-o'clock-in-the-morning edition quite three times as much as now appears on sport in all the London newspapers combined. Remember that September when Dempsey and Tunney met for the second time in Chicago? Well, in the two weeks preceding the fight I cabled more about that event than all the British Press now prints on sport in one month. No, there is no room for sport in current British journalism. It gets grudged inches where once it reigned over the double and treble column.

I think the Press lords and their minions are making a mistake in letting sport go hang; nay, I am sure of it, for the troops to whom I lecture have been telling me so. They didn't want to hear about the Arsenal or even Joe Louis that day when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, but most other days they would like to know whether the sport wheel is still revolving, or whether it has stuck. There is little enough about events in our own country; there is practically nothing from abroad. It cost me the price of a cable to ascertain whether the Yankees had beaten the Dodgers in the World Series. And I was a week late learning who was playing in it.

When war was declared more than two years ago I anticipated a big boom in boxing. I was never more wrong. We have tournaments of a sort, of course, both in London and the provinces, but the largest of them would not do more than just get by as preliminary bouts in New York or Chicago. The majority of the pre-war promoters are in uniform or in retirement, and the leading impresario of the moment is an Irish lad who mixes running fights with his job as a mechanic in the R. A. F. Attendances are limited, but that means exactly nothing, for the only halls available are old-timers which accommodate a maximum of 5,000. The big modern stadiums in London—Wembley, Harringay, Earl's Court—have been padlocked since 1939. Open-air fights are a bigger gamble, and as much of a flop, as they were in the piping days of peace.

We have only the old pugilistic names to attract us, which is why I have not seen a glove since I sailed away from San Pedro in October, 1939. Kid Berg, whom I saw lose to Tony Canzoneri in Chicago about ten years ago, is still a card, but no ring has been graced by Pilot-Officer Len Harvey, our heavyweight champion. That, however, is not surprising. His uniform and rank are a bit of a bar, but more so is the fact that he has been boxing since he was twelve, which means he has been a professional scrapper for about twenty-three years. If that is not a record it should be. Except for an R. A. F. sergeant named Mills, a heavyweight of some promise, we have no new names. Boxing, therefore, does not count for much.

Nor does lawn tennis. When war was declared by Hitler the Lawn Tennis Association went straight off to sleep, and it is still snoring. In the summer we have occasional exhibitions for the Red Cross, and these are attended primarily by sighers for the good old days of Wimbledon. The principal male attraction is Squadron-Leader Dan Maskell, once the professional and coach at Wimbledon—he is now permitted to play openly with the amateurs—and the only women who lift an eye are Kay Stammers and Jean Nicoll, the latter a beauteous nineteen-year-older I predict will eventually lift the mantle of Helen Wills Moody. That is, of course, if service with the W. A. A. F.'s does not slow her down. She is readying herself for the blue uniform. Tennis has done pretty well by the Red Cross, but beyond that it is impossible to go. The

Continued on page 140

Tweeds and picnic kits are omnipresent at spring hunts meets.

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At old-time Scottish dinners it was a mark of honor for pipers to play behind the chair of the honored guest. Many hosts now pay such tribute by serving Teacher's Scotch.

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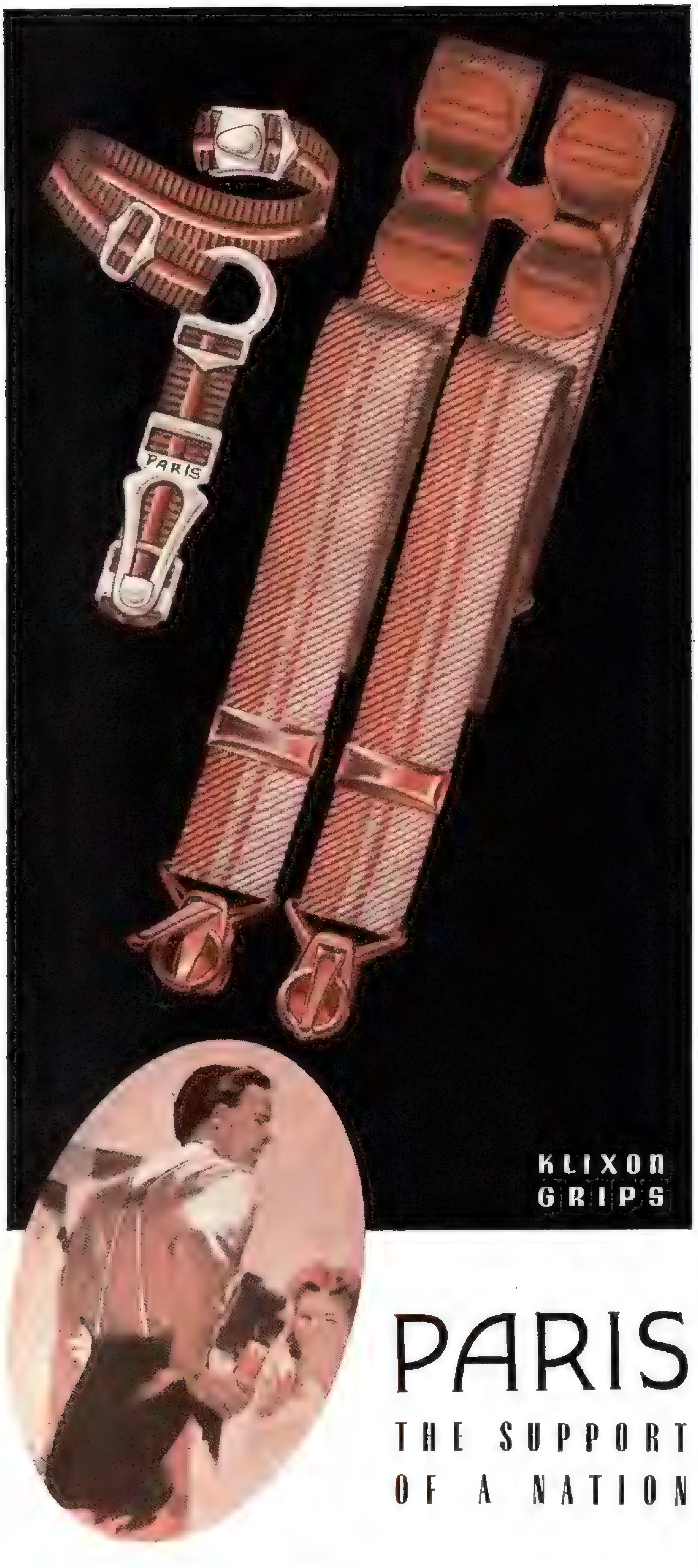

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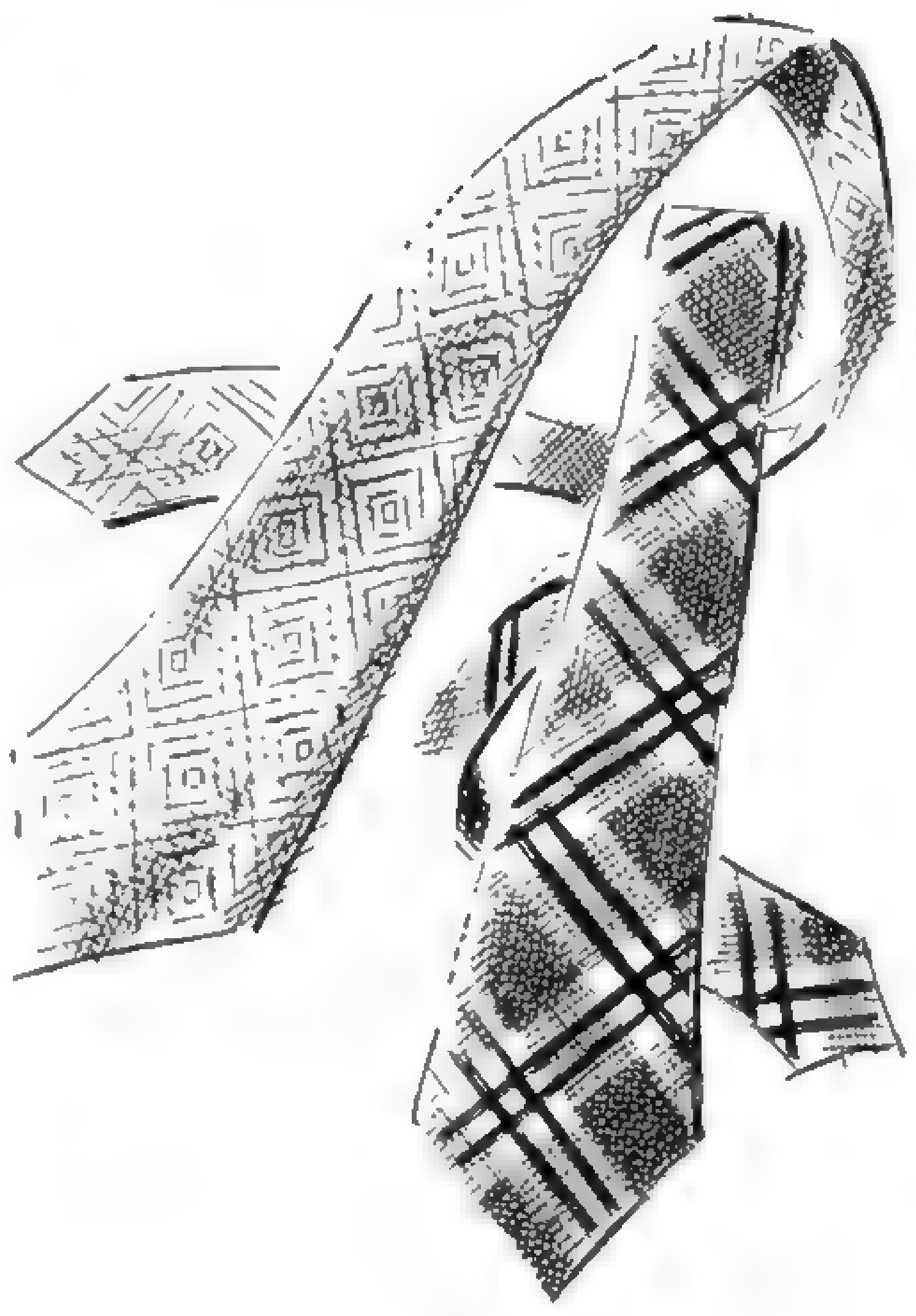
Britain's Sport Goes to the Dogs

Continued from pages 35-139

thousands of small clubs are closed down, Wimbledon is dead for the duration, and it seems to me that the number of good players we shall have on tap when peace comes will be countable on one hand.

Cricket has become a one-day riot. That is another miracle. In the past the county games pursued a leisurely way over three full days, and test matches—or revolutions—between England and Australia have been known to go well into the second week. There isn't a lot of cricket, except in the north of England, where it is played on the league principle, which is cutthroat, and therefore not cricket; but this, with full knowledge of what happens to prophets, is where I permit myself a prediction. We have kissed good-bye to leisurely, stop-for-tea cricket. In the future the old three-days stuff will be packed into one day. If it is not, it will be played to the greybeards and a few attendants. Cricket of the days to come will take on a baseball atmosphere, perhaps even with rooters. I hope to be at the headquarters, Lord's, that afternoon when a bunch of fans rise up in their might to acquaint the umpire with their inmost thoughts. You cannot even cough or sneeze at a Lord's cricket match even now; I want to be present to see the revered, sanctified pavilion collapse and fall into a bottomless pit. Ice hockey was making headway in 1939. Now the only time we hear of it is when a broadcaster from Toronto tells the Canadian troops how the Maple Leafs are doing. If records are still being established in swimming we know nothing about them, and there is not very much athletics. We never did go in a big way for the indoor stuff, and the number of outdoor meets would not make one half-holiday for a small town in California. But that is as it should be. Running and hurdling, like boxing, requires too much training. Troops have not the time for it. But there's one thing. If the war ended tomorrow, and we were called on to supply teams to face the world in any major sport, all that would be needed would be a bugle blast to the R. A. F. That arm of the services is crawling with sport stars. Practically all are young, so there is still time to hear from them.



Coarsely woven homespun wool ties in diamond and tartan patterns have a fashion alliance with tweed country clothes.

The phenomenon is greyhound racing. It is only about fifteen years old—it is the sport in which a lean and very dumb dog chases a mechanical hare—but the war has hardly scratched it. I made a checkup on dog racing just before the war, and uncovered some astonishing facts. In England, Scotland and Wales there were hundreds of tracks, employing thousands of people, and two associations alone had many thousands of dogs in constant training in elaborate luxury quarters. In every year there was an estimated attendance at recognized tracks of over 20,000,000. The amount of money gambled on the events was roughly 40,000,000 pounds. This was an industry, built almost overnight, that not only trod on the heels of soccer, our number one sport, but that was elbowing its way into the domain of the cinema, the theatre, and other forms of entertainment. On Dog Derby nights at the White City, London, it was usual to sit beneath the floodlights with 100,000 others; sit in a first-class restaurant, with French chefs doing their utmost, to watch six dogs flurry from start to finish in under thirty seconds. I saw the birth of dog racing in Florida, and I followed its progress in Britain, and I am still amazed. Nothing like it has ever before been beheld.

When Hitler walked into Poland there were natural heavings of breasts, and a lot of outraged eyes were turned in the general direction of heaven. A sport worth millions in anybody's money appeared to be going into a fatal decline. What was called the phony war of 1939 and part of 1940 saved the dogs. The lights went out over Britain, but that merely meant that the events were staged in the afternoon. It is true to claim that all the war has done to greyhound racing is give it a status. The war has indeed added to its stature. It is by miles the most popular and the best-attended sport in any part of Britain. Every week there are hundreds of meetings, and the majority of these hold all the people the law will permit in one place. For the purposes of another check-up I visited a London track a day or so ago. The official attendance was 15,000—this between two o'clock and four o'clock on a midweek afternoon—and the

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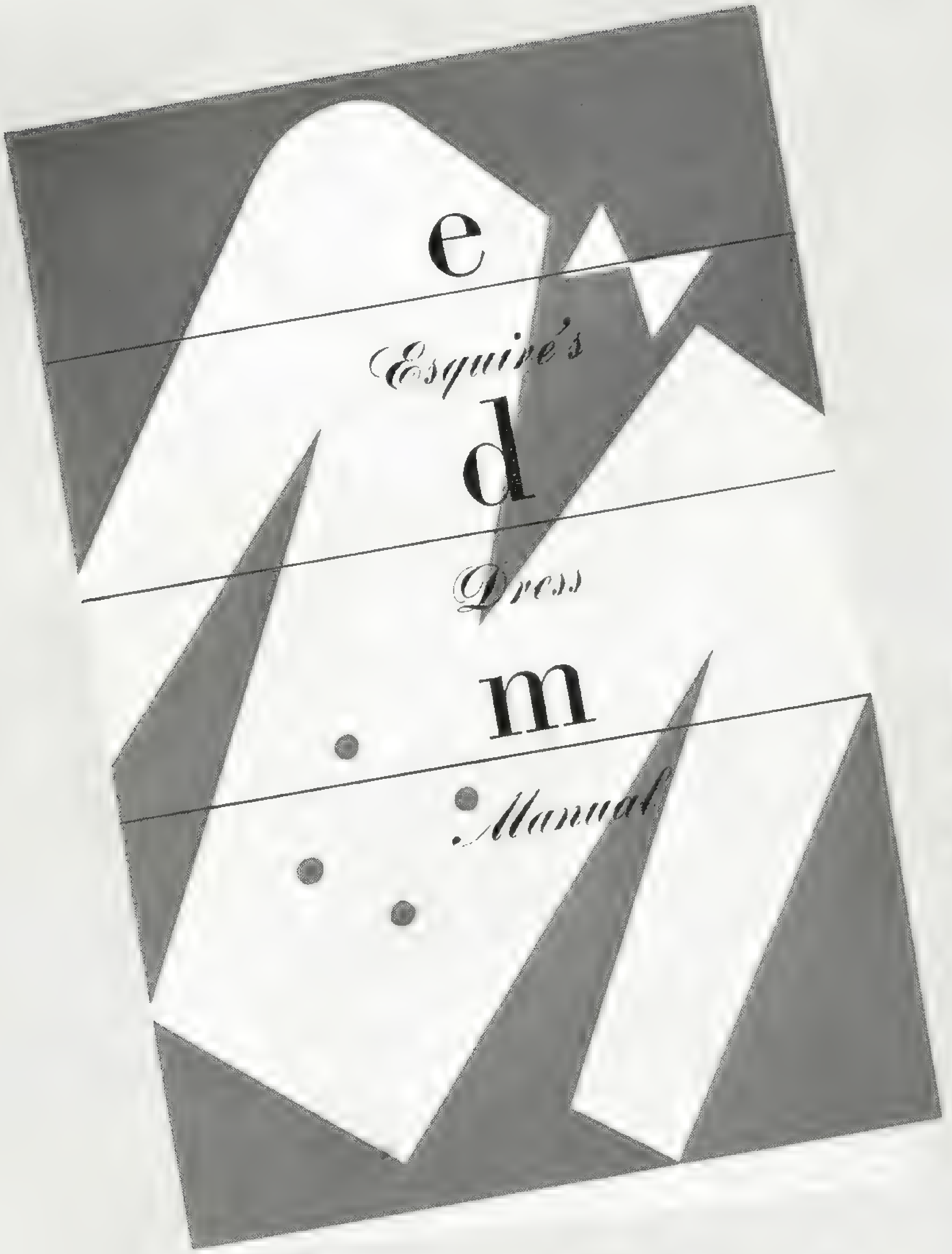

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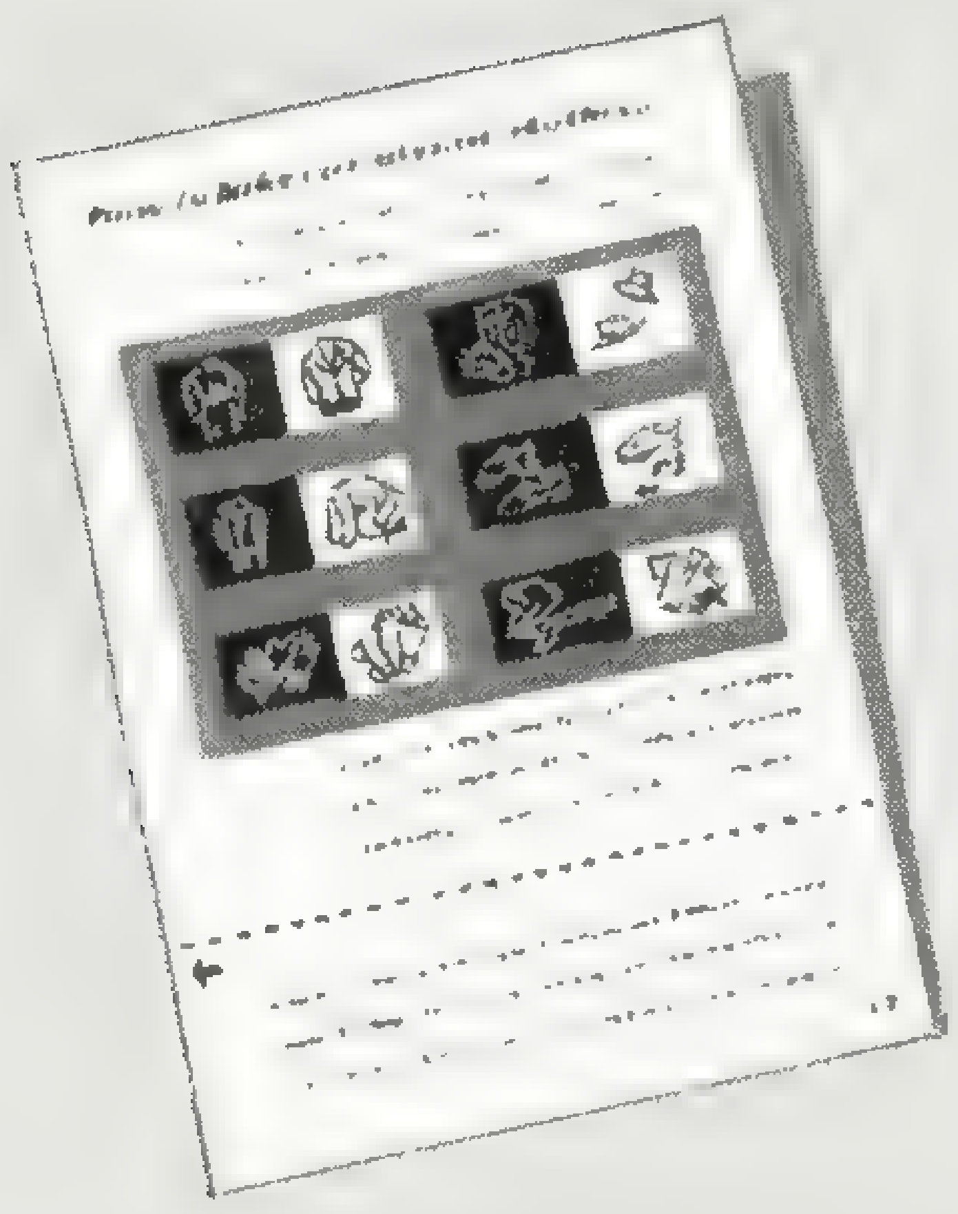

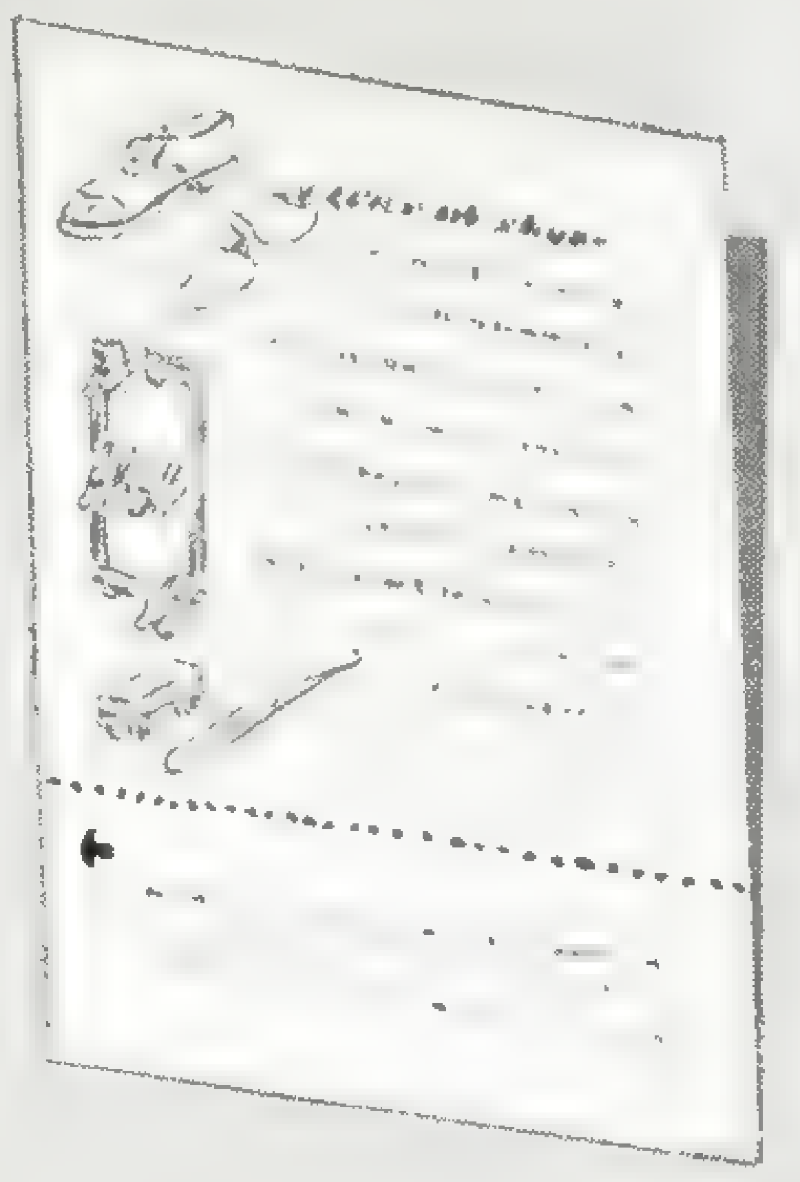

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Britain's Sport Goes to the Dogs

Continued from pages 35-139-140

cash invested in the totalizator—the betting machine—was nearly 40,000 pounds. There are many squawks about the dogs. The righteous, and those who wrongly suppose that the munition worker is not attending to his job, wish to close them down. Opponents of betting scream when they hear of the tote takings, but perhaps they realize in their agony that if gambling were denied to dog-racing there would not be a track in operation at the end of a week. That is the secret of the dogs. It exists on betting. Not one in every one thousand of the regular patrons cares a hoot about the poetry of motion, or the quick thrill that is manufactured by the thirty seconds of swirling. All he wants to know is whether the hound in number three trap, which he backed, is first over the line. We haven't much football, or boxing, or cricket, at least of the old order, but boy, we have dog racing. Still even our football pools are still going strong. And they are nothing but a gamble.

The future? Well, I don't know. Almost every expectation has taken the wrong turning in the last couple of years, yet I cling to the belief that when the tanks have stopped rolling, and when the pilots of airplanes are wondering what they will do for a living—has it occurred to you to ponder over the future of these squadrons and armies?—there will be the old and usual search for escape. Sport has supplied it before, and it will again. In my life I saw it grow from comparative littleness to enormity. A vast commercialized method of escape that grew bigger and bigger, and that I feel sure has been only temporarily halted. Here in Britain, however, we are faced with two battles. The first will be engaged in by the greyhound interests and the football rulers. The dog people have got to know that the afternoon is a very good time for their galloping hounds. They may not want to go back to their evenings, with expensive floodlights and the increasing competition of the picture places and the theatre. They have been warned that in England, at least, many more people are going to the movies than ever before, and that the great rush for seats starts after six o'clock in the evening. If the dogs and Soccer begin at the same time something is destined to bend, and perhaps break. I do not think it will be the dogs—but look out for conferences and propositions. The football folk are already very worried.

Then there is tennis. We have said our farewells—not fond, in my case—to the phonies of every country who said they were amateurs. Those upstanding, snooty men and women who took the wherewithal under the table, who traveled in the fastest liners and trains, who lived in the best hotels, and who looked down with disdain on the honest paid professional. They are gone, and the gods be thanked for it. They were never more than a sharp pain in the elbow to this commentator; but I will stake my hopes on the hereafter that they have seen their fill of your Forest Hills as well as of our Wimbledon. It may take a year or so for the defenders of an inexcusable system to bow to the inevitable, but my surmise is that within a year of the end of the war all tennis championships will be open to amateurs and pros alike.

Why? Well, where are the up-and-coming so-called amateurs coming from? Here in Britain, at this writing, we haven't a sufficient number, past, present or future, to fill a taxi.

And America won't have many more by the time the bugles stop blowing.

P. S.—My, my, I forgot to mention golf and horseracing. Both are doing pretty well. For various reasons about one-third of our golf courses are closed, but on good days the number of people seen swinging clubs is surprising. I understand an entirely new batch of players have come out of the services. There are no major tournaments, and most of the younger cracks are in uniform. Flight-Lieut. Henry Cotton, among others, has collected neat sums for the Red Cross with his exhibitions, and it is a sign of the times, and of our confidence, that recently a meeting was held to go into the matter of players for the next Ryder Cup matches. Golf has little to weep over.

We are rationed to one horserace meeting per week. The winter jumping does not cut much ice, nor does it pull big crowds, but if you saw some of our antiquated tracks, and compared them with those in Chicago or Los Angeles or Miami, you would not be surprised. Punters say the form is awful, but in case you wonder what our jockeys are doing let it be noted that most of them climb out of battledress to get into their silks. When what we know as the flat season opens again, in March, we will have some weeks with three meetings. Horseracing is not prosperous, but it is holding its own.

And that's more than Mussolini can say. ⵌ

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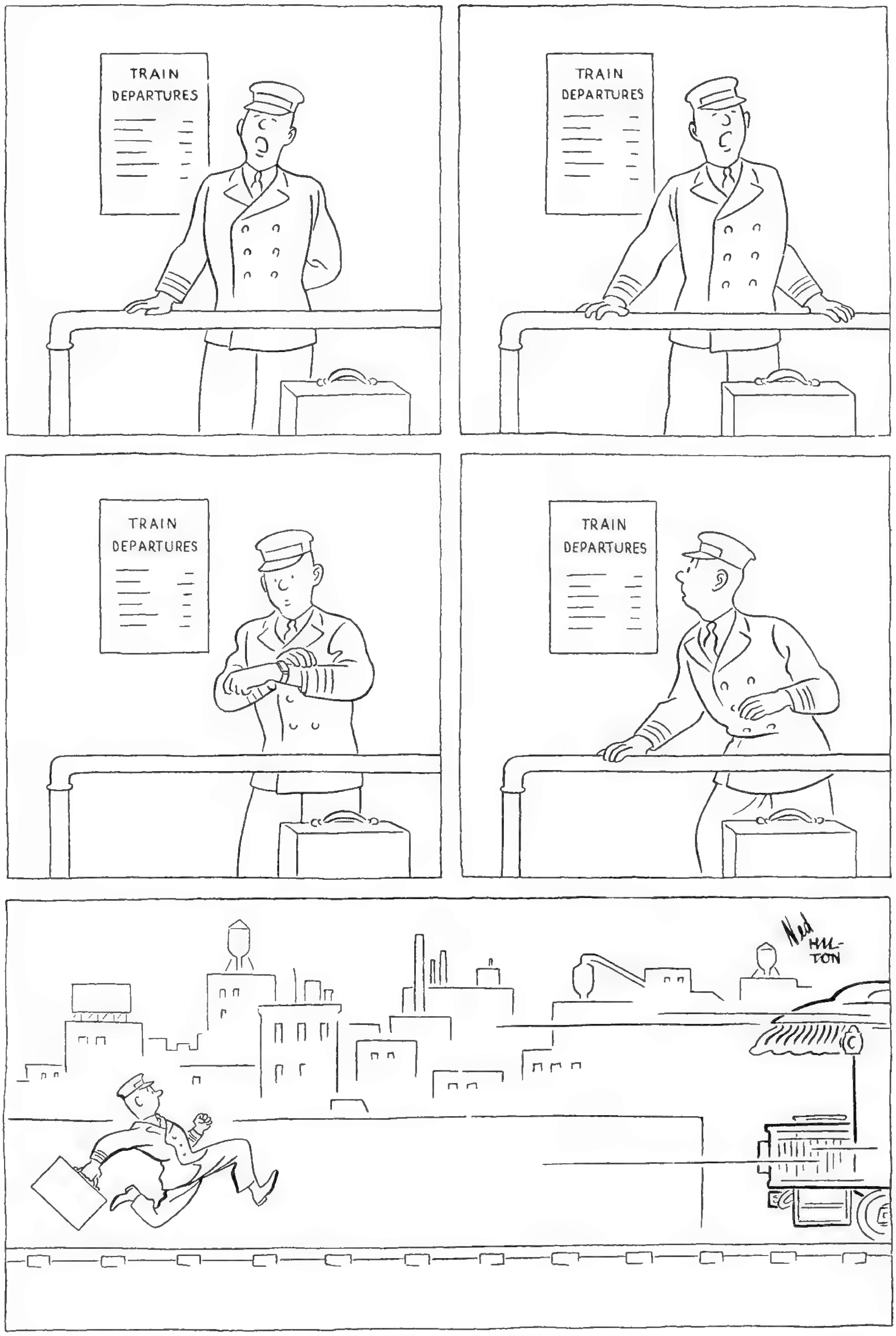
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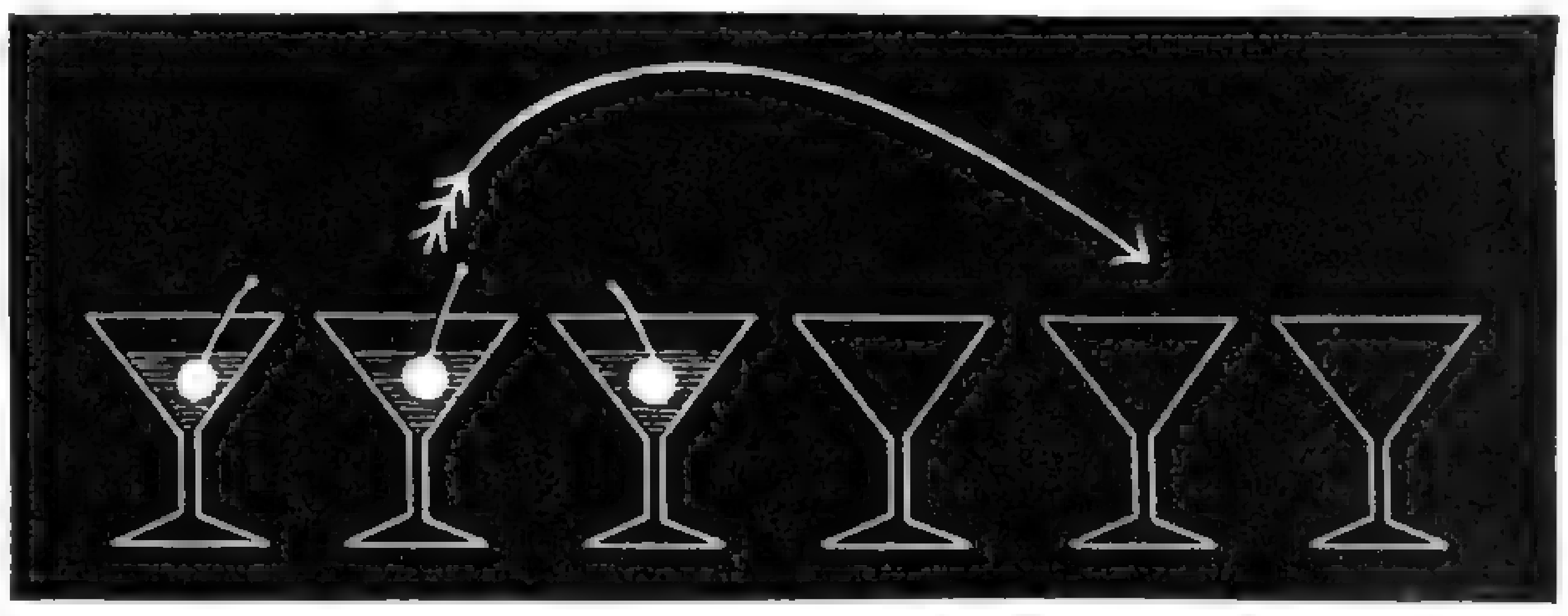
the Wager: Ask the bartender to set up three more of the same but leave the empties; placing all six glasses in a straight line as indicated, you offer to re-arrange them into alternating filled and empty glasses by moving only one glass.



the Payoff: Lift the second glass in the line, pour the liquid into the fifth glass and set the second glass back into place.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 71

same reason, I like it considerably more than my strict critical conscience tells me I should.

Alexander Knox, who acted the character intimated to be me, did me credit in his faultless enunciation, his tailor, his elegance of social deportment, his scrupulous taste in sherries, his objection to Saroyan sprawling all over his new couch with dirty shoes on, and his discrimination in blondes. Miss Helen Walker, the blonde in the case, was all right by me too, even though, as a still inexperienced, if futureable actress, she, like so many other young actresses, blonde and brunette, has yet to learn how to read tense emotional lines without making the cords of her throat and neck stick out like an infuriated xylophone.

Now let me try to regain some faint critical standing in a consideration of several other plays, since the above rather justifies the theoretical donkey who ubiquitously comes up to one and says, "I read what you wrote about the play; what did you really think of it?"

II

H. S. Kraft's *Café Crown*, dealing with a lower East Side restaurant frequented by folk connected with the Yiddish theatre and having as its central character a grandiloquent ham actor, presents no critical difficulties. I say simply that, despite one or two moderately well-drawn types, it was an exceedingly bad play, let it go at that, and rest on my laurels.

III

A belief in miracles is the innocent delight of children and the suspended despair of old age. Ben Hecht believes in miracles and thus reveals himself as part child, part gray valetudinarian. The phenomenon in Mr. Hecht's case has been observable for some time now. Its first manifestation was in his moving picture, *The Scoundrel*. Its second, subsequently in a collection of short stories called *A Book Of Miracles*. Its third and latest is in a play called *Lily Of The Valley*.

Noted for an otherwise bright mind and a frequent gift for translating it into vigorous prose, the belief has done things to Mr. Hecht. If evidence be needed, the play in point amply provides it. It discloses a Hecht at once unbelievably mawkish and quite believably as addled and badly confused as a man who has drunk a quart of whiskey from a bottle marked Milk. Setting out to write a fantasy, a parable, an allegory or something of the kind about death—the action involves the ghosts of strays in a county morgue—he not only trips allegorically all over himself but embarrasses his old friends by falling back upon some of the most dubious corn in the record.

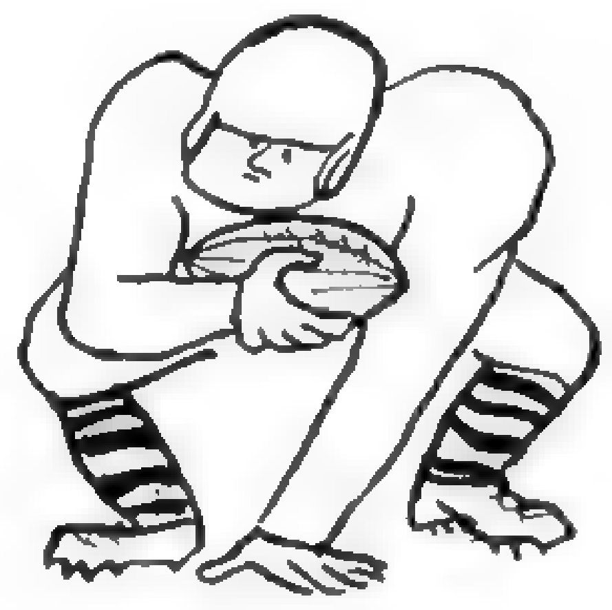
As examples of the tripping, he presents a character already dead dying a second time, a man punished by God for serving God, the denunciation as avarice of a quest of money on behalf of the church, an escape from purgatory back to life on the part of a character already deceased and possibly embalmed, etc. As a sufficient example of the holy corn, he brings down his final curtain on a shaft of white light (shades of *Ben Hur*, et al.!) symbolic of God's presence and causes the shaft miraculously to play a tune on an accordion left behind by a minister of the gospel.

So befuddled is the play, what with its mixture of *Outward Bound*, murder and detective melodrama, spook addresses to the Deity and assorted miracles, that it is impossible to tell exactly what the author thought he was driving at. Nor does the style of writing, which runs the gamut from early Al Woods to Llewellyn Powys, help matters. The intention has been honorable, but the achievement is a mere Halloween ghost of it.

The exhibit, which closed shortly after it opened, was, in short, a thoroughly depressing one, but not—as some insisted—because of its morgue setting and its miscellaneous corpses. It was depressing because its imagination was of the most decrepit cut, because when it essayed to be poetic it was often merely mushy, because it challenged the initial attention with an arresting promise and thereafter consistently defaulted. And it repeated itself endlessly. The technique of saying the same thing several times over but differently, which has been mastered as a dramatic necessity by the more skilful playwrights, is apparently alien to Mr. Hecht.

IV

Take equal parts of that ancient matinee-jerker, *Editha's Burglar*, and Eleanor Gates' *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, add a couple of excellent performances by Victor Kilian and twelve-year-old Patricia Hitchcock, ostentatiously blow your nose loudly every now and then to conceal the fact that you are reacting shamefully to some of the sentimental passages, and you have—or rather had—John Van Druten's dramatization of Edwin Corle's novel, *Solitaire*. As an exercise in the dramatic art, the play itself was undeniably fallible enough to win a Pulitzer prize. The tale of a lonely child from the big house atop the hill and a hobo in the gully below who befriends her, it was frankly designed to play a wistful tune on the proletarian heart-strings, and was accordingly and duly taken to harsh task by those critics in particular who found themselves, to their annoyance, sniffling over it. For, if the truth be known, though a sizable number of them conventionally affirm their detestation of sentiment, it often gets them willy-nilly. And why, forsooth, shouldn't it?



Reverse

"Does that college use professional athletes?"

"I'll say it does! It pays them so well their fathers keep writing from home for money."

For some reason or other that I can't make out, a critic who even remotely allows that he may occasionally surrender to sentiment is regarded, chiefly by other critics, as a bad critic. He must, to hold esteem and whether he honestly feels like it and believes in it or not, espouse hard realism, and the harder the better. He may, at home, play Butterfly's *Spira sul mare* on the phonograph, coddle his pet dog, put seed in the canary's cage, water the flowers in the window boxes, bounce his kids on his knees, bring a box of candy to his wife, and plan the Christmas tree a month ahead. But once he enters a theatre he considers it his duty by his craft to be as tough as shoe leather, arbitrarily to admire something like *Brooklyn, U. S. A.* more than something like *The Beautiful People*, and superiorly to snicker whatever is sentimental, however ethically appropriate, into the doghouse. I don't get it.

While by popular acclaim myself no softball, I yet freely confess that several of the sentimental episodes in this undeniably fallible play called *Solitaire* evoked a response from me too. I know I shouldn't give myself away if I hope to retain your respect, to say nothing of the respect of some of those fraudulent critical colleagues of mine, but there you are, brother, and you make the most of it.

V

Until her recent appearance here in *Hedda Gabler*, the art of the Greek actress Katina Paxinou was foreign to me in more ways than one, and now that I have at length engaged it, it remains equally foreign. It is possible that in her homeland the actress may be successful in acquitting herself to the natives' taste, but that taste has little in common with the critical American.

The Paxinou histrionic art, at least as revealed in Hedda, is as devoid of shading as a football song. It drives in its points with an ax; it appears to direct itself like an old silent screen vampire film; it makes of Ibsen's evil-fraught heroine a compound of Bela Lugosi in skirts and Theda Bara in pants. Hedda here becomes, in brief, little more than the all-black villainess of the gallery melodramas of the Eighties, with no more subtlety in her than one finds in the brat of Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*.

For the occasion, a so-called modernization of the play by the Misses Borden and Canfield was drafted. These modernizations usually seem to concern themselves chiefly—aside from removing the umlaut from Lövborg, changing Brack's "walk" to "constitutional," and somehow getting around the unpleasant fact that Lövborg shot himself in the bowels—with an arbitrary tinkering with the familiar line, "Fancy that, Hedda!" On the present occasion it becomes "Can you imagine that, Hedda!" Since "Fancy that, Hedda!" has become as recognizably integral a part of Tesman's character as "What's all the shootin' for?" in the instance of *The Tavern's* hired hand, it would be just as appropriate and valuable to alter the latter to "Why, pray, all the fusillade?"

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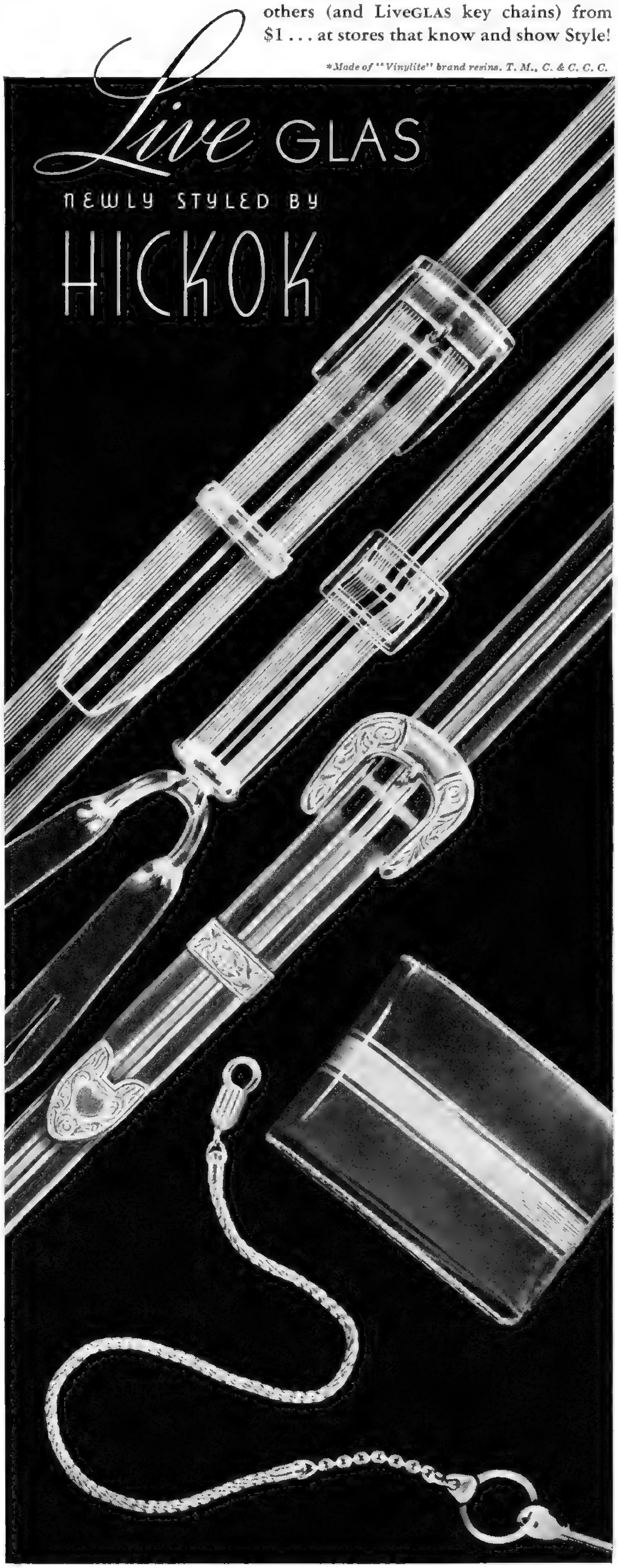

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Hollywood Blueprint 2000 A.D.

Guessing how current history will emerge on the glamor-mad screen

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Unless Hollywood changes its ways by the year 2000 A.D. I can't help wondering what a historical movie about 1942 history and its heroes would be like. Will Hollywood forget glamour and romance and concentrate on history? If not, then the movie, worked out in accepted 1942 technique, might give citizens of A.D. 2000 some false impressions:

Our movie would probably be styled *The Great Churchill*, although this isn't a certainty. Other possible titles are *All for the Sake of Love*, *Sondra* or *The Loves of Winston Churchill*, for reasons that will soon be apparent. Our next question is: who will play the lead? I found myself automatically replying: "Don Ameche" until I remembered by 2000 A.D. he might be too old.

The part should obviously be played by a young, tall and handsome man. Candor compels me to state that Churchill isn't the Hollywood type. He is portly, and should be taller. Moreover, he is happily married. This completely ruins the love-interest angle.

So, Churchill will be in his late twenties at the outbreak of World War II. He will have a Greek profile, be six feet tall, one hundred seventy-five pounds of solid muscle. He will be unwed.

One woman in his life is Lady Barbara Eustace-Eustace, Winnie's fiancée. She is a snobbish, colorless, cold thing determined to have Winnie go into his father's stocks and bonds firm, raise a family, and be London's social leader. Winnie is blinded to the facts by what he mistakes for love.

A few months before the outbreak of World War II, Winnie is shopping for a necktie when Sondra, a shop girl, suddenly faints in his arms from hunger. Her family is up against it because her father has advocated rearmament, an exceedingly unpopular cause, and thus lost his job.

Winnie is struck by Sondra's wholesome outlook on life and her beauty—the Madeleine Carroll type with a touch of Stanwyck. He drives her home, stopping en route to buy her a square meal. They discuss England's future, but Winnie, for all her concern about the peril confronting them, is still complacent. This gets Sondra's goat.

Sondra: Of all the smug self-satisfied people! I never want to see you again!

Winston: That's allright with me.

It seems one of Barbara's friends who witnessed this meeting tells Barbara. Barbara, jealous, accuses Winnie of two-timing her. This irks Winnie and opens his eyes to Barbara's innate shallowness. He sees the lovely Sondra in a more favorable light, hence thinks there may be something in her rearmament theory.

Comes the Parliament Scene. A conservative member is arguing for appeasement when young Churchill bursts in, takes the floor, and makes a ringing speech for preparedness.

Winnie is elected to the House of Commons—in record time. Then war breaks out, and the following spring, comes the Dunkirk disaster. Here appears a new historical fact. The jealous Barbara turns traitor to spite Winnie and informs the Nazis most of the British armies are in Belgium and Northern France, a fact they would never otherwise have suspected. Barbara is beheaded for treason in the Tower of London. When the Luftwaffe starts coming over, Winnie seems discouraged. He is about to make a negotiated peace when Sondra gets double pneumonia from overwork in air-raid defense. Winnie is inspired by her fight against the pneumococcus. "All I see ahead," whispers Sondra on her hospital cot, "is blood, toil, sweat and tears, but I'll pull through." Next day Winnie makes his famous blood, toil, sweat and tears speech, and is unanimously elected Prime Minister. People realize that Sondra as well as Winnie deserve their thanks, which results in Sondra being made an honorary M. P.

The final triumphant scene shows the meeting of Churchill and Roosevelt at sea. The Atlantic Charter is agreed on by Winnie and Franklin (who is the Clark Gable type), and Winnie, returning to his cabin, feels that he has put in another good blow for liberty. These thoughts are interrupted when, stepping over the threshold, Winnie beholds—Sondra.

Winnie: Sondra! You! A stowaway on a battleship!

Sondra: Winnie! I had to. I couldn't bear to be without you!

Winnie: But if you should be discovered. What would people think?

Sondra: Let them think what they will.

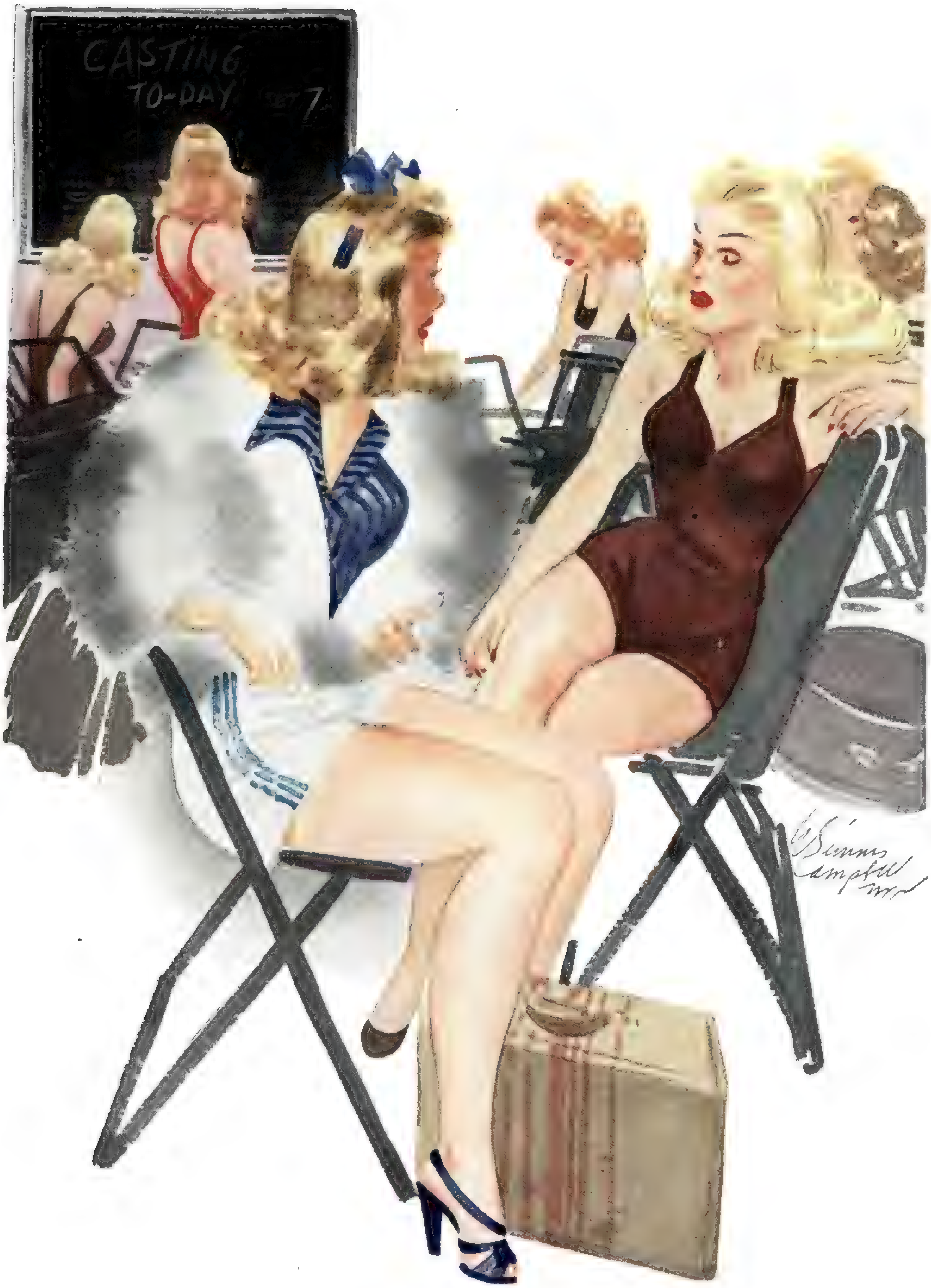
Winnie: (suddenly inspired) I have it! We'll be married right now!

Sondra: But who—

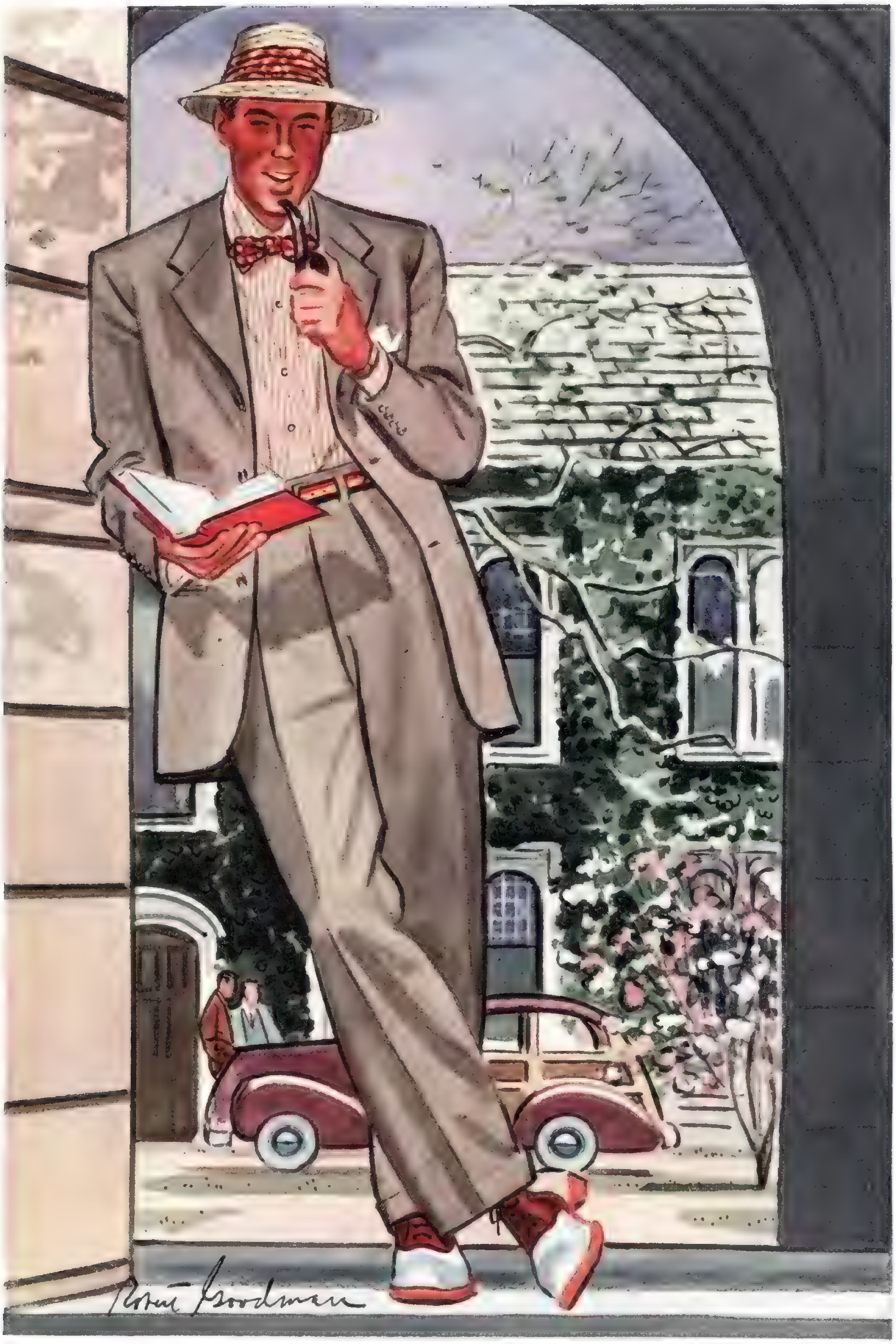
Winnie: Why Franklin, of course. If he's the head of a hundred and thirty million people he certainly must have as much authority as a justice of the peace.

Sondra: Oh Winnie! Everything I've dreamed of is coming true! (Final clinch.)

Thus Winnie and Sondra are destined to live happily ever afterwards. Not only that but there is also a hint that the Axis powers will be defeated. ⧺


CASTING
TO-DAY SET 7

"At first I thought to flee his embrace like a startled fawn, but that was impossible—I was tired"



no time for comedy

"Yep, the three weeks spring reading grind is here again, but this year I'm stickin' close to campus with the new double-time study program. The wonderful bat to Bermuda is checked out, but that doesn't mean I have to guff around here in old dungarees like a regular slouch. With this new riggin' I can imagine I'm parked under the palms, and crackin' the books is now a pleasure! It's not grey, and it's not tan, but a Greytan gabardine suit I'm wearing, which is tops over last year's natural shades. My pond palm hat has a plaid cotton puggree, the bow tie is a foulard pattern, and the grosgrain ribbon belt is made up of my club colors. Well, back to the word factory . . . don't heckle me any more . . . I have work to do . . . I don't think you people realize that our younger generation must accept many new responsibilities . . . Why, look! I'm even growing a mustache!"

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Arousing That Killer Instinct

Champion who taught doughboys boxing rates ring sport best for men in arms

by BENNY LEONARD

▪ SPORTS ▪

For the second time in our day a generation of sportsmanlike young Americans, most of whom never had a fight of any kind before in their lives, must be taught the brutish business of war in order to meet successfully barbarian opponents who are intentionally instructed always to hit below the belt. In addition to learning the refined technique of slaughter, these amiable young Americans also must have aroused in them That Killer Instinct.

Boxing, in addition to being of value in teaching bayonet drill, also has been found to be one of the most effective means of arousing that killer instinct; and with a new A.E.F. in Europe, the program we carried on in the last war in some of the camps now should be applied to *all* of them.

Right after I won the lightweight championship from Freddy Welch of England on May 28, 1917 at the Manhattan Casino, Billy Gibson, my manager, wanted me to enlist in the Navy. However, when Bob Edgren, the sports writer, heard about this, he said to Billy: "Why Benny would be more useful as a boxing and bayonet instructor." Edgren explained that two Princeton professors, Raymond Fosdick and Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, had talked to him about the relation of boxing to bayoneting. A new branch of the service soon was created, The Commission of Training Camp Activities, and I was brought in and stationed at Camp Upton. Then, at a clinic of all the army boxing instructors at Camp Gordon at Atlanta, my style of boxing was chosen as the best for bayonet drill because I boxed along the Jim Corbett lines—that is, up straight, with a stance like the proper one for bayonetting.

I was then sent to various camps to help install this system of drill. In addition, I put on some exhibition bouts to help raise money to buy camp sporting goods. The Army had no appropriations for this purpose, and often the soldiers used stuffed rags to kick around as footballs.

Actually, boxing and bayonet fighting are remarkably alike. The three basic moves are almost identical. The long point to the throat with the sabre is like the left hand jab. The right hand uppercut is the butt end of the gun to the groin. The left hook to the jaw is the slash. Then there is the footwork—invaluable for defense. As in boxing, a man could never be caught off-balance. He could not lean back or bob; he must keep his feet under him. The lightning footwork of the boxer was a life-saver in bayonet conflict.

Then there was actual boxing—for other purposes. There the men learned not to close their eyes or hide their heads when a blow was being struck; and how to block it, or counter it, or beat the other man to the punch. But the preliminary drilling is most important. If you put men in the ring and merely let them fight, they get no good out of it. Everybody was boxing, or looking on. When the war was over, everybody had seen and participated in boxing, and the game boomed. That was the origin of the Million Dollar Gate.

Teaching the bayonet by boxing is far better than work on the dummies, which can not strike back. In addition to skill, boxing develops courage, stamina, alertness, and most important of all that killer instinct to win at any cost. Many times I have fought men whom I liked personally. But the night of the fight in the dressing room, my trainer, Roy Arcel, would say: "Benny, all this fellow's got is a left jab. We're going to crack him under the heart with that right." Then the pals would come in and pat you on the back and say: "I'm betting five dollars. Don't forget. Knock 'im out, or I'll knock *you* out!"

Then comes the knock on the door. "You're on next!" You start down the aisle. You hear the roar of the crowd. "Knock 'im out! Kill him!" And then the kind-hearted cells leave your brain, as the animal instinct cells crowd them out; and when you climb up into that ring, you hear yourself saying to yourself: "Where is that guy? Where is that guy?" And you take on That Killer Instinct!

And how often have you seen in the hardest of boxing bouts—after those two men have pummeled each other all over the ring . . . when the bell rings, and it is over; they hug each other; and even *kiss* each other . . . in the reaction; the kind-hearted cells, so far to the other side, suddenly rushing back and regaining the foreground.

I think there is a thought in that strange demonstration—such as I have seen many times in the ring—for us to think about at this time. Nations are only collections of men, with the same natural instincts and emotions, the same moments of madness, multiplied, as individuals. Wars come when these groups, for one reason or another, flare up into the mass frenzy of That Killer Instinct.

And that's why I say, after it is over—just like the reactions of those individual boxers we sometimes see kiss each other after a terrific bout in the ring—there will again be peace on earth . . . and good will among men. ⧺

Miner of Meteorites

Continued from page 59

by the fall of the great meteor.

He is completely absorbed in his strange science-business and has written many scientific papers and one book—*Our Stone-Pelted Planet.* Originally he hoped to make a living, and still lecture and write to spread knowledge of meteorites, but has had to scratch so hard for a living that he's been unable to write as much as he'd like.

Though he'll go anywhere on a meteorite's trail, the central area of his search is the 400,000 square miles of high plains next the mountains, from Western Texas to Eastern Montana. Let a meteorite be reported anywhere here, and Nininger is on the hunt. He interviews scores of people who saw it fall. No two people ever agree on the course of a meteor, but when many observations are correlated, they are very accurate. He patiently answers thousands of letters, many of them inclosing fragments of which 98 per cent are *not* meteoritic.

About 1,000,000 meteors bright enough to be seen, strike the planet's atmosphere hourly, or about 25,000,000 a day. The responsible bodies range from the size of a marble to that of an auto, or even a battleship. To be seen, a meteoritic object must have enough mass to create a fiery cylinder in the air visible to observers from 75 to 125 miles below.

If you train a small telescope on the night sky, you will see a dozen an hour of such tiny, silent, mysterious flares. Thus space through which our earth sails seems clear, but it is thickly strewn with cosmic dust and debris which the earth sweeps up as it proceeds, and has been so sweeping ever since its birth a couple of billion years ago.

BASIL BOTTS

"It's a long story but it all happened in London when he bumped into her in a park during a blackout!"

This is a big planet, with 200 million square miles of surface, so visible meteors average only about one an hour over each 200 square miles. Only the brightest can be seen in daylight, and three-fourths of all fall at sea. Some of the enormous tidal disturbances usually attributed to undersea volcanoes and earthquakes, may instead be caused by enormous meteorites exploding under water like giant depth bombs.

These chunks of matter move through space at about 26.2 miles a second. The earth moves about 18.5 miles per second. A meteorite that hits head-on meets the air at forty-four miles a second—plus! —and even if overtaking earth, it dashes into the air at nearly eight miles a second.

At such speeds, the friction with even the scattered molecules of the stratosphere heats the meteorite to incandescence. A thin coating is made molten, and the air rasps it back over the sides of the meteorite to form the fiery tail. This goes on until the meteorite is burned up, or until friction has slowed it so that it no longer glows, or until it hits the earth. The faces of iron meteorites are always scored from this process. Stony ones are slowed down, so many have been plainly seen while falling the last few hundred feet.

In 1933 a mass or masses of stone weighing about 66,000 tons hit the atmosphere head-on, at forty miles a second. This was the most spectacular fall ever seen in the United States, the great Pasamonte meteor, observed over nine states, and by people as far as 300 miles from its flight. It left a huge cloud which lingered for hours, and was photographed. The fragments located on the Pasamonte ranch in New Mexico were of a soft tufalike rock; the largest not much bigger than your thumb.

People coughed for days from the sharp-angled dust in the air. Nininger believes most meteorites blow up in the air, disintegrate into microscopic dust, form a part of that dust which makes the sky blue and floats by thousands of particles in every bit of air.

Having postulated this dust, Nininger tried to find it in many ingenious ways. Finally he suspended one of the powerful new alnico magnets inside a downspout. Left clinging to the magnet were many microscopic globules of nickel. They could have come from nowhere, Nininger believes, save from exploded meteorites.

The nickel-iron meteorites are tougher customers than the stony ones. Imagine a chunk of matter as tough as a battleship's armor and as big as the battleship dashing into our atmosphere at many miles a second! It would survive until it hit earth, but Nininger now believes it could not survive the collision whole. The Winslow crater has been explored at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, in the belief that a treasure-trove of solid nickel-iron lies below. But Nininger points to the analogy of a high-speed bullet, one which travels 4,250 feet a second or more.

When they hit armor they cannot pierce, such bullets explode and vanish almost completely, leaving a crater. Nininger estimates that the force of a giant meteorite, traveling at many

Continued on page 152

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Miner of Meteorites

Continued from pages 59-151

times the speed of the fastest bullet, may be on the order of several million times that of the bullet, mass for mass! Such giant energies could be dissipated only in one way, by an explosion of a magnitude we can hardly imagine, which would drive fragments of the original body deep into earth. The greatest meteorite of historical times hit in Siberia in 1908. It leveled trees like wheat, killed wild animals for many miles. Nininger tried to organize an expedition to explore this crater, but found no one interested enough to put up the money.

Imagine the Arizona explosion if you can! It must have destroyed all animal life for many miles. If people were within sight of it, the shock must have been deeply imprinted in tribal memories (the thunderbird?) and Nininger says that even today you can hardly get an Indian to go near the crater.

Nininger hasn't made much money, but he has had lots of fun, exploring a new world as a pioneer in what is, even today, a new science. In 1807, when the famous professors Silliman and Kingsley of Yale reported that a Connecticut stone-shower indeed came from the skies, Mr. Jefferson, that acute scientific amateur and friend of research, is quoted as saying: "Gentlemen, I would sooner believe that two Yankee professors should lie, rather than that stones fall from Heaven."

Nininger has found a few people today who don't believe in meteorites. He himself saw a huge meteorite that fell in Northwestern Colorado last June. Correlating his own observations with those of ninety-six others, he decided it fell in the Yampa Canon country, and this spring plans to look for it.

This meteorite, he thinks, exploded at least twice, once about fifteen miles above earth, and the largest fragment again about seven miles up.

A party of girls were camping out in the mountains when the meteor glared above them. They ran into the trees to hide. One told Nininger she thought it was going to land in the campfire. Actually it was twenty miles above.

Each onlooker thinks the meteorite is headed with deadly personal malice right at him. But there is no proved case of a person being hit by a meteorite, though a small one fell through the roof of an Illinois garage some years ago. Nininger thinks that someone will be hit by a meteorite, sometime; and that certain unsolved mysteries of death by brutal assault may well have been death by meteorite.

The air is equivalent in mass to steel armor about four and one-third feet thick. But such a steel belt would be torn to pieces quickly by these super-speed projectiles, whereas the scattered molecules of even the highest, thinnest, layers of atmosphere enfold and shred by friction all but the largest meteorites.

But why aren't we knee-deep in meteoritic dust? Why isn't the soil rich in nickel? Well, iron and nickel oxidize rapidly. Then this is a big planet, and it would take a thousand years, according to Nininger's very tentative calculations, for a layer the thickness of this page to accumulate. This fall in turn is so churned about and mixed with earthly dust, by erosion, wind and weather, that the meteoric trace is virtually impossible to detect.

Many reliable witnesses have testified that they heard mysterious crackling noises from ordinary household objects near them, several minutes before they heard the roar of the fall. Nininger, again tentatively, likens this to the well-known effect of a great radio station, near which a bed-spring or frying pan may give out with *Daddy*. A huge object arriving from space may well have an electric potential varying greatly from that of earth, and may thus broadcast powerfully for a few seconds.

Nininger believes meteoristics to have great present and potential value. He believes the science may aid in long-distance forecasting of weather; in refining the principles upon which vacuum tubes are built; in throwing new light upon minerals in the earth's crust and in developing possible new and valuable alloys as it has already aided to develop stainless and rust-resisting steels; it may give aid to the science of earthly ballistics, to that of flying at very high altitudes, to the study of cosmic rays, and to broadcasting. The "carbonadoes" or black diamonds found in meteorites may show the way to economic artificial production. The sifting down of meteoritic dust may have some relationship to healthy animal and vegetable life.

Nininger wonders whether past shifts of the earth on its axis, other major geological changes, may not sometime be traced back to the impact of gigantic meteorites in earlier geological time. And there is always the possibility, remote though it may be, that a giant meteorite may in a second wipe out the civilization and most of the life of a continent, profoundly affecting life on the whole earth. One such mass missed earth, back in 1937, by less than half a million miles. ⧺

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What's Wrong with Brooklyn?

Is it polite to say Brooklyn ain't in the Union and you need an interpreter there?

by CURT RIESS

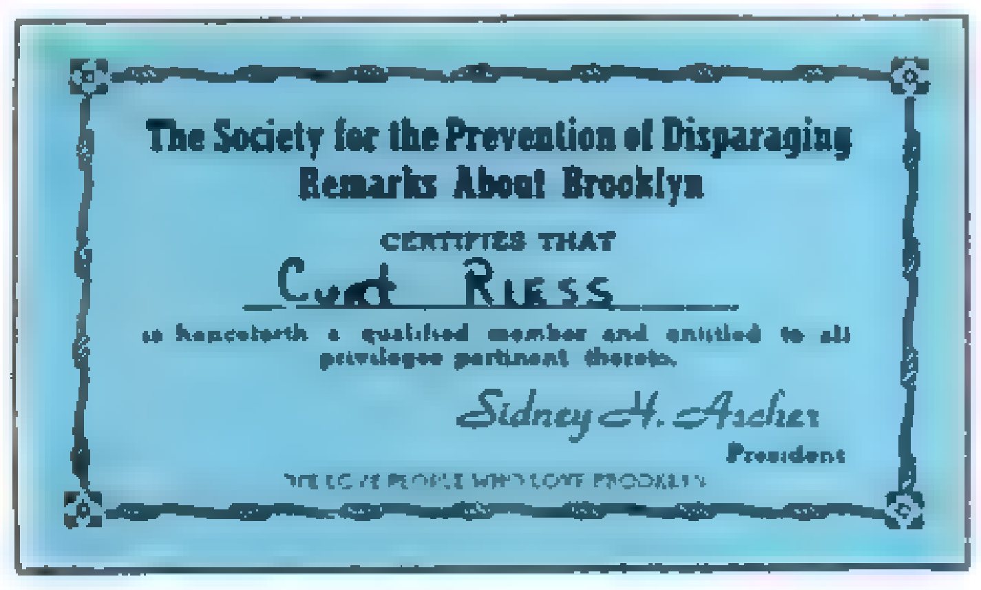
• ARTICLE •

Ever since the parade for the home-coming Dodgers, I've felt something was wrong with Brooklyn. Of course, first I had to investigate. Jimmy, my secretary, drew the Ace of Spades. After a touching goodbye, he left.

Three days later, his girl friend phoned. She said it was their wedding day. Where was he?

I contacted a few private detective agencies. In a few days one reported Jimmy had been seen on Bay 20th Street. Another said he'd been seen on East 20th.

Next day, I got frantic telephone calls from two detectives' wives whose husbands had disappeared. Then the agencies dropped the case. I told my new secretary I had to write a story for Esquire.



The Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks About Brooklyn

CERTIFIES THAT

Curt Riess

is henceforth a qualified member and entitled to all privileges pertinent thereto.

Sidney H. Ascher
President

WE LOVE PEOPLE WHO LOVE BROOKLYN

"You'll have to investigate yourself," he snarled. Still, with no portents, I entered his car and we crossed Brooklyn Bridge.

In Brooklyn, he started talking about Brooklyn's population, commerce, rail connections, bridges.

"Incidentally," I said, "didn't we recross Brooklyn Bridge?"

"I'm taking you for a ride."

"Are you from Murder Inc.?"

"That depends," he said. "I'm from the Society of People who Love People who Love Brooklyn."

I said, "Maybe I could write something nice about Brooklyn."

"Maybe you'll never write another line." Then sobbing: "Everybody makes fun of us. Even in the Bronx. They say you can't have a good time with Brooklyn girls."

"Why can't I?"

"They say Brooklyn doesn't belong to the Union, it's an island. It has bridges, hasn't it? They say you need a passport and interpreter to go to Brooklyn."

"I should meet those girls."

After a while he stopped before a dark building, labelled: "Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks about Brooklyn."

We went up an elevator, into a dimly-lighted room, the kind detectives are always shoved into by gangsters. Inside a young man discussed Brooklyn's population, commerce, banking. "Brooklyn is the most wonderful town in the world," he concluded.

I asked a woman, "Why are you here?"

"Me and my husband live near Ebbet's Field. During the World Series we complained we couldn't sleep. But the Society say sleep is not an issue."

"And why are you here?" I asked an elderly man.

"I am a psychoanalyst," he said. He stated Brooklyn people have inferiority feelings on account of not having the Empire State Building and other items New York has. This explained their frenzy over the Dodgers. "Why do they call them Bums? To be a bum is every child's ideal." He said it was simply infantilism.

A dapper young man with a small mustache entered—the Society's President, Sidney H. Ascher. He said, "Brooklyn is the most wonderful town in the world." He dismissed the others, then left. I had overheard him ask his secretary why I had been brought here. "Why wasn't he taken before the Radio, Newspaper, Magazine and Movie Committees?"

She pointed out I had not yet publicly disparaged Brooklyn.

He cried: "We have fifty committees, but I do all the work!"

When he returned again, I mentioned my lost secretary. He smiled: "Jimmy is well and happy; he is standing in line."

"You mean he's waiting to get tickets for the World Series?" He nodded. "Suppose the Dodgers don't win the pennant?" I asked.

"Then he'll wait till next year."

"He was going to get married."

"What of it? The World Series you have once a year—if at all."

Suddenly he sat down limply.

"Maybe you're overworked," I suggested. "Isn't there a Chamber of Commerce here?"

"They won't co-operate. Well, what do you expect from a Chamber of Commerce—in Brooklyn?"

I insisted: "There *are* newspapers in Brooklyn, aren't there?"

"Sure. Once I asked a city editor why he didn't do something. He seemed astonished that New York columnists mentioned our Society, said he had never taken it seriously. Well, what do you expect of a city editor . . . in Brooklyn?"

"There's a lot of talk about the Gowanus Canal, which you'll admit doesn't smell very nice."

"I once contacted the Public Works Department of Brooklyn. 'Shall we perfume it?' they said."

As he drowsed off I slipped out. Opening the door, the elevator man said, "Brooklyn is the most wonderful town in the world."

"Sure," I said. "But could you tell me where I am?"

"This here is 40th Street, here's Fifth Avenue, there is Madison."

"What?" I shouted. "Why aren't your headquarters in Brooklyn?"

"In Brooklyn?" he repeated. "Do you think we're crazy?" ⧺

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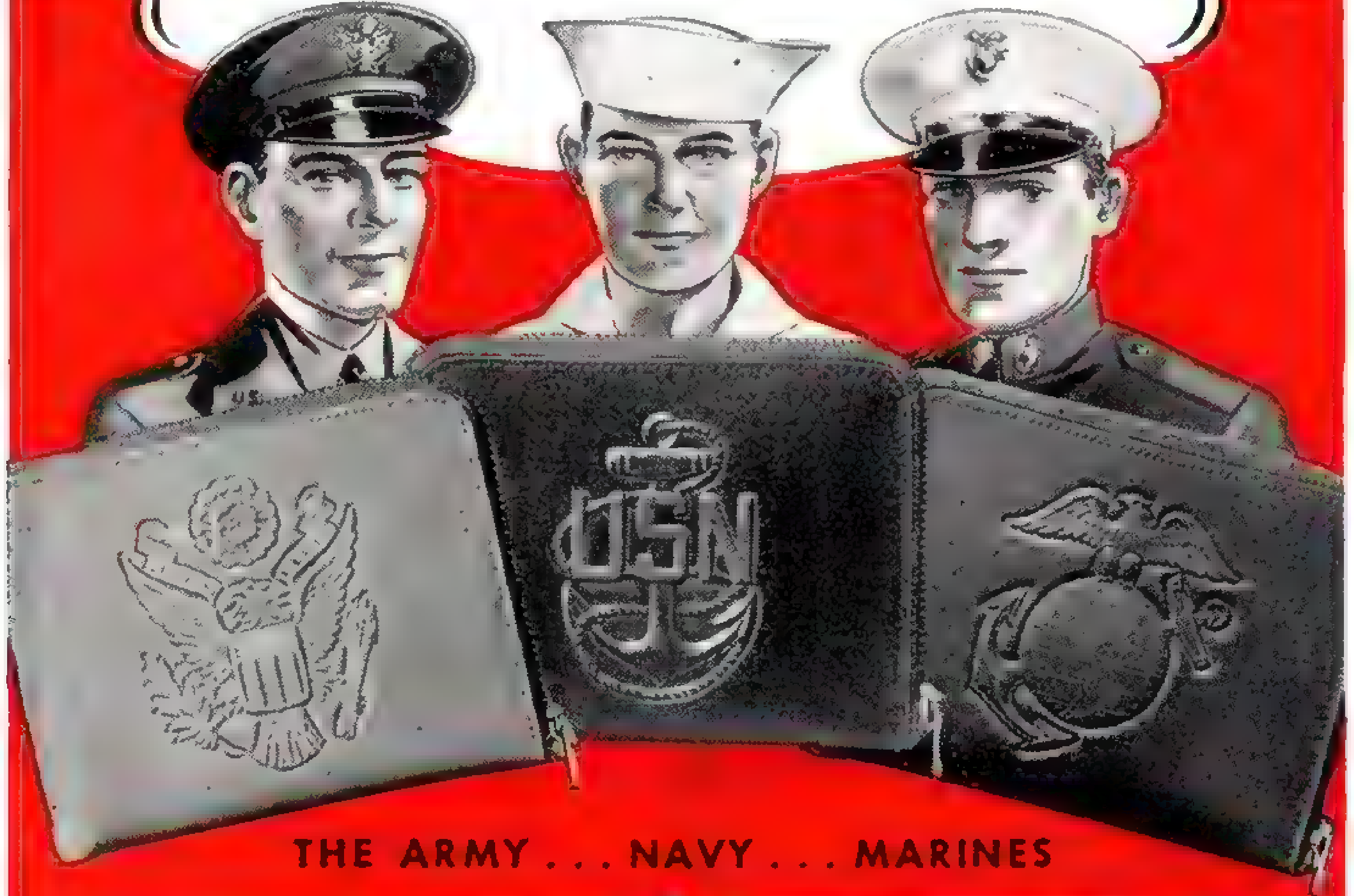

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"Thank you. And your profession, please?"

"Me? I'm the guy that screws the caps on to mayonnaise jars and pickle bottles!"

Moon Love in April

Continued from page 36

and avoided her glance. The rest were unconcerned. "Anyone at all?"

The silence seemed to settle down through the warm air like a syrup. A single hand shot up.

Miss Godwin frowned dubiously. "Charles!"

Charles Moore put his hand down and his eyes gleamed. "We were talking about Chaucer, the English poet. You said 'When that April with its showers so sweet' and some more like that. About spring and showers and life—and so on."

"Very good!" She nodded reproachfully at her 'A' students, who were still unmoved. "I'm glad to know that someone was listening."

"The second line," Charles added brightly, "was that the drouth of March pierced it to the roots and bathed it—or something."

She nodded again. "Quite right!" She made a tally on her recitation chart and noted with some surprise that he had been surprisingly bright these last two weeks. He was a good boy, better than average perhaps, but he had never been one to shoot his hand up and volunteer an answer.

As she began to read again she was struck once more by the sight of Charles Moore's eager face above the gray flannel shirt that was open at the throat. She watched him cross one leg over the other and hunch forward, wrinkling his tweed slacks to hug his ankle. There was a soft, misted light in his eyes that made her pause and smile to herself. Ah, but she knew. It was so clear. The boy had a "crush" on someone. She could always tell it in their eyes, even in the way they behaved, and she wondered which one of her twenty girls was the object of his infatuation. Or was it a younger girl from one of the other classes? Oh, youth! she thought. O carefree, light-hearted happy youth! And she read with even greater joy herself, for somehow her own heart felt younger in the face of this ever-recurring miracle of spontaneous affection.

The last bell had rung and the class had been dismissed. As she put on her hat she realized that Charles had not left.

"Why, Charles!"

He stood at her desk, blushing furiously. "Can I—may I—can I help you carry anything, Miss Godwin?"

"No, no! I have nothing to carry."

"No books? I thought maybe you were taking our papers home to mark—or something."

"No, thank you—Charles!" She was short with him, perhaps unnecessarily so, she thought, as she watched him walk out crestfallen.

* * *

Charles avoided his friends. He did not stop at the baseball field. He went home alone.

He moped in his room. His mother came in to ask if he wanted an apple and a glass of milk, but he said no. She observed him tenderly and left. He thought of questions he could ask her and got up and wandered into the kitchen, but his younger sister was ironing a slip and he thought better of it.

He volunteered to go to the grocery. Instead of entering Tracy's Market he walked briskly a mile farther on to the Davenport Serv-Yurself Store, which was in Miss Godwin's neighborhood. He lingered at the shelves and let others be waited on ahead of him, hoping that she would come in soon to do her dinner marketing. He had been doing this for days and he had not encountered her here. Then he remembered that she lived with her widowed mother, who probably did all the marketing herself, and besides, who ever heard of a teacher going to buy groceries?

He hurried back and was relieved to find that his sister had finished her ironing and had gone out to play.

"You're all out of breath," his mother remarked.

"I walked fast." Vaguely he asked, "How old are you, Mother?"

A chuckle escaped her. "How old? Why, Charles, don't you know that a lady doesn't have to tell her age?"

He hung his head. "I mean you're not old, are you?"

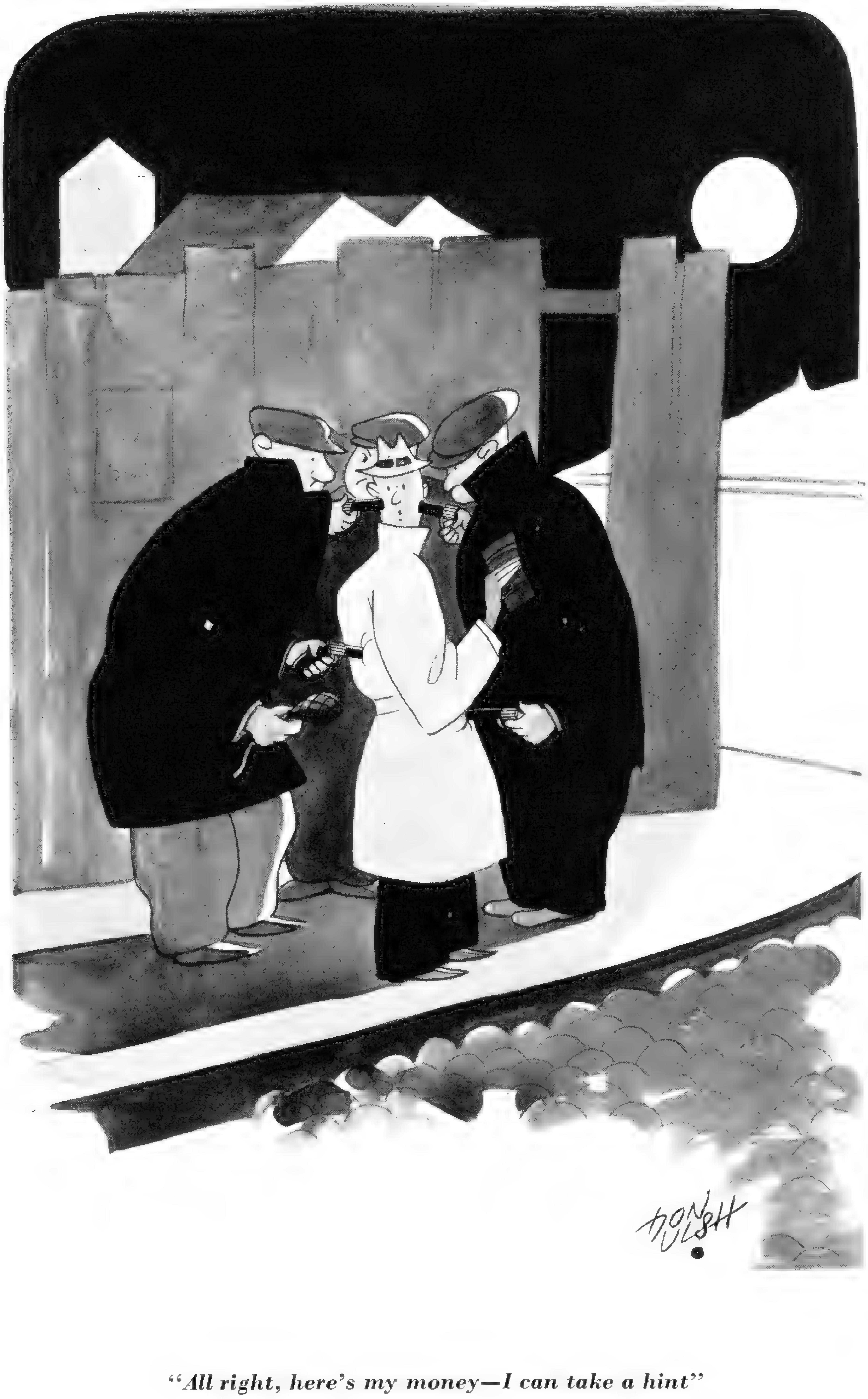
"Of course not. At least I don't think of myself that way."

"I bet you're thirty-five!"

"I bet I am!" she retorted gaily. "If x equals thirty-five then your mother is x plus 8."

"Oh, then you—I get it. You're

Continued on page 156



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Moon Love in April

Continued from pages 36-154

forty-three." He looked at her with eyes full of wonder.

She was amused. "And you think that's old."

"No." He was very positive. "That's still young." He paused. "Isn't it?"

"Ask your father," she advised mischievously.

He went out again before dinner. He began to walk aimlessly and then found that he was again heading in the direction of Miss Godwin's house. He saw Dave Logan, the class first-baseman, striding before him and immediately turned a corner to avoid catching up with Dave and perhaps having to answer questions.

"Where you going, Charlie?" It was a girl's voice. When he hurried on Therese came skipping after him. "Cha-a-r-lie!"

"Walking."

"Can I come?"

"It's a free country."

She walked in silence for a block. "Where you going?"

"Fresh air."

"We'll be near Miss Godwin's house soon."

"Huh!" He stopped in his tracks. "Does she live near here?"

"You know she does. Where you going now?"

"Back. I don't want to get too close to Old Lady Godwin's house!" It hurt him to say "old lady," but he had to say it.

"You're not fair, Charlie Moore!" the girl reproved him. "Miss Godwin may not be the most beautiful person in the world, as my mother says, but she's good-hearted and she's a swell teacher."

"How do you know?" he growled.

"I know."

He strolled beside her, wrapped in his own thoughts. Finally she pouted and let him go on his way. Relieved, he walked faster, but it was too late now to double back again to Miss Godwin's neighborhood.

After dinner he made lame excuses and got past his father and outdoors once more. It was twilight, but by walking down the side streets, where the trees were already heavy with the nightfall and the lamps were not yet lit, he could avoid being recognized.

He sank his fists into his pockets as he ambled past her house. He had hoped that she would be on the screened-in sun porch at this hour. Once he had seen her sitting there with embroidery in her lap and it had seemed so strange to see her occupied with a domestic task instead of with papers and recitation charts. He had walked past, scraping his leather heels, and she had looked up and smiled. Another time he had run past bouncing a rubber ball on the walk and tossing it over the limbs of the trees as though he were playing basketball. On still another occasion he had shuffled by looking dejected, but she had not called to him as he had hoped she would.

But there was no one on the sun porch now, and there were no lights on at all in the front part of the Godwin home. Disappointed, he turned the corner and loped down the alley. When he reached the Godwin backyard, he leaned on the fence and looked over, but there was no one on the back porch either. Only a tea apron and a pair of hose dangling on the clothesline, and a dark scarecrow flapping over the patch where Miss Godwin always grew a few rows of popcorn for her classes.

A light shone in the kitchen and another gleamed from the second floor windows. Perhaps Miss Godwin was taking a nap; she worked so hard. He tried to picture what her room would look like. There would be a small four-poster bed with dark oval-framed pictures on the walls, perhaps rows of books and her school diplomas. He wondered whether it would be all right to ask her for a picture of herself.

It was mysterious, this feeling he had for her. He was sure it was love. She was older, yes, but that was purely circumstantial, and he did not mind. Girls were silly, but a person like Miss Godwin had wisdom and experience on her side. She would never giggle helplessly and toe in, or indulge in

Continued on page 158

Tattersall waistcoat with lapels combines with a gabardine jacket, flannel slacks. The glen plaid suit is another men's fashion appropriated by women. Photographed at Maryland Hunts Meet.

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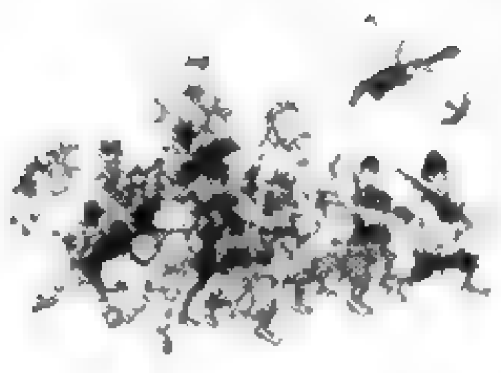
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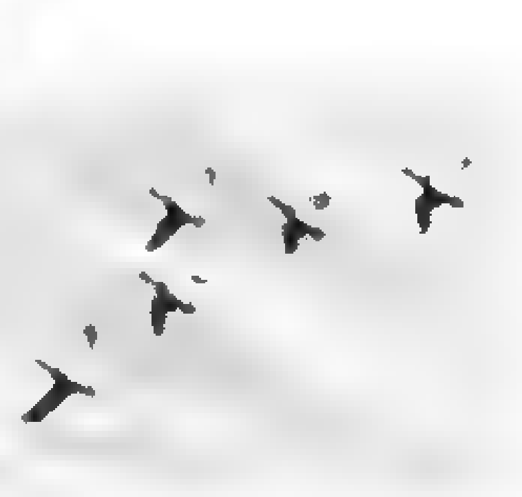
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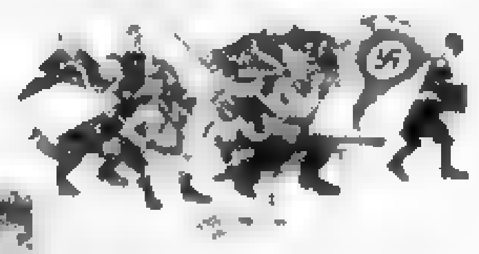
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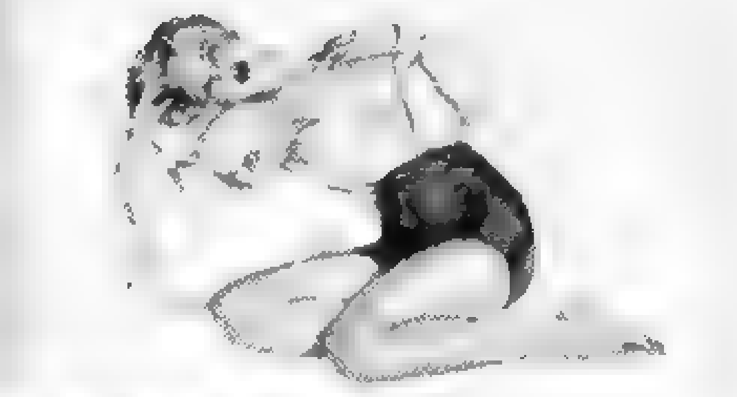
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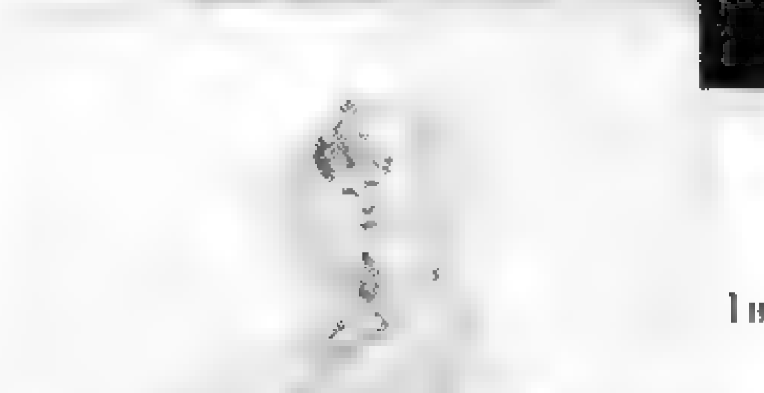
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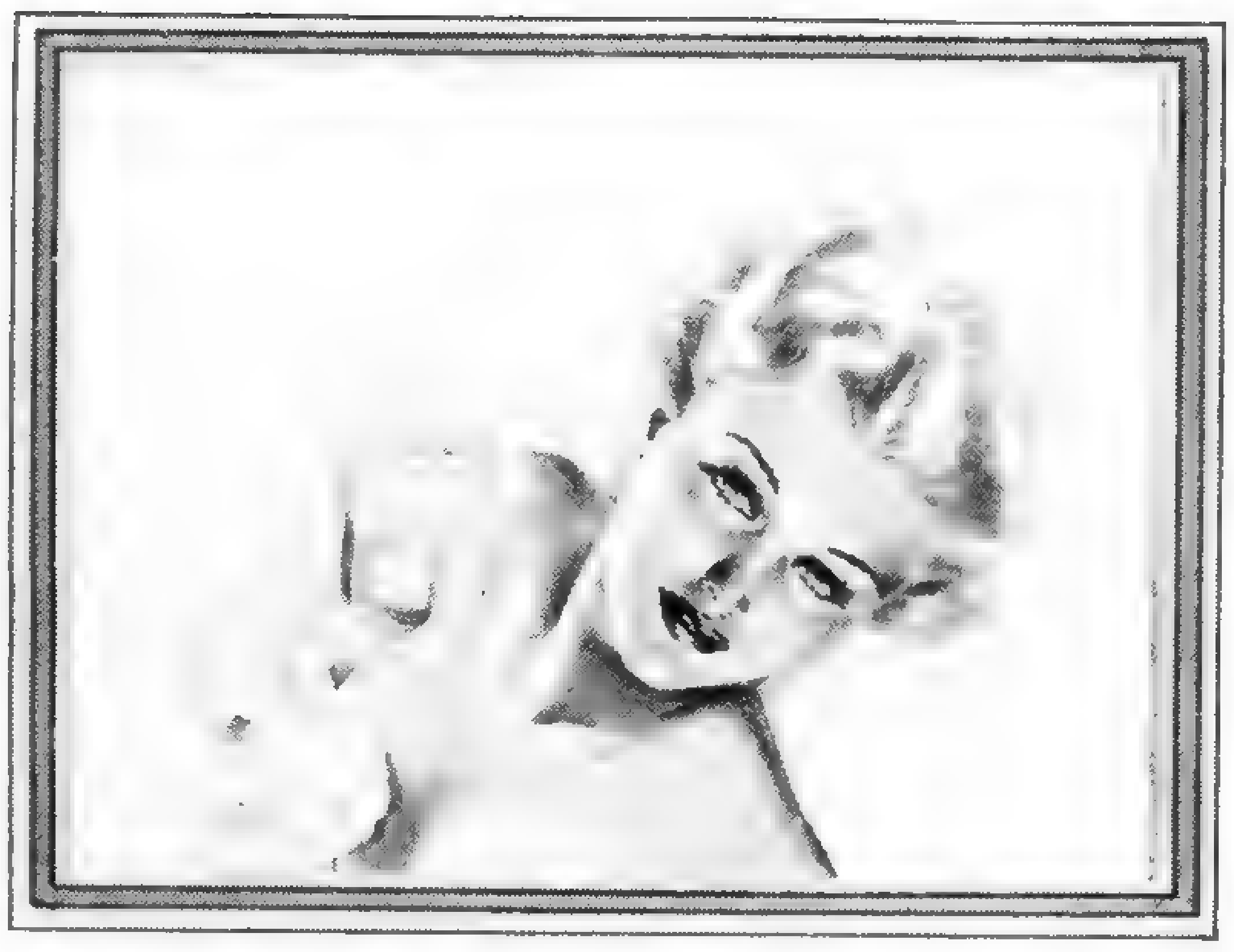
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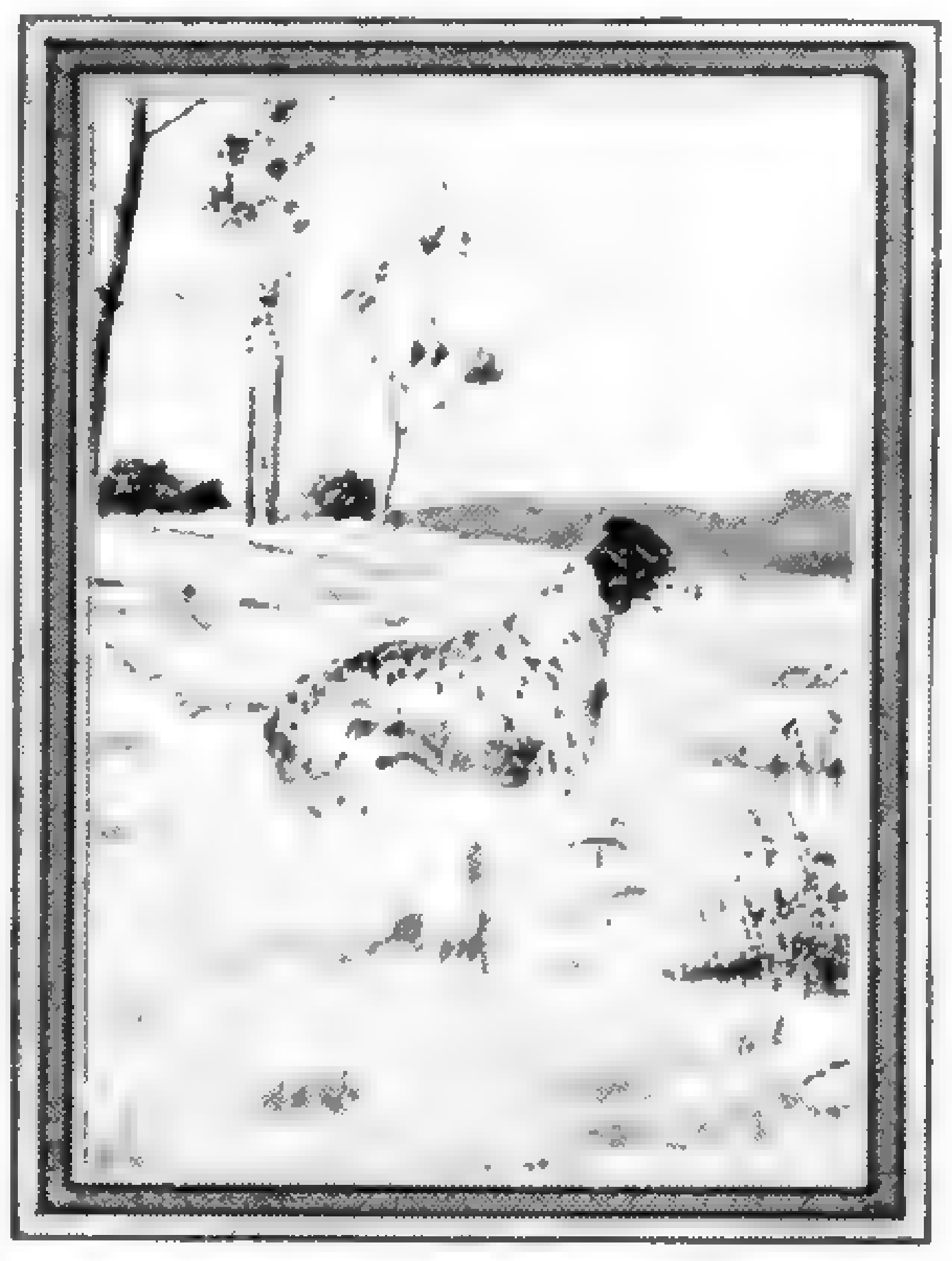
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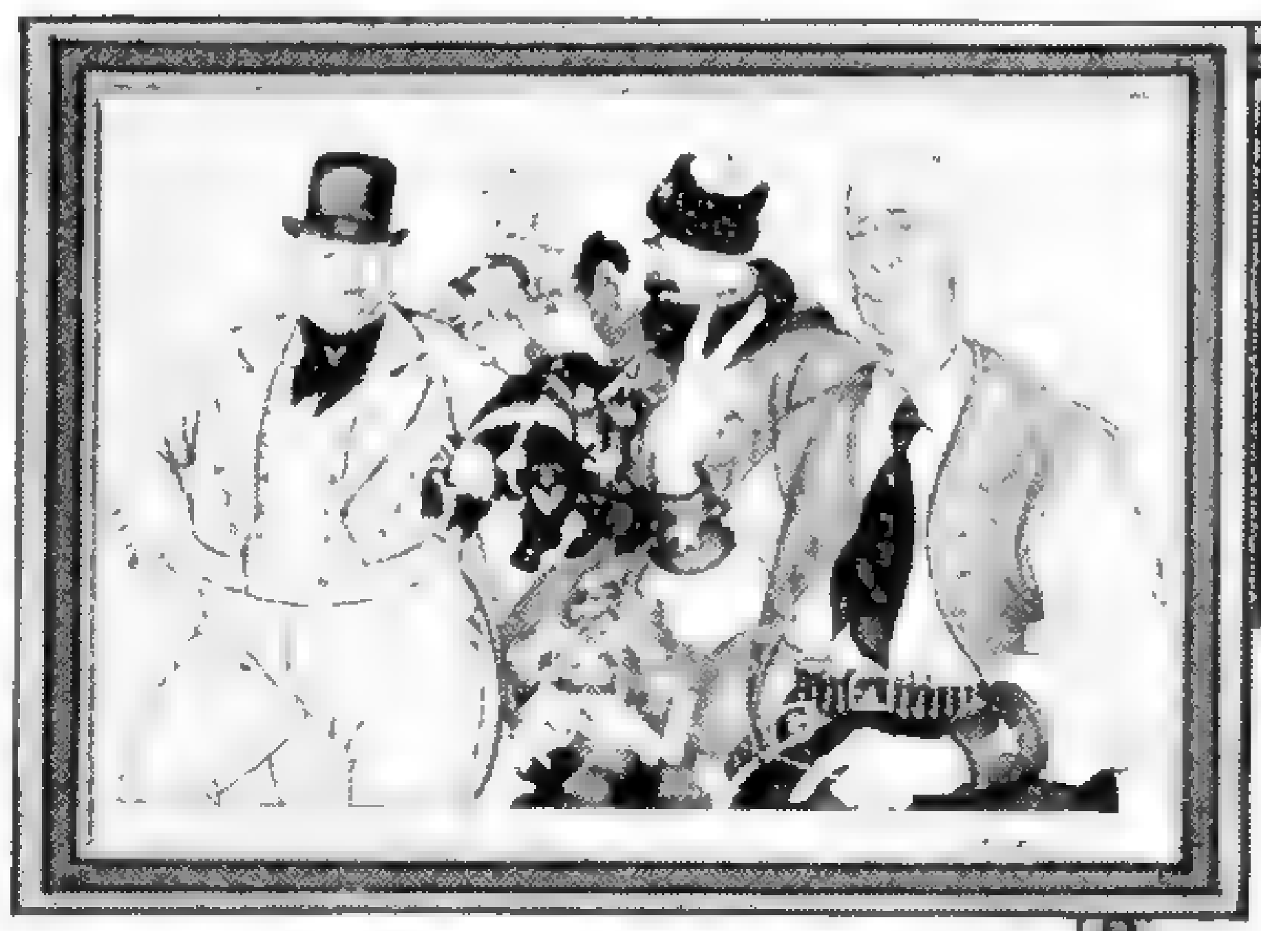
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Read ADVICE TO PREGNANT HUSBANDS in the April issue of CORONET . . . on sale at your newsstands!

CORONET

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Moon Love in April

Continued from pages 36-154-156

amazing baby-talk. If they married they would have to go away from this city and live somewhere else because people would talk. He could understand that. His father would be angry. His mother would be annoyed but she would get over it and would be friendly with Miss Godwin.

With Cecilia, that is, for her first name *was* Cecilia. It was undoubtedly a pretty name but it made him feel awkward. Still he would have to learn to address her as Cecilia. But the difficult thing was to get to talk to her at all.

Suddenly lights went on in the front part of the house. His heart pounded. He turned and raced down the alley and around the corner. When he reached the walk he thrust his hands in his pockets and began to stroll carelessly. A car with glowing headlights waited at the curb before the Godwin place. The door of the sun porch slammed.

He heard laughter and more lights flooded the house. Charles felt a numb ache in his breast. He skipped across the illuminated part of the walk and then stood beneath a low chestnut oak.

The door opened and yellow light fell across the threshold, through the screen mesh and down the stoop. Bits of mica in the paved sidewalk twinkled back. Two figures came out, a tall man with Miss Godwin on his arm. Her heels clicked down the stairs.

"Don't be out all night, children!" An elderly woman was framed in the doorway.

They laughed and shouted something and ran toward the car. "Hurry, Ceil, we'll be late!"

Charles shrank when he saw the man's arm about Miss Godwin's waist. He crouched behind the tree as they got in. He strained to see into the car and leaped back when it swung away from the curb to go in the other direction and the headlights cut a brilliant arc, revealing the deeply ridged bark and his white face. Had they seen him? He ran away from the light. But the car had roared down the street, the beams reaching ahead to feel the way through the dark.

He came home and went straight to his room. He was not thinking. He was not even seeing. He slumped in a chair, heavy with chagrin and disillusionment. All women were alike. They wanted cars and men who could take them places. They could not wait. He tasted his own bitterness.

There was nothing left for him to do. If he did the right thing he would run away and make his fortune in some distant city. He would own a car and a yacht and a house, and he would wear diamond cuff links. But he would never marry. Women would sigh for him but he would be cold to them. "I am forever a bachelor," he would say and sneer.

"Charles, are you all right?" his mother called.

He got up. "Yes, mother." He tried to sound as world-weary as he felt inside.

"What in the world is the matter with that boy?"

His father chuckled. "He's tired and won't admit it. Probably working too hard for graduation."

* * *

He was drawing pictures on his work tablet. He made a coarse web and put a fat spider at the center.

The girl who sat in front of him tossed her head and her red hair fell upon his desk. Nonchalantly he yanked at it.

"Ouch!" she murmured and then she peered back at him and smiled gratefully.

"Turn around!"

"Hist!" she said. "My folks saw Miss Godwin at the theatre last night with Mr. Davis, the science teacher."

"What do I care?"

"Do you think it was a date, or did she pay her own way?"

"Who cares?" he began. He glanced up toward the desk where Miss Godwin was marking papers. "Prob'ly had to pay for herself. I wouldn't pay for nobody."

The red-haired girl tittered. "Nobody?" she repeated.

He ignored that and drew Miss Godwin's amber necklace about the spider's neck. On second thought, annoyed with the girl on his right, he put a lipstick in the creature's hand.

"We will continue yesterday's reading," Miss Godwin declared.

But Charles did not stir. Since last night he had given up English literature as a philosophy of evil. He glanced at Therese but now she avoided him. Out of the corner of her eye she watched him but she would not let on.

"Therese!" he hissed.

The girl did not turn.

"Therese!"

Again she ignored him.

He seized a pencil and wrote the acrostic on a sheet of spelling paper. She had not turned and he added another set of names:

```
      C
     THERESE
      A
      R
 C    L
THERESE
 A    S
 R
 L
 E
 S
```

"Hey, look!"

"Silly stuff!" she said and turned away quickly, but her eyes were pleased.

He fixed his gaze upon her. He had not noticed before how unusually beautiful she was. That dimple and those green eyes. He looked at her ear: it was like a pink shell, he thought; and her nose was pert. She had nice legs, too. He marveled how she had suddenly become so lovely. He followed the lines of her profile from brow to lips to chin and down the slender little throat.

"Therese!" he whispered.

Suddenly he was aware that a silence had fallen on the class. Miss Godwin had ceased her reading. Perhaps she had asked another question.

"Charles," the teacher called. "Can you answer?"

He sat up. What had she asked? Why should he answer? He would not answer if he could. He could still see Miss Godwin running down the walk with the man who had called for her last night. But he had no interest in her any more. She was only a woman—like all the other girls. He chose to forget that he had ever regarded her as someone on a pedestal.

"No, I can't answer!" he replied. His candor surprised even him and he added sullenly, "I wasn't listening."

He looked up slowly, expecting to hear a sharp reprimand.

But Miss Godwin was observing him with a strangely benign expression. She glanced at Therese and then back at him, and a little smile hovered on her lips. She had been right after all, she thought. It was a "crush" and it was Therese.

"All right, Charles!" she said evenly. "It only means that spring has come again."

Charles sat up, emboldened by the success of his retort. The red-haired girl had squirmed around to peer at him over her shoulder. The dark-eyed girl was staring at him over the collar of the mauve shirtwaist. But he leaned toward Therese and fingered the single dime in his pocket.

"Meet me after school and I'll stand you a coke!" he offered.

Therese gasped and nodded quickly: something wonderful had happened to Charles. She ceased trying to pretend indifference and her green eyes glowed.

The deed done, Charles sat back and sulked for the rest of the hour. He had said he would never pay for anyone, but a coke was all right. It proved women were all alike. If you understood that you could snap your fingers and the best of them would come running. Although, he added, Therese was a goodhearted kid and fair, and if he said a coke, a coke it would be and she would not change her mind at the fountain and order a double chocolate soda, as some girls did.

He glanced at Therese again. She was still looking at him, mute admiration in those green eyes.

"I'll be there prompt," he said wearily. "Don't keep me waiting." He had lived deeply as few other people he knew had ever lived. He felt old. #

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Boss: Like all deities he is feared and trusted, adored and hated, treated with reverence and contempt. His slightest move, his most casual remark, his most fleeting facial expression is the subject for exhaustive analysis and heated discussion by his employees.

He comes into the office an hour or two after the rest of the staff has reached its desks. Between the time he passes the front door and the time, a few moments later, when he enters his own office, every employee has made his or her important decision for the day. If he is frowning, the request for a raise will be postponed. If he is humming under his breath, the unpleasant figures about the Denver branch, which have been waiting for a week on the statistician's desk, will be presented to him finally.

His shorter employees attribute his success to his imposing physical appearance and the fact that he married well. His taller employees say his success is due to compensations: short men always wear loud clothes, smoke big cigars, marry tall women, work harder, and consequently succeed.

He is something of a fool about money, especially in very large and very small sums. He is very tough about reasonable amounts. A worthy charity that asks for a hundred dollar contribution will be turned down. But a request for ten thousand dollars to build a home for wornout ping pong players will be honored with a flourish and an hour later, at lunch, a five cent error in the addition of the check will earn for the waiter a severe bawling out.

His more nervy and idiotic employees come to him with their personal problems. He will listen patiently to the bookkeeper's story about the forwardness of his daughter Mary, nod once or twice, cluck his tongue several times, clear his throat finally, and the bookkeeper will go back to his desk convinced that daughter Mary will henceforth be more tractable.

When he comes in wearing a new suit one third of the office staff finds it much too loud, another third thinks it is a honey, and the final third is certain the price of the elegant garment will be deducted from the bonus fund reserved for employees. To at least some extent, all three groups are right.

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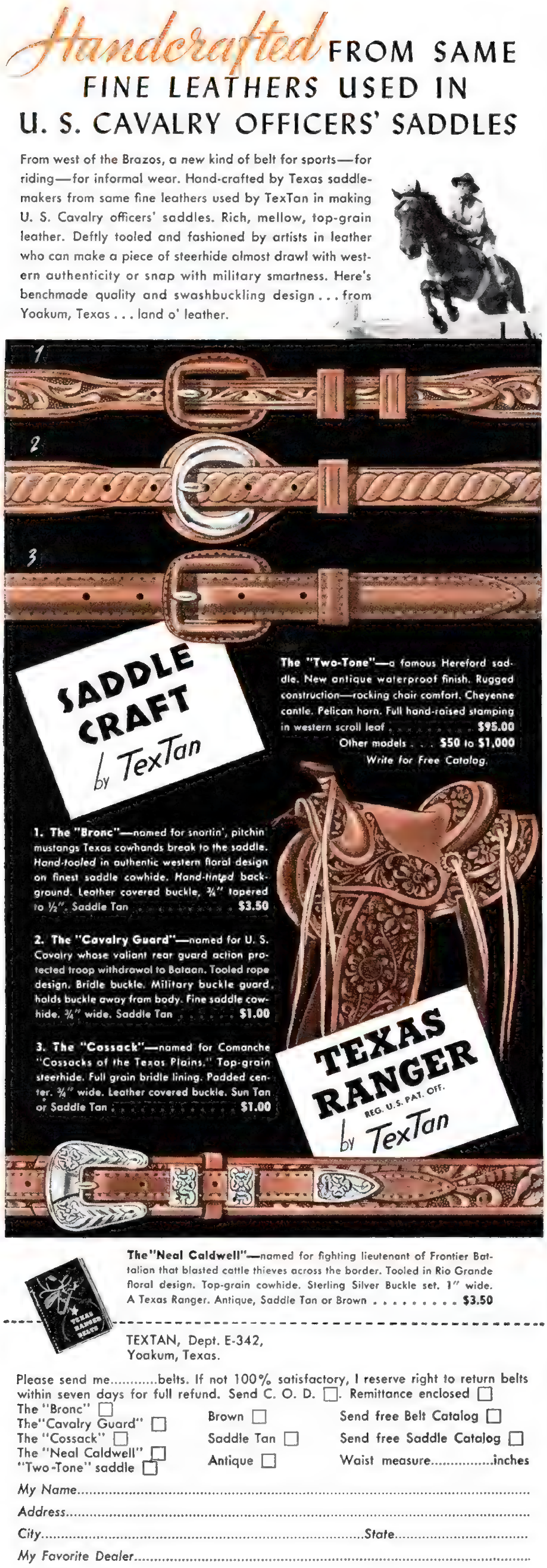
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My Favorite Dealer...

The Other Side of the River

Continued from page 54

without a tongue. He told the listening presence as if he were a conspirator whispering in its ear.

"Edward had a love of dogs and used to keep a pack to fox-hunt with, but me, I never did hold with the hungry critters. Where this dog came from I don't know. One day he comes trotting into the yard and I chunked a rock at him. The kitchen door was open and he ran into the house. I took a switch to him and then I found out he didn't yap or howl like other dogs. He just let out a squeak, like a rat, and when he opened his mouth I saw he didn't have no tongue.

"Mama, she thought he was born like that and was a natural curiosity, but daddy he thought different. He said he was a blockader's dog. Back in the early day the moonshiners took their dogs and cut out their tongues so they couldn't make no noise when the revenuers were prowling around.

"Then I thought of Edward. I never saw a dog without thinking of Edward. Edward was sharp. I had to puzzle a way of being sharper than he was.

"Next day I took that dog over to Edward's around dinner time and he was sitting on the porch with those dogs of his yapping and snapping all over the place. We made some conversation the way you always do to feel the other feller out, but he couldn't keep his eyes off that dog.

" 'Where'd you get that thing?' he said. 'If you aim to keep a dog, why don't you get a good one?'

" 'I had a mind to see you about some such thing,' I said. 'I'm looking for a good she-dog. I hear you got a good she-dog named Betsy. I might be of a mind to buy.'

" 'You buy my Betsy!' He looked like he was going to jump off the porch. 'I turned down thirty cash dollars last week.'

" 'I'll give you forty,' I told him, my heart coming into my mouth. 'I got the money in my pocket if you've a mind to sell.'

" 'What you want a she-dog for?' he asked, looking suspicious.

" 'I got my reasons,' I said. 'I'm hunting me a good she-dog so I can breed her to this dog of mine.'

" 'That dog!' He made out like he wanted to laugh but the laugh wouldn't come out. He just choked for air.

" 'This ain't no ordinary dog. He's a wondrous curiosity.'

" 'What's so wondrous about him?' he asked.

" 'He ain't got no tongue,' I said. 'He's a natural born curiosity. You can see for yourself.'

"I opened the dog's mouth and Edward looked in. I could feel my heart jumping around like a rabbit in a sack. Edward looked into the dog's mouth a second time and then he said: 'You cut it out!'

" 'Why would I want to do a thing like that?' I answered him.

"Edward looked into the dog's mouth again. 'Ain't that a stump?' he said.

"I sort of shook my head at him. 'You must not have the sharpness with animals you used to have. That ain't no stump. That's where his tongue started to grow out and then changed its mind. That's what makes him a natural born curiosity.'

" 'What you aim to do by breeding him?' he asked me.

" 'I figure there's a fortune in this here dog,' I told him. 'It will be like breeding a white dog and a black—only, instead of some of them being black and some white, some will have tongues and some won't. Then, on the next-go-round, I'll breed him to one of the she-dogs that got born without a tongue. In no time I'll have me dogs without tongues to sell.'

" 'Sell? Who'll buy a dog with-

The paddock on the estate of Mr. F. Ambrose Clark, of Westbury, L. I., prior to the 43rd out a blasted tongue?'

"'Fine burglar-dogs they'll make,' I said. 'Most dogs scare off the burglar with their noise. You want a dog that will let you know the burglar is there without telling the burglar about it. That way you can get out your gun and give the burglar what he deserves.'

"I made as if I was ready to leave but Edward stopped me with his hand. 'You come with me,' he said. 'I got a thing to show you in the pasture'."

"When I walked away from there I had me as pretty a cow as you could hope to see, and all she cost me was a bit of sharpness and that worthless dog. But I wasn't through with him yet. When the first litter came, I made certain none of those puppies had got born without a tongue, and then I told it to Oat Greer one day and telling him was like telling it on the radio. It was that that vinegared Edward most.

"He tried to get back at me when my daddy died, fighting the settlement every inch, but the court held that the piece of writing my daddy left was legal as a will. Mama, she took my part.

"Edward got that hill as part of the settlement. It wasn't worth a copper, not even as pasture. Then the highways came, and the summer people moved in, and one day this city woman drives up in an automobile and says she wants to buy a piece of land. I showed her that place behind the house but nothing will content her but the hill that belongs to Edward. She asked if it were mine and I told her the truth. I said it belonged in my family. She said she would give a thousand dollars for that hill. I knowed Edward would jump at four hundred, so I got Oat Greer to act for me. I gave Oat the money, and the sale was made. How Edward found out I don't rightly know, but I suspicion Oat went and let whiskey loosen his tongue. Anyway, when I went to see that woman at the summer hotel they had opened up in town, Edward had already been to see her and told her you couldn't build a road up that hill without spending half the money in the United States mint. That's the unfair thing he did. It wasn't no difference to him whether that woman got foxed or not. But after he did that I swore on the Bible that I'd get back at him."

The crows were silent, the breeze died down. An enormous stillness hung across the afternoon. It was as if the earth itself had paused to listen. *And then what* the whisper came. *What then?*

"That was twenty year ago. I couldn't get Edward and that hill off my mind. It kept setting right on top of my brain, just like that watch did. I took to forgetting things, and staying to myself, and I knew what they were saying about me—that I was getting crazy like my grandpa was. I didn't give two hoots in hell what they said. Skin of Satan, no! All I cared about was getting back at Edward. Then, one day when I was hoeing in the garden, I came upon those Indian arrowheads..."

The hushed earth paused to listen. *Yes. And then what? What then?*

"It put a notion in my mind, just like the dog did, and I wondered could I do it. Edward was no jack-leg fool and I knew I couldn't work too fast. But I figured he remembered just as well as I did what the old folks said about that hill. It didn't hurt none for them to think I was crazy, either. I showed them, though. I showed them how crazy I was.

"There was always a crowd in Sid's machine shop on Saturday afternoon, so I walked in there and told Sid what I wanted. He didn't say a thing. There were others there, though, and they laughed out loud. When I left one of them said, 'It's only a crazy coot like him would take to making himself a finding-rod. What

Continued on page 162

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running of the Meadow Brook Cup Race, is the center of interest of a fashionable gathering.

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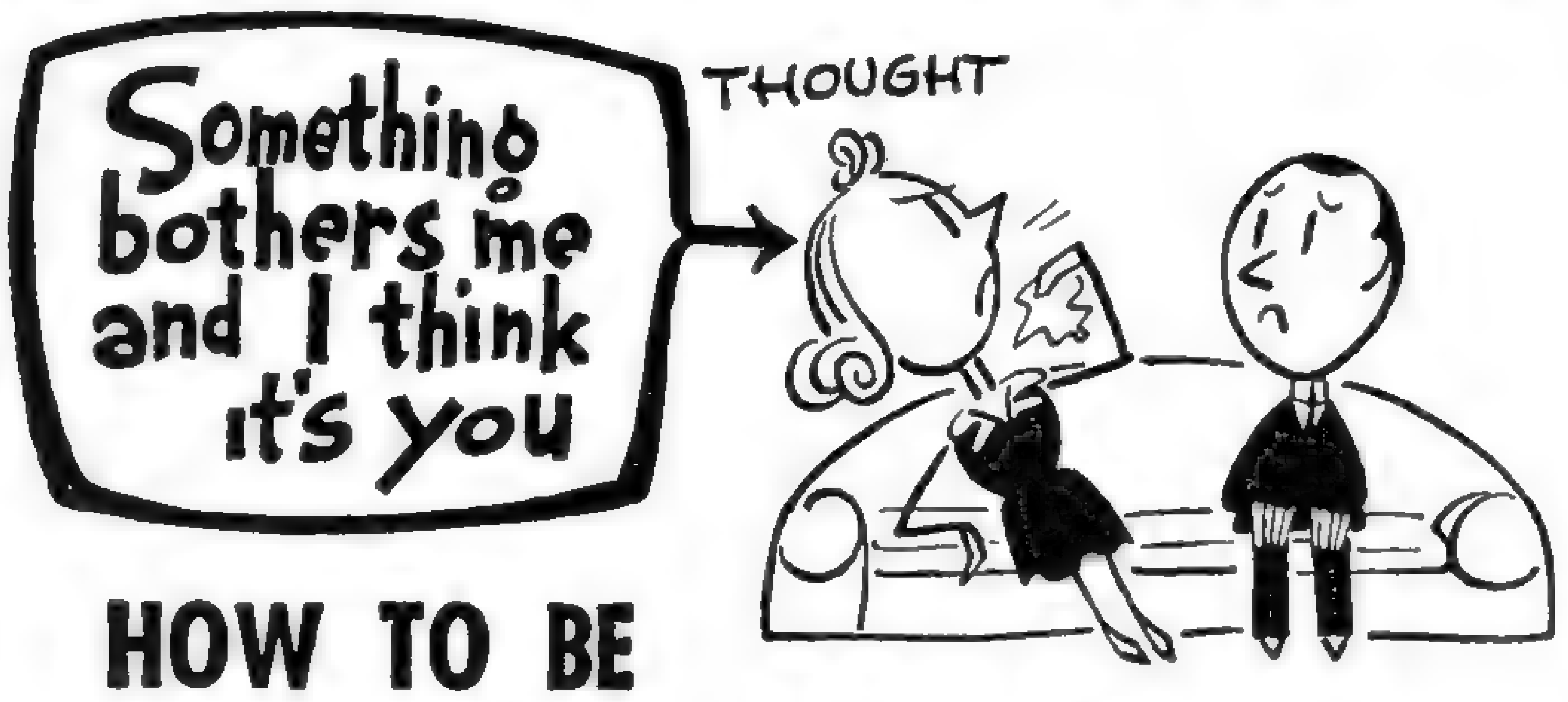
Something bothers me and I think it's you
THOUGHT

HOW TO BE AS POPULAR AS HITLER . . .

by Don Herold

There's nothing you can do to disturb people more than to fire underarm perspiration waves at them.

They wonder, at first, what on earth it is that's bothering them. Then they decide it's *you*.

If they have been about to fall in love with you, *they don't.*

If they have been about to buy something of you, *they don't.*

If they have been about to hire you, *they don't.*

If they have been about to fire you, *they do.*

No, no man is wanted around who isn't man enough to avoid making an underarm nuisance of himself.

But no man, no matter how fine he is otherwise, no matter how diligently he bathes, can be 100 per cent sure of himself without the aid of a dependable underarm deodorant like Mum. Baths take care of the past; Mum bars this danger *ahead* for a whole day or an evening.

I believe in MUM-surance

Mum is a pleasant cream in a jar, easy to dab under each arm each a.m. or before p.m.'s out. It does not stop perspiration, irritate skin or injure clothes—just assures you that you won't commit the offense which people never forget or forgive. See your druggist.

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The Facts of Life

The "Meade" is one of PLYMOUTH'S many styles.

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The Other Side of the River

Continued from pages 54-161

does he aim to find?'

"So all that winter I wandered about with that thing Sid made for me—only an iron rod about the size of an umbrella rib with some copper wire welded to each end. Then one day Oat Greer came to see me. He was itching with curiosity and for a time I warded him off, talking none too bright, but then I let my tongue slip and told him what the old-folks said the Indians had on that hill and what I aimed to find."

The sun sank lower on the arc of afternoon. A faint chill came into the breeze. He stood looking at the hill, the pale eyes motionless and the fingers clutching the cane's polished head like a gnarled rapacious claw. Turning at last with a shuffling motion as if the muscles of the legs refused to give, he started back toward the cottage. The presence followed by his side, quietly and intently waiting. *Go on. I'm listening. What next?*

"Spring came, and I got my corn in, but I spent more time wandering around than I spent in the field. I was just old crazy Peter Gay that had taken leave of his mind. It turned into summer and I figured the time had come. I found a place on the hill, back of the crest where the laurel grows, and I fixed up that rock all right. Then I waited, giving it time to weather. But I knew I had to go slow. Edward never was no fool.

"One day I went up on the hill with a sledge hammer and busted off a piece of that rock and carried it into town. The man that ran the weekly paper was always printing such things as whose chicken laid the biggest egg and who growed the largest ear of corn and I figured he'd put a piece about that rock in the paper. I reckon he thought I was crazy too, but he said it was a good tale about the Indians and he would print it in the paper."

Once upon a time a woman remarked: "I'm not so much in the flesh, but I take wonderful pictures. They always flatter me."

He walked slowly down the road where the weeds grew thick and rank along its shoulders. He came to his house and opened the gate and made his way up the steps to the porch. He felt tired, with a strange queer weariness of the blood, and sat down in his rocker. There was always the listening presence. *And then what? What next? Tell.*

"The next morning when I went to the store to buy some salt and bread, I could feel the difference. It was a something in the air, the way they looked at me and the way they talked. Then, that afternoon, when I was sitting here on the porch, Gaylord Pierce rides up in his automobile. He's a cousin of mine, six or seven times removed, and he and Edward had become some kind of partners, buying up land and selling it to the summer people. I knew if he had business with me it was Edward's business, too.

" 'Cousin Peter,' he says, walking up on the porch and greeting me cordial. 'I think I got a prospect for that hill you bought from Edward. There's a woman wants to start a summer camp.'

" 'I don't want no truck with a city woman,' I told him. 'I got my belly full of such as that.'

" 'This here woman is different,' he said.

" 'I ain't of a mind to sell,' I answered. 'That's a special kind of a hill.'

" 'What's so special about it?' he said. 'It ain't doing you no good. Think of the taxes you pay. This woman is willing to pay you eight hundred dollars for that hill.'

" 'There's one man come here already to see me about that hill,' I told him. 'He says he's a mining engineer. He aims to find something special on that hill.'

"Gaylord looks at me like he's seen a ghost. 'What's on that hill?' he says.

" 'Nothing but that old Indian place I found with the rod Sid made for me,' I told him, acting as crazy as he thought I was. 'If you don't have no business to take you off, I'll be proud to show it to you.'

"I took him up on the hill and showed him that rock in the laurels and before we got back to the house he went up to one thousand dollars. I was tempted to take it, but I could see the hook was in. 'I ain't of a mind to sell,' I told him. 'I got to see what kind of offer that mining-man is going to make.'

" 'I want you to make me a promise,' Gaylord said. 'You promise me not to sell that hill until I can see this city woman of mine.'

" 'First come is first served,' I told him.

"Gaylord gets up and practically runs to his automobile. 'I'll go see her right away,' he said. 'I'll be back before suppertime.'

The lips fell silent for a time. He sat in the rocker with one hand yet on the cane, remembering. The day was almost gone, and the chill in the air was part of the listening ghostliness. *Tell, it said. Go on and tell.*

"I got twelve hundred dollars out of them. Edward thought I was crazy. That's why he didn't take more care."

Yes, the voice said. *Then?*

"Edward brought him a crew of men, and they spent two whole

Esquire on the Record

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(Bluebird)

Piano Concerto in B-Flat Minor	11211
Grieg's Concerto	11430
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There's a Breeze on Lake Louise	11437

FRANKIE MASTERS
(Okeh)

Goodbye Mama	6545
Couple in a Castle	6565
Magic of Magnolias	6536
How Long Did I Dream	6507
From One Love to Another	6488

SAMMY KAYE
(Victor)

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Daddy	27391
South of the Border	26337
White Cliffs of Dover	27704
Dear Mom	27738

EDDIE DUCHIN
(Columbia)

Madelaine	36454
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'Tis Autumn	36454
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(Columbia)

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CARMEN CAVALLERO
(Decca)

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Dream Lover	4058
I Dream Too Much	4057
I Kiss Your Hand Madam	4058
The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi	4056

days chopping and clearing around that rock. Then Edward sent for an assay man from the eastern part of the state. I wasn't there, but I heard all about it. 'Jumping junipers,' the assay man says. 'This is something I've never seen before. It's really a miracle when you find this stuff in its native state.'

"Edward was so full of pleasure he almost busts his skin. 'The old folks always did say the Indians had themselves a mine up here,' he told that assay feller. 'I've been searching for it for years.' Then the assay man scratches his thumbnail on the stuff, and the mark of his nail is left behind. Then he wants to know if Edward is trying to make a fool of him. 'Hell, man,' he said. 'This here lead has been refined. Somebody's melted some bullets or something and poured them down the crack in this rock. You ain't a millionaire yet, brother, not by a long shot. It looks to me that you've been took. Somebody's foxed you good and proper.'

"I knew it was Edward as soon as I heard his boots on the porch. I was sitting in the kitchen reading the Roebuck catalogue, figuring that the time had come for me to afford a radio. But I didn't move. I just sat there waiting for him to come in. I hadn't seen him in ten or twelve years, not since he queered my deal with that woman, and I was so taken aback by the rage he showed that I didn't notice the hatchet. He came busting into the kitchen hollering all manner of things, and when he saw me he stopped in his tracks and started to tremble all over, like a man possessed with the devil.

" 'I was hoping you'd stop in,' I said. 'I have a thing that belongs to you.' I got up and went to the kitchen safe and took out a lead sinker from the drawer. 'I don't want to cheat you,' I told him. 'It's a part of that lead mine.'

"He put one hand up to his throat and ripped open the collar and started toward me with that hatchet raised above his head. I stood there waiting for it to cleave my skull. And then he sort of choked for breath and fell down on the floor. There was a small crowd in front of the house. Gaylord Pierce and that assay man and one or two others, and one of them went off to town for the doctor. Before the doctor came, Becky ran in. She wouldn't look at me, and when Edward died two days later from the stroke they all said it was me that killed him. It wasn't me that killed Edward. He went and killed himself. I wrote it all in my will. Becky's to get all I own. I don't hold her daddy against her no more than she held him against me. And it wasn't the money I was after—not that alone. It was the sharpness of the thing. One or the other of us had to win out and I wasn't going to let it be him."

He sat on the porch with one hand resting on his cane. The pale blank eyes stared across the fields, looking into an emptiness as barren and desolate as a burned-out star. The long game was over. There was nothing more to look forward to—no foxing, no getting foxed, no foxing all over again. The presence came closer, touched with chill. He felt suddenly tired, and his chin sagged forward on his chest. He sat so for a long time, and then the cane fell to the floor. It made a sharp rapping noise like the knuckles of a hand asking admittance of a door. Silence and shadow closed over the sound and the night was very still. ⌗

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

"He's glowing with anticipation at the thought of a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve"

All you need to kindle an appreciative gleam in an eye, and a sparkle in a Manhattan, is Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its wonderful "soft" flavor is an added asset. Improve each shining cocktail hour with Calvert Reserve..."*the choicest you can drink or serve*".

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And the Blue Grass Grows All Around

Continued from page 41

give up his huge racing stable and concentrate on the breeding end of the sport. He included the son of Fair Play-Mahubah in his consignment to the annual yearling sales at Saratoga in 1918. There the youngster met Samuel D. Riddle, a Philadelphia carpet manufacturer. Eyewitnesses say Mr. Riddle was the most impressed horseman they have ever seen. He stood for an hour watching as a groom paraded the yearling in front of his stable.

"There," Mr. Riddle remarked "is a great horse. I'm going to buy him, no matter what it costs."

That other smart turfmen failed to see in the colt all that Mr. Riddle did is shown in the bidding. Mr. Riddle bid up to $5,000 and bought the greatest bargain in the history of American racing.

* * *

". . . and Mr. Riddle done git him as a baby for fi' thousand dollars," continued Willie Harbut. "He prove right off he was a good race hoss. He race ten times as a two yeah ole . . . an' he win ten times."

"Just a moment, Mr. Harbut," I interrupted. "Didn't a horse called Upset beat him at Saratoga?"

"Upset?" Willie Harbut said. "Who's at? I didn't see it, Mister, so it's a lie . . .

". . . He race ten times as a two yeah ole, and he win ten times."

* * *

From the first, Mr. Riddle took the colt to his heart. He named him Man O' War, and back on the farm he marveled at the way the youngster grew, the love he had for training and the speed and stamina he showed in his workouts. It was as if the big fellow couldn't get enough of running.

His first start was in a two-year-old maiden race at Belmont Park, appropriately enough, in the Spring of 1919. Before the race, Mr. Riddle went around telling everyone he had the two-year-old champion of the year. To prove it, Man O' War went out and ran five furlongs in 59 seconds flat, winning by six lengths. After that, he ran only in stake races.

By the time the cold hit Saratoga and Upset, the turf world had taken him to its capricious heart. It is a turf truism that when a champion is born, turfmen immediately saddle him with some nickname or other. This implies a certain endearment, the knowledge that turfmen and racing fans alike believe that here is the horse to be admired. Thus, when Man O' War brought his record of six straight unbeaten starts into the Sanford Memorial on August 13 he was known, warmly, as Big Red.

They say there are about 6,053 ways to lose a horse race. Man O' War must have used up about half of them that brilliant afternoon. What happened to him shouldn't have happened to Brooklyn.

Johnny Loftus, the leading jockey of his time, rode the big fellow that day and turned in what was probably the only bad ride of his career. Since then, like Fred Merkle who failed to touch second base in a World Series game and Roy Reigels who ran the wrong way in the Rose Bowl, Loftus has been firmly implanted in sportdom's Hall of Goats as the man who rode Man O' War the only time he was beaten.

"Gee, what an angle! If I only had my candid camera here!"

It should be stressed, however, that Johnny wasn't entirely at fault. Always a fractious post actor, Man O' War was at his worst. While giving some credit for his defeat to "the abominable riding" of Loftus, Ed Curley, a Universal Service turf writer, described the race perfectly when he reported: "Off badly, rushed into several pockets, the victim of misfortune in the stretch, this big chestnut ran a race that should have beaten anything in his division."

As it was, the champion just did lose. At the start he was tangled in the ribbon which served as a barrier. As a result, he got away from the post absolutely last in a short six furlong sprint. Heading for the far turn, however, Loftus tried to send the colt through on the inside in a desperate gamble to save ground. But, pocketed by the three leaders, Upset, Golden Broom and Armistice, he was forced to go around the outside and in so doing lost lengths.

But the colt still wouldn't give up. Rushing down the stretch like a wild thing, he seemed to sense that his record was in danger. With a tremendous burst of speed, he caught Armistice and Golden Broom and started to run at Upset. It was here that Loftus made another mistake. He shot the champion towards the rail—Johnny later explained he could not hold the horse straight—and thereby lost another couple lengths. At the end, Man O' War was only a half length behind and coming fast; he would have won in another hundred yards.

The huge crowd, one of the biggest ever to jam the rustic old Spa course, was stunned to silence. There was scarcely a ripple of applause as Upset was led into the winner's circle, so great was the hold Man O' War already had on the turf world.

A week later, Red turned the tables on his conqueror. He gave Upset a sound trouncing in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, actually flaunting his ability in the face of his adversary. At the start, Loftus sent the colt into a long lead and, when it was evident the horse had to break a leg to lose, slowed him to a walk. He simply stepped over the finish line, a length and a half in front.

Man O' War walloped Upset again the following week, in the Hopeful, a race he won by four lengths in a drizzling rain. Upset was out of the money in that one; it was something like what happened to Max Schmeling after he had been rash enough to knock out Joe Louis.

They say a champion is never truly great until he proves he can come back after a defeat. That was true of Louis—and of Man O' War.

Standing there in front of the champion's stall in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, it is easy to see why racing has been called the Sport of Kings . . . "Git outa that corner, Red, an' come on back heah" . . . The hustle of the racing world of the iron men and the tout and the gambler seems a long ways off; life flows along easily, the atmosphere is one of quiet, unhurried contentment.

It's something special, the feeling Willie Harbut has for Man O' War. Attired in a white shirt, black bow tie, dark coat and pork-pie hat, he clucked the horse back to where we stood. Big Red dropped his head and nuzzled the old darky and Willie Harbut planted a kiss on his nose.

"Look at that hoss, ladies and gen'men," he commanded. "Ain't he sumpin' for twenny fi' years old?

"Two hunnert and fo'ty nine thousand, fo' hunnert and sixty fi' dollars he win in purses. He was bohn in Kentucky, but he never raced heah. A couple of his sons did, though. Clyde Van Duesen an' Wo' Admiral theah. They win the Kentucky Derby."

Man O' War is "sumpin" at that. Remarkably well preserved for all his years, his coat shines from constant grooming. His high-held, handsome head sends a thrill through you as he, too, listens proudly to Willie Harbut telling of past deeds on the turf.

Some experts claim to have noticed an increased sway in his well-formed back but Harrie B. Scott, manager of Faraway, ridicules this. He says the champion's backbone hasn't dropped an inch since he stopped racing. What's more, he has pictures taken each year to prove it.

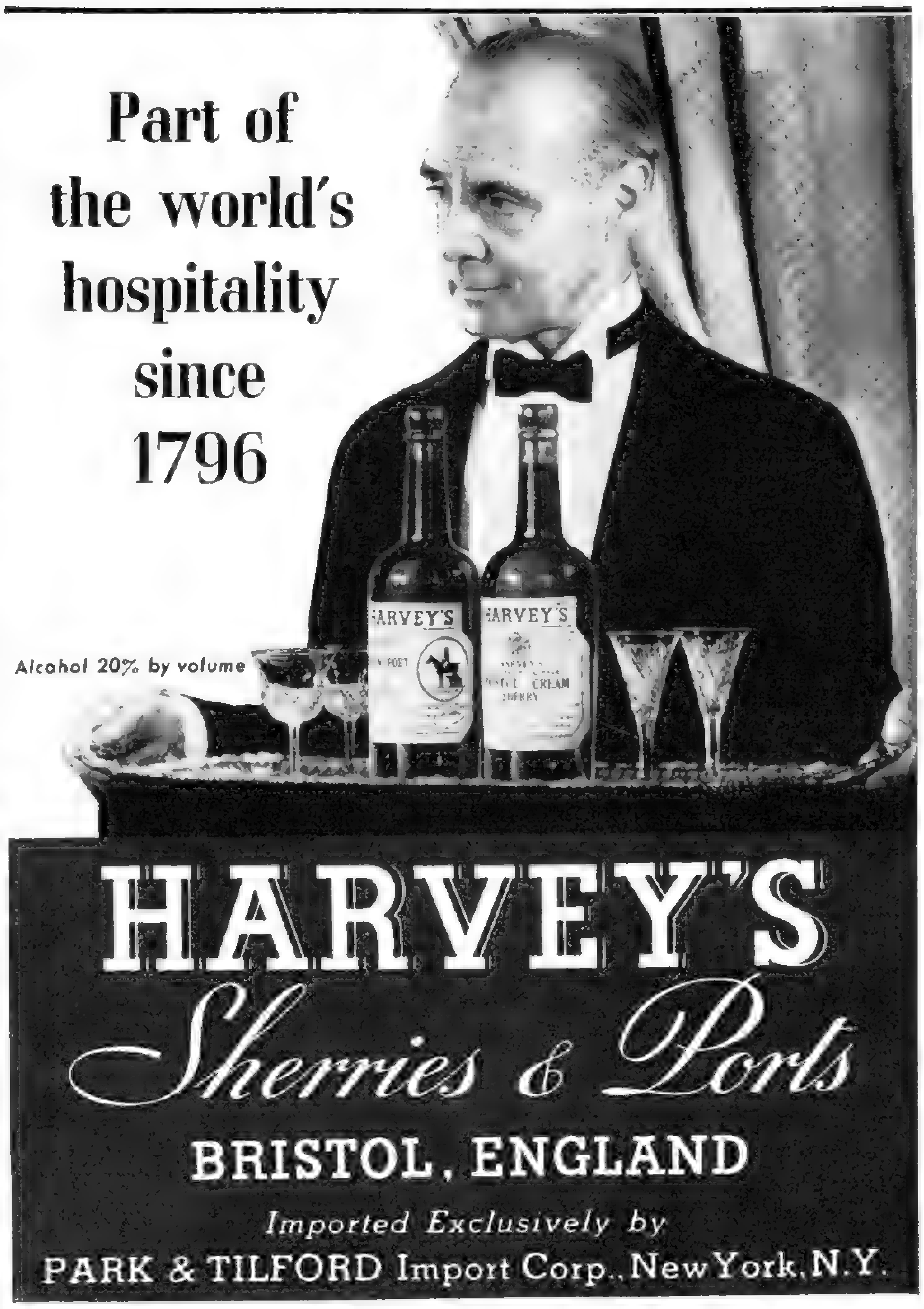
"When he was three years ole," Willie Harbut said, "they pile a hunnert and thirty-eight pounds on him. When he was three years ole, he run a mile in one thirty-fi' and three-fifth, and a mile and a half in two twenny-eight and fo' fifth . . ."

Yes, and a mile and an eighth in 1:49 1/5, a mile and three-eighths in 2:14 1/5 and a mile and five-eighths in 2:40 4/5, all of them new American records.

In all, Man O' War won eleven straight stakes as a three-year-old including the Preakness, the Withers, the Belmont, the Travers, the Lawrence Realization and the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He broke the heart of such a great horse as John P. Grier and rounded out his career by handing Sir Barton a seven length beating in a special match race at Kenilworth

Continued on page 166

The narrow brimmed hat and tweed topcoat with rows of stitching at the cuffs and bottom are worn by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jamaica, L. I.



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And the Blue Grass Grows All Around

Continued from pages 41-165

for an $80,000 purse. Usually an odds-on favorite, he once won at odds as short as 1 to 100; you had to risk a hundred dollars to win one.

While setting one of his records, Big Red took great delight in adding equine insult to injury. At the end of the mile and five-eighths of the Lawrence Realization, he was winging away a hundred lengths in front of the field. That's like Les MacMitchell running a four-minute mile with only his shadow for competition.

In the stud, Man O' War has founded a racing dynasty. And by his personality alone, he has lifted one of the less palatial of Kentucky's breeding establishments into prominence as the show place of the whole Blue Grass. At Faraway, he is like a King on his throne, and he gets a big belt out of the awesome worship of his subjects.

Right now, the entire city of Lexington is up in arms over where a bronze statue of Big Red will stand when it finally is completed. Residents have chosen up sides with four possible sites as alternatives: at Faraway between the entrance gates and his stall, on a grassy plot fronting the railroad station on Lexington's Main Street, at the entrance to nearby Keeneland race track and beside the statue of his sire at stately Elmendorf Stud. Only Mr. Riddle knows where it will come to rest, and he isn't saying. The probable site, however, is at Faraway, where Willie Harbut can continue to give his spiel even after the horse's death.

* * *

"Yassuh," Willie Harbut said, "he's not only some race hoss, but he's some sire too. He got lots a champions and he got Hard Tack who got Seabiscuit. And *he* got plenty.

"In nineteen hunnert and thirty-seven Red, heah, had all the champions. He had Wo' Admiral who won the Derby, Preakness and Belmont. He had Battleship who won the Grand National in England. He had Blockade who was the very bestest over the rails and he had Holy Stone, the best show hoss.

"No sire evah beat that record. Anyone wanna ask a question?"

"Why yes," I said. "They tell me this horse Alsab, last year's two-year-old sensation, is another Man O' War. Do you think so?"

"Listen Mistah, Alsab is a pretty good race hoss. But if he's another Man O' War, he's gotta prove it. All he's gotta do is win eleven straight stake races this year, set fi' new American records at every distance from a mile to a mile and fi' eights, win by as much as a hunnert lengths and pay as little as one for a hunnert. If he kin do that, he's another like Red.

"Personally, I doan think he kin do it. Every year, some hoss come along and they begin to call him another Man O' War . . . but he never prove it. There was Gallant Fox, and Ladysman, and El Chico, and Bimelech and Whirlaway and lots mo'. But they never prove they's as great as ole Red."

Willie Harbut stroked the big fellow's nose. He slapped his neck two or three times and pointed to the rear of the stall.

"Okay Red, now you go on back to your corner . . .

"He gits up at fo' o'clock in the moanin' and has his breakfast at seven. He jog fo' or fi' miles under saddle an' at nine o'clock he's turned out. He eats again at eleven, then he's turned out at one and eats some mo' at three.

"He gits fo' meals a day, bran and oats and hay. But he still likes a carrot now and then, don't you boy?"

The faithful old darky took a carrot out of his pocket and held it out. Man O' War took it and ambled back into his stall.

"Good boy, Red," Willie Harbut said. "Yo' stay theah. I'll be back, boy . . ." ⧺

Man O' War's Lifetime Record

1919 (two-year-old)

Track	Race	Dist.	Wt.	Fin.	Value	Time
Belmont Park	Maiden	⅝	115	1-6	$500	:59
Belmont Park	Keene	5½f	115	1-3	4,200	1:05⅗
Jamaica	Youthful	5½f	120	1-2½	3,850	1:06⅗
Aqueduct	Hudson	⅝	130	1-1½	2,825	1:01⅗
Aqueduct	Tremont	¾	130	1-1	4,800	1:13
Saratoga	U. S. Hotel	¾	130	1-2	7,600	1:12⅖
Saratoga	Sanford	¾	130	2-½	700	1:11⅕
Saratoga	Grand Union	¾	130	1-1½	7,600	1:12
Saratoga	Hopeful	¾	130	1-4	24,600	1:13
Belmont Park	Futurity	¾	127	1-2½	26,650	1:11⅗

1920 (three-year-old)

Track	Race	Dist.	Wt.	Fin.	Value	Time
Pimlico	Preakness	1⅛	126	1-1½	23,000	1:51⅗
Belmont Park	Withers	1 mile	118	1-2	4,825	1:35⅘*
Belmont Park	Belmont	1⅜	126	1-20	7,950	2:14⅕*
Jamaica	Stuyvesant	1 mile	135	1-8	3,850	1:41⅗
Aqueduct	Dwyer	1⅛	126	1-1½	4,850	1:49⅕*
Saratoga	Miller	1³⁄₁₆	131	1-6	4,700	1:56⅗
Saratoga	Travers	1¼	129	1-2½	9,275	2:01⅘
Belmont Park	Lawrence	1⅝	126	1-100	15,040	2:40⅘*
Belmont Park	Jockey Club	1½	118	1 15	5,850	2:28⅘*
Havre De Grace	Potomac	1¹⁄₁₆	138	1-1½	6,800	1:44⅘
Kenilworth	Match	1¼	120	1-7	80,000	2:03

**New American Record*

Thirst Wardens, Attention

Continued from page 87

of whiskey. Kilted palates clamor for the Rob Roy, same proportions, substituting Scotch. Not quite so well known, but worth acquaintance, is the Pirate's Prize, made with full-fashioned Rum. *All* versions and variations of the Manhattan require thorough stirring before pouring, to make sure ingredients are completely blended. Strain into cocktail glass where cherry awaits impatiently.

You've heard of Adam and Eve, haven't you, in that Old Fashioned garden of theirs? Well, the Old Fashioned, staged in its own thick-bottomed stubby tumbler, begins with the laying of the cornerstone: 1 lump of sugar, splashed with seltzer and thrice dashed with Angostura. Crunch sugar under muddler's heel. Now, one jigger of your favorite whiskey. Add cube or two of ice. Piece of lemon peel twisted o'er and dropped in. Garnish with cherry and half a slice of orange.

Optional extras: half slice of lemon, stick of fresh or canned pineapple. There is no law against adding also alligator pear, a couple of grapefruit, and half a watermelon in season if you want to make a real meal out of your Old Fashioned à la Cosy Tea Roome's salad bowl, or are anxious to prove to the garbage collector that you're a man of wealth. But if epicurean luxury of fine liquor is your aim, you'll stick to essentials whether your choice of suitable base be Rye, Bourbon, de luxe blend, Scotch, Irish, Rum, Brandy, Apple Brandy, Vermouth, or Sherry. Each of these rises to the occasion gratifyingly, fragrantly when muddled through.

Speaking of Sherry, I'd be criminally negligent if I skidded over the revered British standby, Sherry & Bitters. No ice is involved in this one, unless you particularly wish it; you simply shoot three generous squirts of Angostura into a wineglass, add 3 ounces Sherry, and stir thoroughly. I mean, don't be satisfied with merely twirling the Angostura around the inside of the glass as though you were preparing Gin & Bitters. That's a good drink, too, but it's a coating proposition, whereas Sherry & Bitters is strictly a mixture.

And how are you fixed on dietary precautions against scurvy? You know, those citrus vitamins that keep the chest hairs of seafarers in curl. A convenient package is the Sour—either Whiskey, Brandy, or Apple Brandy—to the tune of: 1 jigger liquor, ½ jigger lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, iceshooken and strained into Delmonico glass to meet orange slice and cherry. Some splicers of the main brace are wont to lash with 3 squids of Angostura, keening the tonic effect. Bostonians keep their Hub lubricated with an outsize creation entitled Ward Eight, which is a Whiskey Sour, plus ½ ounce Grenadine, orange slice, and cherry, in an 8-ounce goblet.

As a not unsavory digression there's the Daiquiri Sour, achieved by putting a few dabs of plain syrup, juice of ½ lemon, and 2 jiggers light-bodied imported rum into a shaker half-full of cracked ice, agitating perseveringly and straining into ample stem glass, which is then filled up with sparkling water and given a fruit décor. A few drops of white of egg are a good thought for any Sour, inserted before shaking. I'm able to report, too, that a Sour smooth-powered with that Dixie tricksie, Southern Comfort, is something to try on your veranda.

Military authorities seem to agree that married men don't make the best soldiers—in spite of their being already accustomed to taking orders.

A close cousin is the Sling—Gin edition especially famous. In years of yore the juice of the lemon was included, but now rarely so; the concocter still goes for lemon flavor, but he gets it out of the fruit's hide by the twist-a-piece and chuck-in method. An Old Fashioned glass provides a logical setting (1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon water, 2 ounces Gin, 2 icecubes, and peel), or one's Sling may be highballed up for the long pull. Dashes of Angostura may be added. Sugar may be subtracted. Whiskey Sling is similar, or juicy if you wish. It can even be nutmegged, particularly if the Whiskey is Irish.

The Fizz family have juice (1 ounce sweetened with 1 teaspoon sugar) but no peel. Liquor, 1 jigger. After being well shaken with ice and strained, they grow in highball glasses as you sparkle them up and stir. The plain Gin Fizz is, well, just plain, but if personalized with really noble Gin, it has much to say for itself. Fronded with mint it becomes an Alabama Fizz. With yolk of egg added before shaking, it turns out a Golden. Substituting the egg's white, you draw a Silver.

Whiskey Fizzes and Sloe Gin Fizzes are of plain architecture. They derive distinction from the quality of the liquor. Or should.

Gaining altitude and caliber in our lemon dietetics, we come to the Collinses—imposing fistfuls of refreshment. The Tom gets its name from Tom Gin, officially Old Tom, a type of Anglo-American Gin which differs from Dry only to the extent of a dose of syrup. By providing its own sweetening, Tom Gin was a brow-calmer to mixers who got flustered trying to dissolve sugar in liquor. But modern mixers know the answer to *that* one: you dissolve the sugar in the juice before adding the

Continued on page 168

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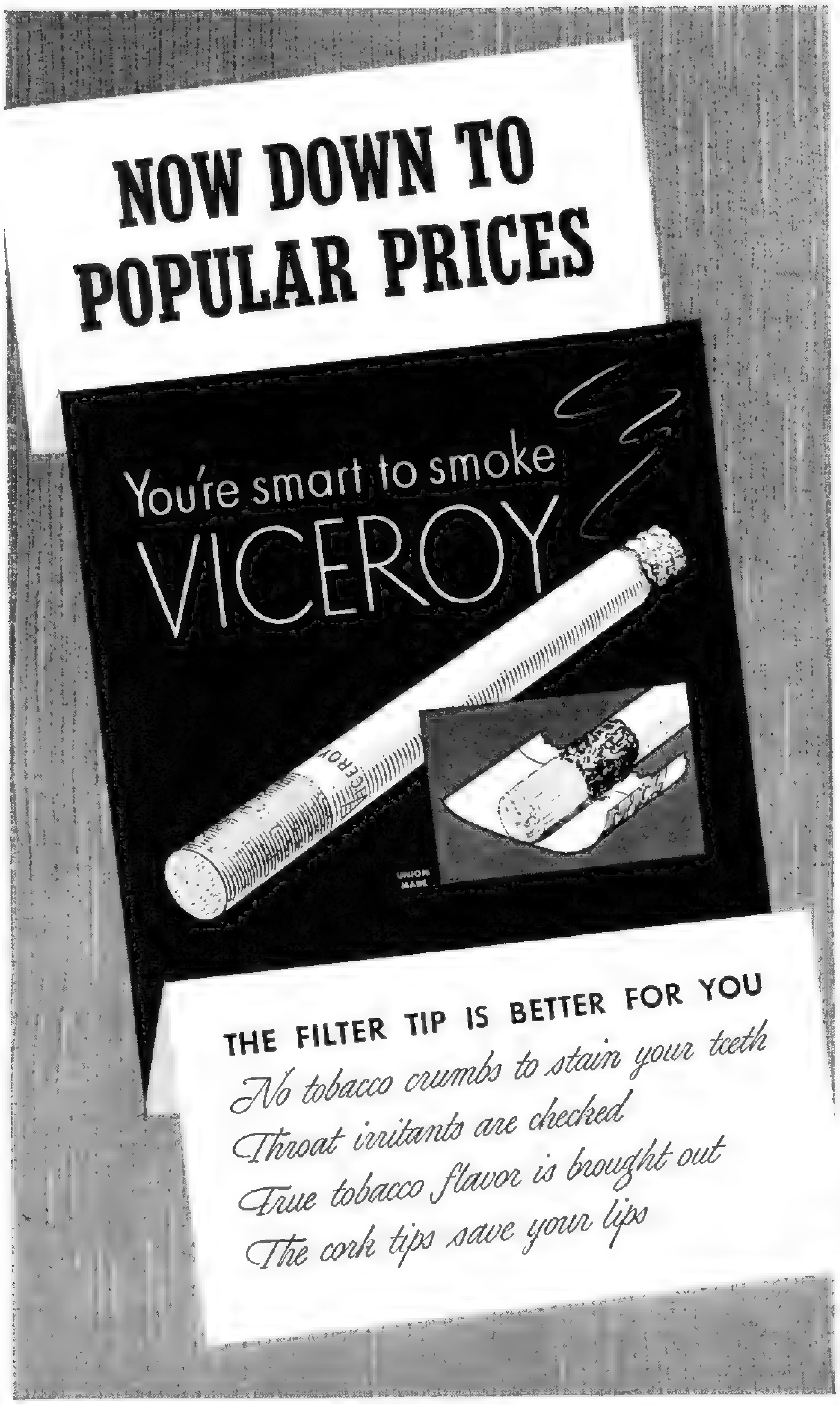
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Thirst Wardens, Attention

Continued from pages 87-167

liquor. (If it's a drink with no juice, such as a Gin Sling or an Old Fashioned, a dab of water does the trick.) Or you may use bar syrup. At any rate, Old Tom has been more or less pensioned off, and Tom Collinses (juice of 1 lemon, 1 spoon sugar, 2 ounces Dry Gin, shaken with plenty of cracked ice and poured unstrained into 12-ounce glass; fizzed to fill, stirred lightly and given a straw) go coolly on.

Redolent of lure in their several ways are the allied Collinses. The Rum Collins, twice-ounced with light-bodied or heavy. The Brandy Collins. The Wine Collins, with ½ lemon, 6 ounces red or white wine, ice-cubes, and perhaps a touch of sugar; bubble water to complete. The Collins that breathes the spirit of the Old Apple Tree.

And isn't Nature clubby to whack out those ingenious green golf balls to expectant Rickey makers, each hallooing, "Don't forget to drop me a lime." Actually it's only half a lime per Rickey. First you squeeze juice onto ice cube in highball glass. Then plop in the shell after it, for looks and pungency; add jigger of Gin and fill up with fizz; stir. Instead of Gin, the fortifier can be Rum or Whiskey. Or Apricot liqueur. Or Sloe Gin. Or Brandy, with a flick each of Rum and Maraschino. Or Apple Brandy, with artful touches of Grenadine and Brandy-of-the-Grape. And whatever became of the other half of our lime? Its mate is calling for it. (If first-class limes aren't available in your neighborhood, the chore of seeking and squeezing them can be dodged by using ready-bottled Rickey mixer made from the authentic fruit—that is, if you are brand-wise.

Millions of limes are on Bacardi duty these days and evenings. The simpler chore consists of juice of ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, jigger of toothsome blonde Rum, shaken like a hurricane 'mid cracked ice and strained into cocktail glass. (If pinked with Grenadine it ceases to be a Bacardi but can be very good at that. In fact, the ladies are apt to prefer it thus.) The fancy Tropical one takes in the entire lime's juice, sweetened with 1 teaspoon sugar and voltaged with 2 ounces of Rum; electric-mixered with much fine ice, it is poured through large-mesh strainer (which allows considerable of the ice to come along) into spreading Champagne glass. Dash of Triple Sec liqueur may be shrewdly interpolated.

As for that fruity beauty, Planter's Punch, reliable blueprints say: Half fill an 8-ouncer with chipped ice; into a mixing glass put 2 ounces voluptuous-bodied Rum of the oldest-finest, 1 tablespoon Falernum (which takes care of the sweetening), 1 flick Angostura; fill up with sparkling water; shake like demented; strain into glass; trim with fruits. Sprinkle nutmeg if willed.

Rivaling Toscanini's rendition of the opening bars of Smetana's full-length portrait of the *River Moldau*—that part where a couple of brooks are babbling together—is the gurgle-music of Kentucky julepers tugging rapturously at the mint-sprigged contents of frosted silver mugs. To do likewise, ice-cool your mug or glass; in a working glass place leaves from 2 sprigs mint, 1 teaspoon sugar; macerate; add seltzer splash to dissolve sugar, then 3 ounces of choice Whiskey; stir gently and strain into ice-filled mug, topping with plumes of mint. Hands off; use a straw or your lip.

Aperitifers who pessimize in the throes of the notion that, alas, Dubonnet lies over the ocean, are grieving groundlessly. The fact is, Monsieur Paul Dubonnet himself is among us and is making his celebrated maroon moistener right here, out of excellent American wines, using his own family formula. So, for a Dubonnet cocktail, all you need is one-half top-grade Gin and one-half of that amiable stuff of M'sieu Paul's—duly stirred with ice, strained, and given a twist of lemon peel.

If the few dozen regulations I've mentioned don't seem adequate for the emergency, Mr. Thirst Warden, let me remind you that there is a whole national arsenal of table wines to draw upon, neat. You mix them with square meals, and do they round them out! ⧺

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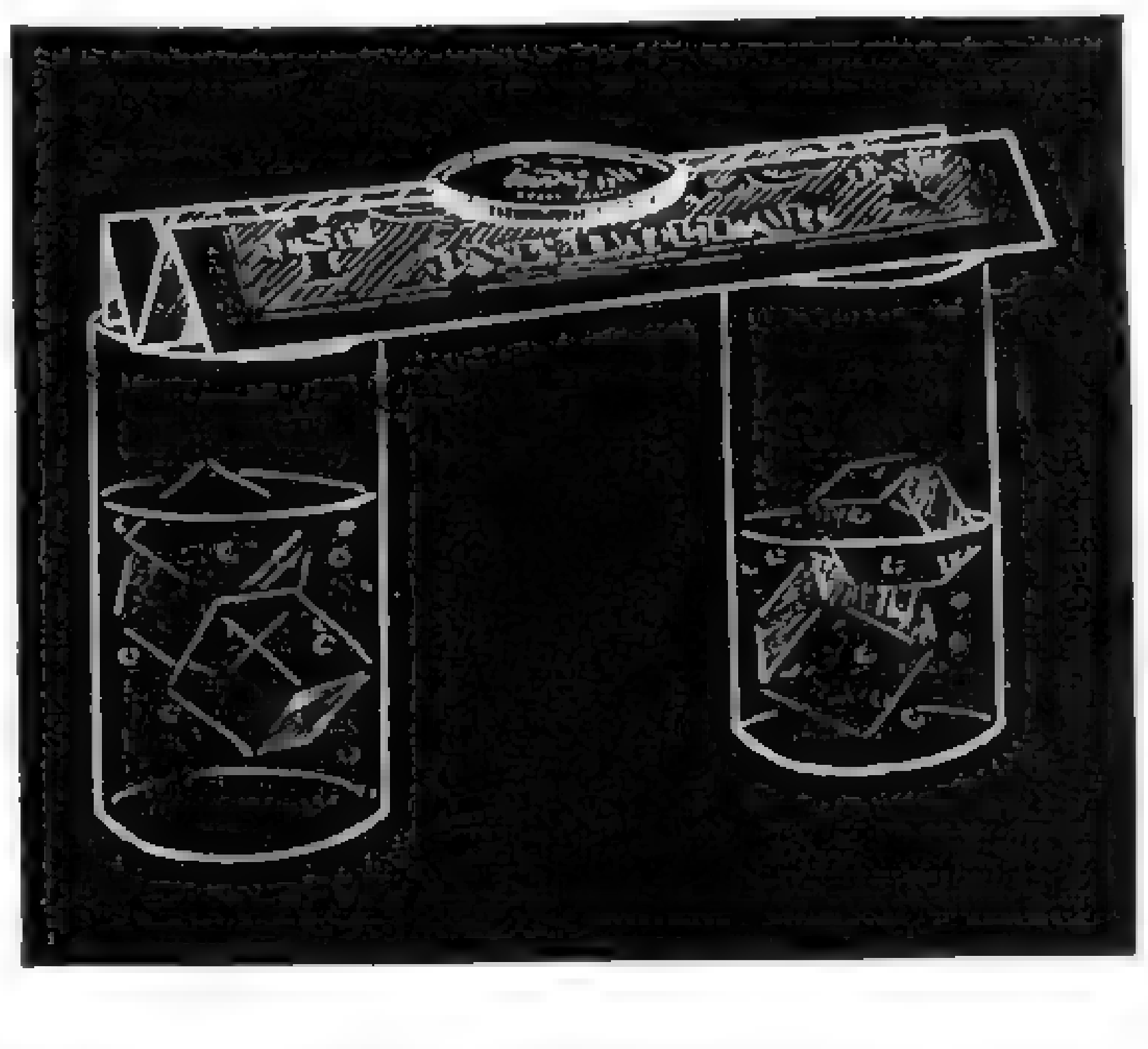

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I Know Why; Chattanooga Choo Choo; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11230

I Said No; Deep in the Heart of Texas; Alvino Rey. Bluebird 11391

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Rose O'Day; Miss You; Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11286

Hassett's Music Store, 115 Congress Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Blue Danube Waltz; Leopold Stokowski. Victor 15425

Ave Maria; Marian Anderson. Victor 14210

Tschaikowsky's Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor (Album). Victor M-800

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Nutcracker Suite; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Tschaikowsky. Victor 265

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Bells of San Raquel; Tony Pastor. Bluebird 11307

Trechter's Compton Music, 135 East Compton, Compton, Calif.

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Emperor Waltz; Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 18220

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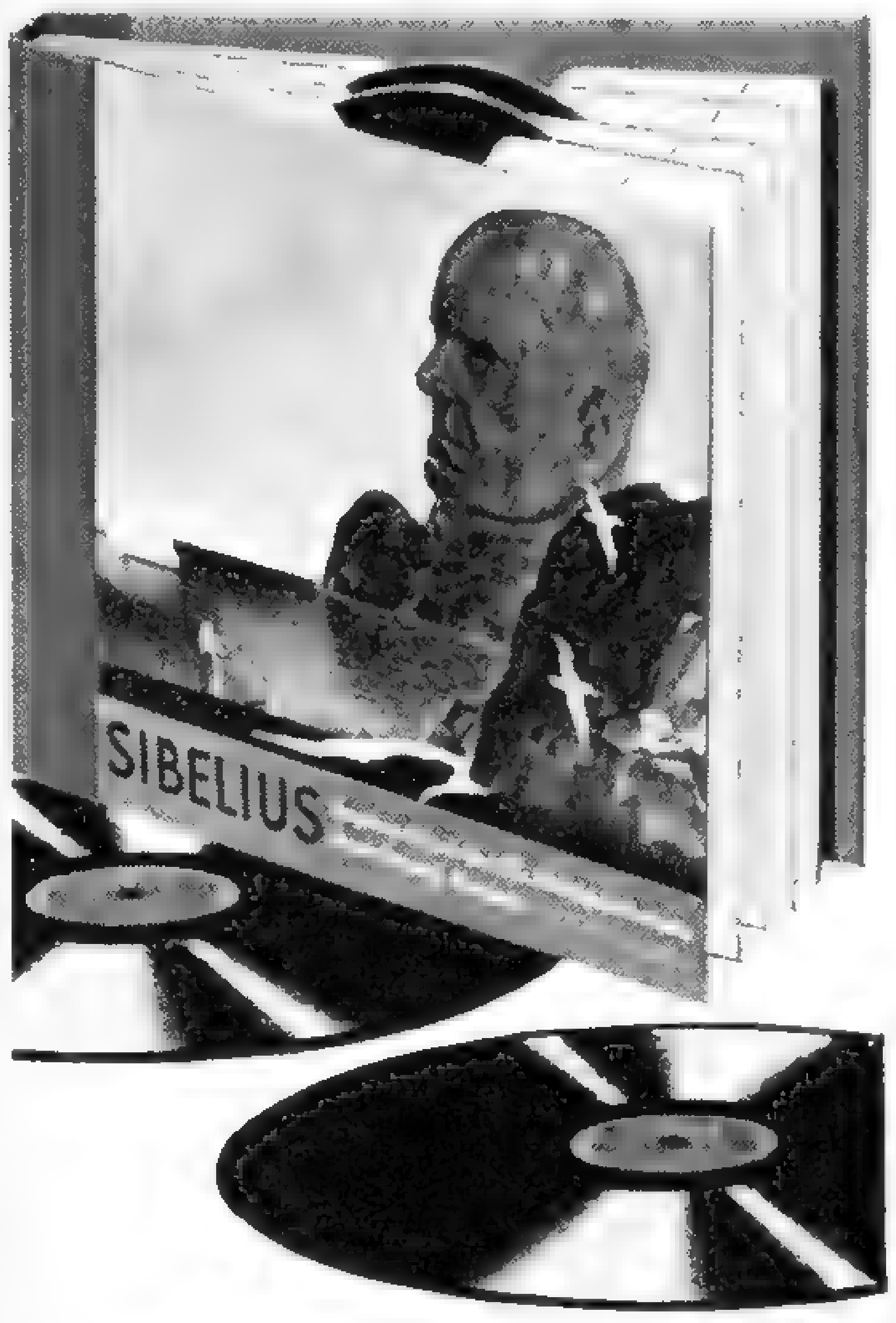

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Moscow for the Next Olympics

Continued from page 30

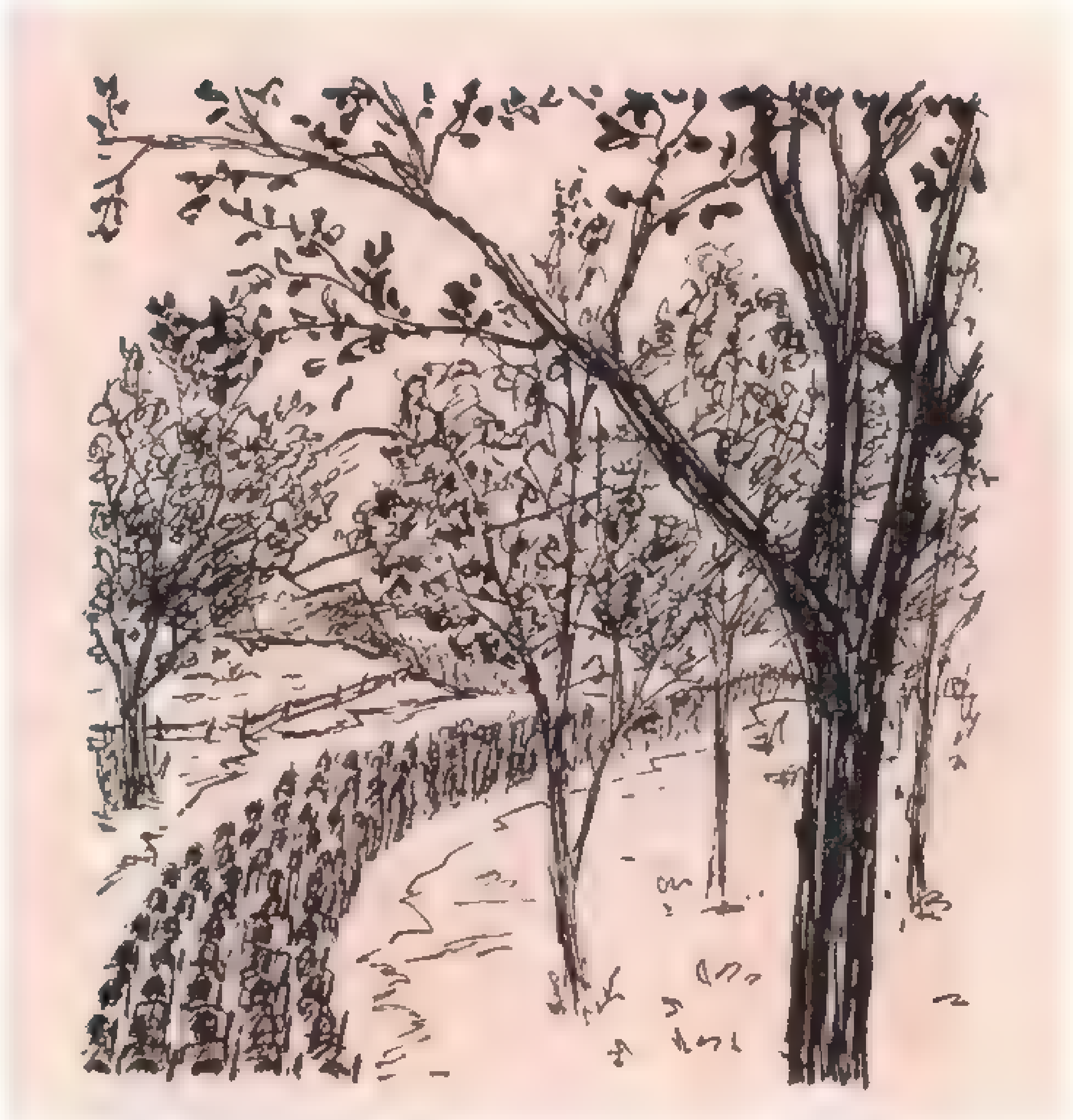
fused to make a deal with democratic Britain and then made a deal with Nazi Germany. Soviet Russia is a union of a score of nations, each one of which retains cultural autonomy. She represents internationalism at its best and worst.

More people hate and love Soviet Russia than hate and love any other country. If we are to revive the Olympic Games and what they represent, Moscow is the ideal place. To announce them for Moscow would be at once the test and the proof that the true spirit of internationalism is still alive.

It is hard just now for us to think of Hungarians and Italians, Germans and Japanese as fair-minded competitors with us in a sports arena in Moscow. I can remember the hates and passions of two previous American wars in both of which I played a minor part as soldier and editor. I can remember, too, how incredibly soon those hates were forgotten. This time it may take longer, for our sacrifices may be many times greater.

But they will disappear. And once the call to cease firing has been heard round the world, the nations that won the war must fight on to win the peace. It was easy to accept the Atlantic Charter while we were at peace. It will be infinitely harder to live up to it when we return to peace. But that Charter or something like it is what we are fighting for. Unless we can postpone the next war for more than a generation, the sacrifices exacted by this one will be in vain.

So a few of us who still believe in a League of Nations and a World Court and Olympic Games, in spite of their failure to realize man's dreams, must go on believing in them and talking about them at a time when we are scorned and pilloried because we dream while others fight. ⌗



SONNET

by MAXWELL BODENHEIM

DRAWING BY TONY PALAZZO

This field was meant for plowing, with a man
Conducting muscles in a morning song
With birds and wind-stirs in orchestral plan,
To fill an auditorium clear miles long.
This glen was built for lovers, to refine
Elusive, grudging life, on moss and loam,
With moonlight, shade, esthetic lace and line
Distinguishing a natural, secret home.
The plowmen, lovers in these endless ranks
Of soldiers stumbling down a dusty road
Crane necks, send eyes to give a final thanks
To field and glen, heart-prisoning abode:
Leaving the marrow of themselves behind;
Keeping young bodies hard, old memories blind.

The Fire Martyr

Continued from page 61

"He is good to us, but we cannot eat the deer he sends unless we hunt them. So fire, brought by lightning, ran wild in the wood, until someone found how to catch it and tame it. Let me show you, and you will see that it is good."

Before anyone could stop him, he knelt down in the center of the Council Rock and began twirling the fire sticks he had brought.

Dic gathered some leaves for the flame and as Dosov rubbed the sticks, he chanted:

Dosov is bringing fire,
Fire to warm us.
Warmth of the fire is good,
And good is Dosov
The Fire-bringer!

The clan were too astonished to stir, and soon the rhythmic motion and the chanting voice of Dic bewitched them. They watched, unconscious that darkness was falling. When the little yellow flame appeared, they drew in their breaths in a great sigh, and then let out a mighty shout.

Dic heaped on the leaves and as the flames leaped high he sang:

Hail to fire,
And hail to Dosov,
Dosov the Fire-bringer,
Hail, hail!

And all the people joined in:

Hail, hail,
Hail to the Fire-bringer!

Suddenly Dic sprang to his feet. "Look," he cried, "Stag-god has given us his approval."

Behind Evok stood a splendid buck. The circle parted and the deer stepped hesitating toward the fire. The people bowed to the ground, moaning.

Dic chanted:

Stag-god has sent the fire.
It is Stag-god's fire.
Stag-god, forgive us
For thinking evil of your fire,
Thank Stag-god for fire.

Then, suddenly, the buck threw up his head, snorted, and turning, bounded back into the forest.

"Stag-god is not the god of the fire. Fire has driven him away from us," shrieked the clan. "We will not have fire in our caves. Caves are good enough as they are! Death to Dosov! Death!"

So Dosov was hurled over the cliff. The fire was stoned to its death. The rain fell on the hot ashes and cooled them, and in the caves, the family groups drew closer for warmth after eating their cold raw suppers.

Old Evok knelt before Stag-god and shivered with fear and sorrow.

Early in the dawn, he heard the tramp of feet. He went to the cave door and looked out. There in the graying dark Dic and a few of the young men were starting over the mountains and they sang:

Dosov, Dosov,
Dosov, the Fire-bringer! ⧻

There's Gold In Them Camps

Continued from page 64

a love scene which five hundred would find touching; and the meagerness of the average movie might lead to mass boredom which a smaller group would resist. It is said that the soldiers get old movies, and bad ones. But they are ready to forgive Hollywood if the pretty actresses and a few not too handsome leading men come on tour.

The movies created large audiences and taught them to expect the best. In the East, the soldiers who were ignorant of Broadway were not particularly keen about half-forgotten Broadway names. They seemed ungrateful for the efforts made by some top-drawer entertainers supported by many of less skill. They showed the theatrical people what not to do: namely, compete with the movies or with radio. The next step, showing what to do, is harder. But Billy Rose and Sonja Henie have done it; and the producers of any rodeo or beauty contest. You can get people together by the thousands if you provide the material suitable to be seen at great distances and in mixed company. Neither *Ghosts* nor *Private Lives* is, I submit, the right material. The theatrical people who imagined that the microphone gave them access to people sitting a city-block away from the stage forgot the basic principle, that the microphone, for entertainment, is used in the home. At Rose's *Aquacade* you did hear singing once in a while, but it was used like fanfare. All music in spectacles is percussion, whether it is played on a violin or a drum. And all dialogue is shouting.

The entertainment of the future, I suspect, will try to reach masses of people. A new kind of slapstick, extremely broad, could easily work in the large space now occupied by the circus. Actually, low comedy is constantly being used in connection with sporting-spectacles, such as bowling, ice meets, etc.

My next guess is that entertainment will work toward participation: out of the spelling bee by the radio quiz. From the conga line to the country dance, group action is becoming more and more familiar. Today, thousands of soldiers are meeting at least hundreds of dancers, who may be Junior Leaguers or professional teachers or just girls brought down by their parents to the soldiers' dance. The personal quality of social dancing vanishes; the private pleasure remains.

Between these two general developments, the current types of entertainment will find some rough going. They will adapt themselves—or something new will take their place. To say which of these will happen would require prophecy. And as everyone knows I never foretell the future.

Not correctly, at any rate. ⧻

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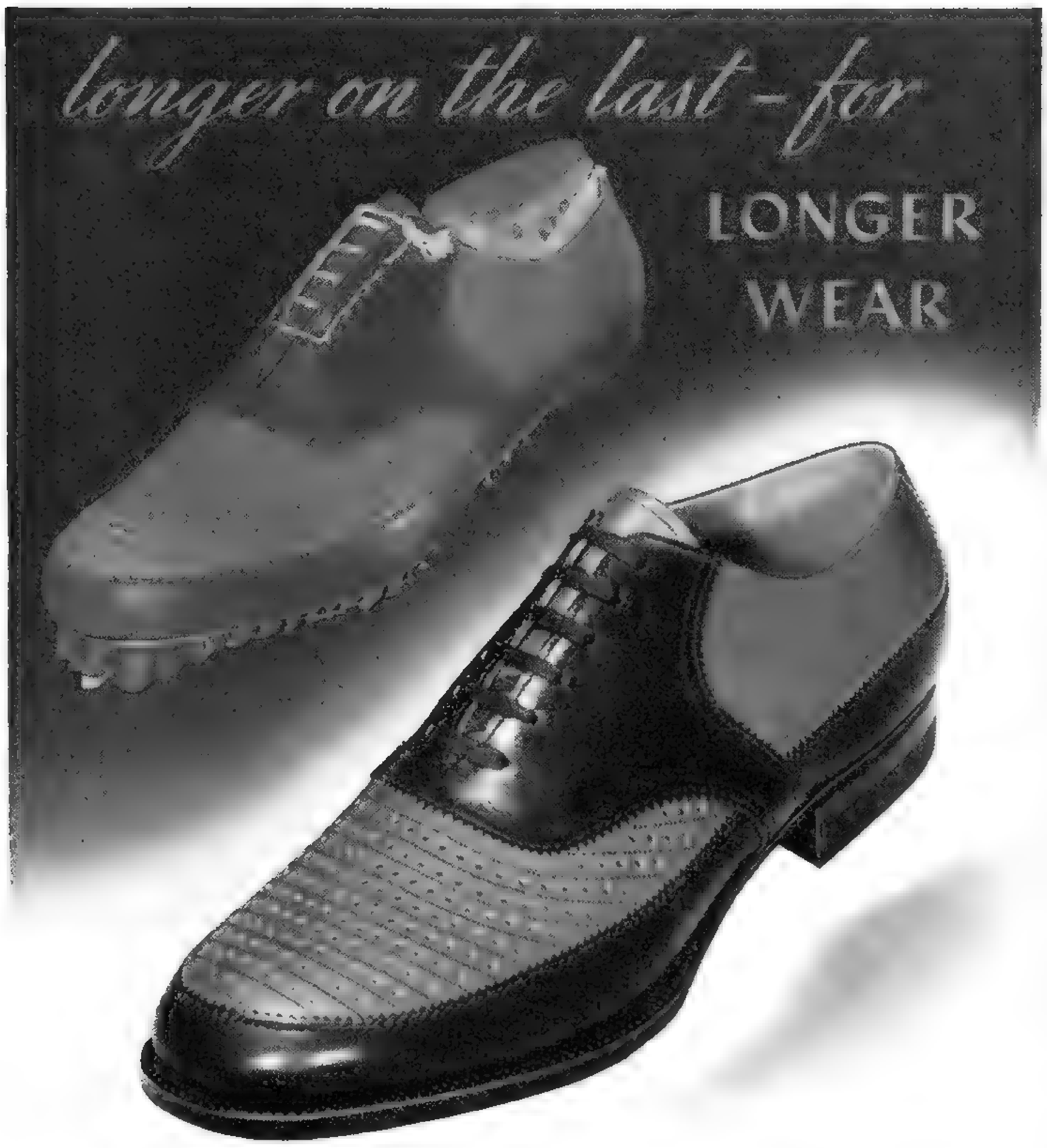

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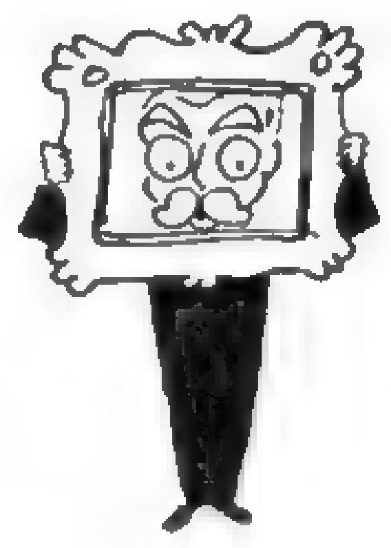

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WELL DRESSED WALL
WILL WEAR

To give your game room walls the gleam of beauty, the look of wealth . . . to spike your spare moments with a concentrated kick . . . to give your playroom life a lift . . .

SEE PAGE 157

SENTIMENTALIST

by PHIL STACK

I'm sorry, darling, that at last we're through,
You don't know how you brightened up my life,
But please don't think I'm furious at you—
I know you have your worries . . . and your wife!
And, after all, it has been lots of fun
And you have been so good to little me
That I resolved when our romance was done
That I would never ask for sympathy;
I'm just a sentimental girl at best
For, dear, of all the lovely things we shared
I value most those notes where you confessed
How warmly and eternally you cared;
So please don't fret . . . I'll get along O. K.
In fact my lawyer told me so, today!

Two Kinds of People

Continued from page 28

wife had been awakened sometime about three-ten by a shattering noise in the lower part of the house. As if a chair had been knocked over. Quenton said he'd sung out a couple of times to inform the burglar that they were awake; and after that there was a deep and smothering silence. Quenton's wife suggested they look through the house. Quenton said no; he had no gun, it was dangerous—but in a minute he'd get up and phone the police. The patrolman who'd been standing guard was gone. After a futile week at the Quentons' house he'd been given another assignment.

All right; when a couple of minutes had passed Quenton got up and went to the phone in the upstairs hallway. His wife got up at the same time, pulling a robe around her; she was, she said, going downstairs to look about. Quenton commanded her to stay in the bedroom, but she refused to listen. She pointed out—perhaps reasonably enough—that the thief would not have remained in the house now that they were up, with the lights on.

She was a headstrong woman, Mrs. Quenton. She went down the stairs. Then, as Quenton stood undecided whether to follow her or without further delay put in his call to headquarters, the shot sounded downstairs. One shot.

Well, that was it; Quenton, reckless now, charged down the stairs. His wife's body was on the floor just inside the dining room door. The dining room window stood open. His wife was dead, shot in the chest.

Quenton repeated all this, adding a few details, to the sergeant who reached the house at three-forty. His narrow, pinched face was tear-stained and his voice was wild. His hands jerked and fluttered. The sergeant slapped him awkwardly on the back in an effort to be comforting. This was a hell of a thing, the sergeant said, staring at the pitiably distressed little man.

The lieutenant's squad car arrived at three-fifty and took Quenton to headquarters, where he was booked on a charge of murdering his wife.

* * *

The lieutenant, deep in his chair, touched his fingertips together—a gesture of satisfaction. To the chief he said, "We found the revolver behind a loose brick in the cellar wall—"

"What made you suspect Quenton?" the chief demanded.

"Because I knew he hadn't been robbed at all—I knew there'd never been any burglar."

"You didn't know; you suspected."

"Put it that way; I suspected." For a minute the lieutenant was busy with a cigarette. "In my experience," he said slowly, "there are two kinds of people. There's the sloppy kind—like myself. We never know within a couple of dollars how much money we've got in our wallets. And there's the precise kind, the people with neat, filing-cabinet minds. They know exactly, always, to the dollar, what's in the wallet. More, they know exactly what time they woke up on a given morning, they know for five years back the numbers on their license plates—"

He lifted his eyebrows. The chief nodded.

"Quenton, when first he came to headquarters, had his story on the end of his tongue. He knew he'd been robbed of exactly ninety dollars, he knew the denominations of the bills, he knew what time he'd been awakened—but he didn't know his own telephone number. Do you get me? False note, as the music lovers say."

"I see what you're driving at," the chief said. "But that doesn't prove a damned thing."

"Not a thing," the lieutenant agreed amiably. "But it led me to suspect that Quenton was a liar. Call it a hunch if you want to. If it hadn't been for that I'd not have looked quite so long and hard for the revolver." ‡

What Do You Hear From Your Heart?

Continued from page 25

Love is a conspiracy whose goal is the propagation of the human race." How often I had said the same words to other love-sick lads. "Since propagation is the principal goal, then why not approach it in comfort and luxury? You should have a wife who can offer advantages, who can give you material benefits you have never been able to afford. Do not marry beneath yourself, Levinsky. Strive to wed above your station."

"It seems reasonable the way you say it," he said thoughtfully, "but still . . ."

"Take my word for it," I pressed my point home. "I have had much experience in matters of this kind, and I know love for the false, illusory thing it is. After all, the *schadchen* makes a study of ideal matches."

"But you have never seen her, *Gaspadyin*," he protested waveringly. "How can one be reasonable when one is in love?"

"Must you be a fool!" I asked exasperatedly. "Listen, I will tell you a secret. I am a wealthy man, Levinsky, and yet I myself would not consider marrying one who did not have more than I. My marriage will be one for the purpose of improving my lot. Even now I am contemplating arranging a match between myself and a wealthy lumber heiress in Kiev. It is not a question of love at all. I understand the lady is rather plain. It is a question of wisdom."

He pondered what I had told him, and shook his head sadly. "Everyone knows how wise you are in these matters," he said. "And perhaps you are correct now."

"Of course I am. And when the first flush of madness is gone you will thank me for my good practical advice."

"I am very grateful to you," he said unhappily. "It may be that you have saved me from making a serious mistake."

When Viktor Levinsky had gone I returned to my work, going over my files and writing brief notes on such cases as I might have ideas about. Maritchka played the piano and would make a good wife for Nathan the violinist. Mischa the miller was looking for a wife who knew how to cook. Who better than Sonya Oniski?

My mind began to wander, and soon I found myself thinking of Viktor Levinsky's love for Nadia Norostritch. Is it not a shame, I mused, that one gifted with such great beauty should have none of the world's riches? Is it not tragic that so much loveliness as Nadia's should be wasted in the home of Norostritch the cobbler? It is ever thus, I philosophized, and then, suddenly, the inspiration struck full force.

Hyman Brijalnik, I said to myself, you are a senseless fool. Are there not wealthy men in Moscow, in Petrograd, in Kiev, in Warsaw, who would pay large fees for so beautiful a bride? Are there not wealthy men who demand only that their wives be beautiful? Today, Hyman Brijalnik, you will visit Norostritch the cobbler and see for yourself what manner of girl is this Nadia. If she is indeed as lovely as men say you will immediately match her with one who is willing to pay for such a wife, her father willing, of course.

So saying I braved the intense heat and walked through the town to the home of Reuben Norostritch. It was a ramshackle cottage lying on the outskirts of Ribovsk. The walls had been patched many times over with scrap lumber in a vain effort to prevent the imminent collapse of the building. A strong odor of tanned hides pervaded the air, making the heat doubly insufferable. In the rear of the house was a small garden where vegetable plants were attempting valiantly to live against the odds of a hostile sun and poor soil.

I knocked on the door loudly to make myself heard above the pounding of a hammer within. At last Reuben Norostritch, bearded and clad in a leather apron, appeared. His eyes lit in recognition.

"*Gaspadyin* Brijalnik," he cried. "I am honored that you have come to visit."

I could not prevent my nose from sniffing distastefully at the humid scent of leather. "A visit," I agreed, "plus business."

"You wish a pair of boots," he ventured. "Come in, Brijalnik, come in. You shall have the finest boots in Russia."

I went into the house. "You must excuse the appearance of the house," he said. "Nadia finds it useless to clean up the scraps of leather until the working day is done. But you should come in the evening. So clean it sparkles like rubies."

"Norostritch," I began, "It is not boots I have come to discuss. It is your daughter, Nadia."

"Nadia?"

"I understand she is a very beautiful girl."

"And obedient too, *Gaspadyin*. A perfect daughter."

"Have you ever given thought to what kind of a wife she will be?"

"What kind of wife?" He paused for a moment to absorb what I had said. "I had never thought that I should one day lose the girl."

"It is natural for a young girl to take a husband," I said assuming my professional tone. "And what would you say if I were to offer a match with a millionaire?"

"A millionaire for Nadia? You are fooling, *Gaspadyin*."

"If she is as beautiful as I have heard men say, Nadia will marry a millionaire."

He shook his head heavily so that his beard swept the dust from his apron. "She is more beautiful than anything you have ever dreamed of, *Gaspadyin*."

It was at that moment that the door opened, and Nadia stepped into the room. I stared in stupefied amazement, and suddenly I felt my knees lose all their strength. She was glorious. Her skin was white as milk, and her hair was raven black. What Viktor Levinsky had said of her fell criminally short of being accurate.

"Sit down, child," said Norostritch. "*Gaspadyin* Brijalnik has been telling that you should marry a millionaire."

"A millionaire?" She laughed. "Why not the Czar?" she asked.

My voice returned to me at last, though perhaps a little strained. "Nevertheless," I said, "nothing less than a millionaire will do for you."

"Are you suggesting yourself, Gaspadyin?"

I coughed in embarrassment. "I am a *schadchen* by profession," I said. "I make matches for others, not for myself."

She thought for a moment. "Very well," she answered. "Bring your millionaire, and we shall see."

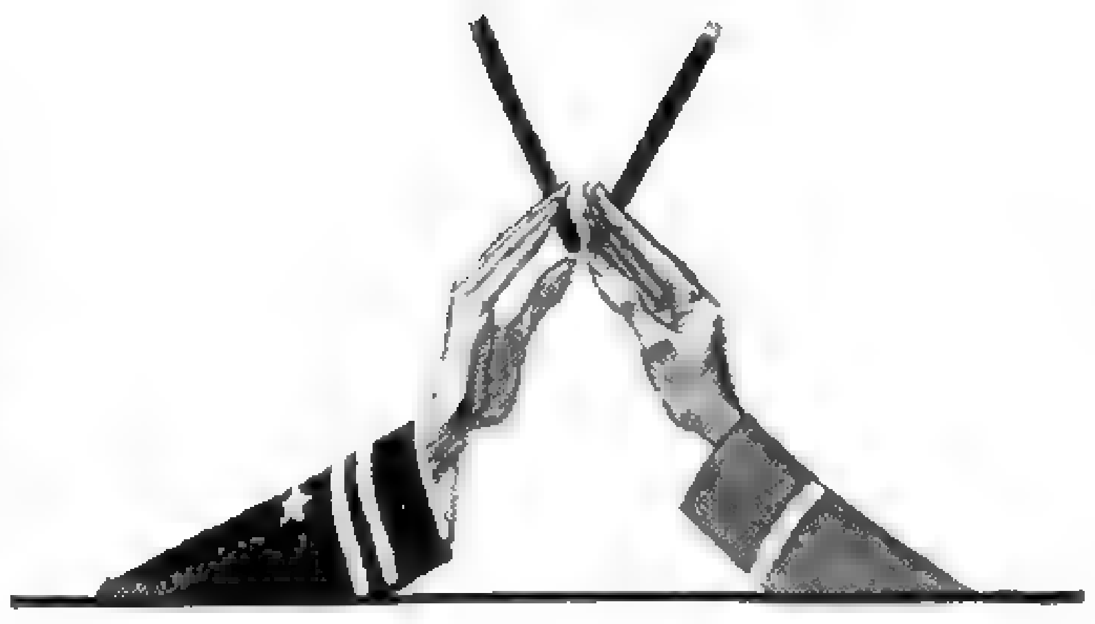
Why was it that the scent of tanned hides suddenly became the pungent aroma of incense? You, my son, who are in love, will understand the sensation. The terrible sun now became a benevolent creator of warmth, the dusty street on which I returned home was transformed into a shaded boulevard. A song hummed itself into my brain.

Familiar words began to form on my tongue. "She is more lovely than the autumn moon, and holier than a prayer."

That night each time I closed my eyes the vision of her face floated across the darkness. "Are you suggesting yourself, Gaspad-

Continued on page 174

Mr. Robert Strawbridge, president of the U. S. Polo Association, is shown wearing a tan gabardine jacket, plaid tie and cap, checked breeches and brown field boots. Photographed at Westbury, L. I.



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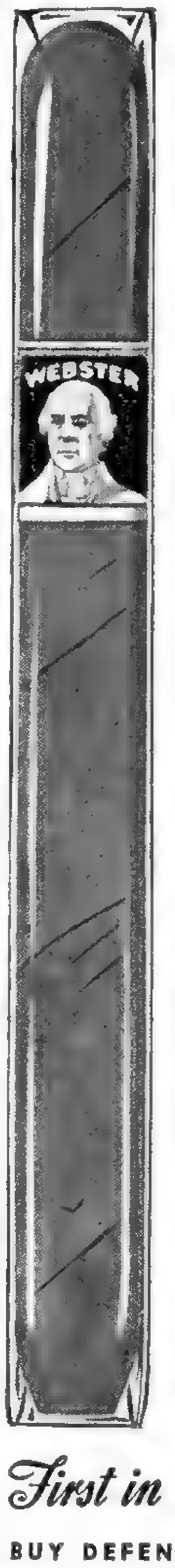

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What Do You Hear from Your Heart?

Continued from pages 25-173

yin?" she said. I tossed from side to side. "Are you suggesting yourself, *Gaspadyin?*"

And then it was that the realization struck me. I who was famous for my disbelief in love, I the scorner of emotion, had fallen victim to the dreaded scourge. I was indeed suggesting myself as the husband of Nadia Norostritch.

Tomorrow, early in the morning I would go the cobbler's house and arrange the match. Hyman Brijalnik would have for his wife the most beautiful woman in Russia. Hyman Brijalnik would waive all claims to a dowry, would forget the heiress of Kiev. Hyman Brijalnik would marry for love.

But when morning came I paused to reflect. Throughout my career I had strongly urged young women and men against marrying for love. My own wealth had been built on that very rock. If I were to wed Nadia men would say that I was ignoring my own advice. Never again would men have confidence in my advice. I would be completely discredited.

You see the difficulty, my son. It was either marry the girl and give up my profession, or continue my profession and give up the woman without whom my riches meant nothing. It was the same position in which you yourself are tortured. The siren call of love tempted me in one direction, while the stern realities held me firm.

For several days I studied the matter carefully. I even sounded out one of my neighbors. "Varnovitch," I said, "what would you think if I were to become wedded to a poor cobbler's daughter?"

He scratched his head ponderingly. "I would think," he said at last, "that the cobbler's daughter had bewitched you and that Hyman Brijalnik was not longer in his right senses. It is common knowledge in Ribovsk that no one but a wealthy woman will ever be your wife."

No one but a wealthy woman! Why could not Nadia have been blessed with riches? Why did Norostritch not possess a fine boot shop instead of a miserable cobbler's hut?

And suddenly the solution came to me. What should prevent Norostritch from becoming the proprietor of his boot shop? What should prevent him from becoming as wealthy as I? Nothing in the world!

"Norostritch," I said when I called on him that afternoon, "it has occurred to me that the town of Ribovsk is in need of a store where men may purchase a fine grade of boots economically."

He nodded. "It is so," he said.

"Then why do you not seize the opportunity? Why do you not open such a store?"

"It has been my fondest dream," he said sadly, "but one must have money to become a merchant, and I have barely enough to provide for Nadia and myself."

"How much would it take?"

"For a store such as I have planned," he said thoughtfully, "three thousands rubles."

"You shall have it!"

His beard bristled at my words, and his massive head jerked upward. "What did you say?" he asked surprised beyond words.

"Come to my house tonight," I said, "and you will have the three thousand rubles."

He stared at me suspiciously. "And the terms . . ."

"You pay me when you can."

"And the interest?"

"One per cent," I said generously. Then, after a moment's reflection, "Let us make it two."

He rose weakly from his chair. "*Gaspadyin*," he said tearfully, "you are a great benefactor. I do not know why you are so kind to me, but . . ."

I interrupted him. "I shall tell you why," I said. "I am in love with your daughter."

"You?"

"It would not do for Hyman Brijalnik to marry the daughter of Norostritch the cobbler. Brijalnik must marry the daughter of Norostritch the wealthy merchant. Do you understand me?"

His fingers curled a strand of his beard as he shrewdly returned my glance. "It is clear," he said. "Norostritch the merchant will have no objection to the match."

"That is good. And one thing more. Naturally, no one must know of this transaction. No one."

"Naturally."

"Two can keep a secret better than three, and therefore . . ."

"Rest assured. Nadia will not know until the proper time."

And so began the career of Reuben Norostritch the merchant.

The formal hunts outfit consists of velvet cap, white stock, waistcoat, white cord breeches, mahogany topped black boots. Photographed at Meadow Brook Hunts, L.I.

His reputation for honesty and friendliness won him many customers, his store expanded, his wealth increased, and Reuben Norostritch became one of the most successful merchants in Ribovsk.

It was not long before he had repaid the three thousand ruble loan, and I congratulated myself on the success of my scheme. Soon, soon I would be able to arrange the match.

How I had bided my time during those months I can never tell you. I grew leaner day by day, my sleep was troubled, and my heart was burdened with love. But I knew the virtue of patience, and I waited. There was no woman in the world for me but Nadia. The heiress of Kiev I had discarded quickly. But the time was not yet ripe.

And then one day I heard the words I had long awaited. Varnovitch approached me on the street. "Good morning, *Gaspadyin*," he said.

"Good morning, Varnovitch," I said. "Are you going in this direction?"

"Yes. I have just come from Norostritch's store."

"An excellent place to trade," I said.

He nodded his agreement. "It is amazing how a man may become so wealthy in so short a time. Last year Norostritch was a poor cobbler, and today he is the richest man in town."

It had finally come! This was what I had waited for, but I must be absolutely certain what men were saying and thinking before I acted.

"Richer than I?" I asked casually.

"Yes, Brijalnik," he said, weighing his words. "Richer even than you!"

You will understand why those words were so important to me. If the townsfolk thought that Norostritch was wealthier than I, then my marriage to Nadia would be considered a marriage for money, and my reputation would be saved.

That night I called on Reuben Norostritch in the new home he had built in one of the more exclusive sections of town. He greeted me cordially and offered me a glass of his vintage wine.

"Reuben," I said after the preliminary amenities were done, "the time has finally arrived. No one can possibly criticize a match between Nadia and myself."

He sipped thoughtfully at his wine. "A gentleman's agreement," he said. "As the father I have no objection. But of course we must speak first to Nadia."

"Of course."

A servant was summoned and told to inform Nadia that we were awaiting her pleasure. We had not long to wait. I will not describe her again, except to say that even her father, who was accustomed to her radiance, gasped slightly when she entered the room.

Thoughts

Let's think of some nice things, pal: Betty Grable's figure . . . A nice thick juicy steak smothered in onions . . . Being told you dance like Fred Astaire . . . A fifty dollar a week raise . . . Hitler coming down with double pneumonia . . . A date with Hedy Lamarr . . . Getting six free drinks on the house . . . Making a grand slam in no trumps, doubled and redoubled . . . Dietrich's pins.

Feel pretty nice, pal? Well, on June 15th the second instalment of your income tax will be due. How do you feel, pal?

"Nadia," he said, "my good friend, Hyman Brijalnik, has just requested your hand in marriage."

I stared closely to see what her reaction might be, but she said nothing, listening dutifully to her father.

"It would please me greatly if you were to become Madame Brijalnik," he went on, "but I want more that you should be happy."

My heart beat so loudly that I was afraid it might drown out her reply. I cursed myself for not being able to say something in my own behalf. Heretofore I had matched couples by being businesslike, but now that my own marriage was being arranged, my tongue was frozen.

Nadia did not hesitate a moment. "I should be very happy to marry Hyman Brijalnik," she said straightforwardly. "I have always admired and respected him greatly."

Norostritch clapped his hands. "Good!" he exclaimed. "Come! We must drink a toast. To the bride and groom!"

My head swam with elation. Perhaps you know how it feels to approach a goal for which you have long striven.

We raised our glasses and drank to the bride and groom. Then we discussed plans for the wedding, setting the date only two weeks away.

The days passed by like creeping snails. I counted the hours, the minutes that stood between me and marital happiness. Whole lifetimes, yes generations, were lived with each breath I took. Sunrise to sunset was all of forever.

And then at last I was able to say, "Tomorrow I shall be married to Nadia Norostritch. Tomorrow she will be my wife." All day long I lived in a vaporous dream. The thought of actually having the lovely Nadia for my own was so excruciatingly sweet it was almost painful.

And yet time was slow. One o'clock, two o'clock, three, four. The hours went by in fantastic lethargy. Five o'clock, six, and seven . . .

Seven o'clock! And then it happened. A knock on the door. It was Reuben Norostritch!

"Hyman," he shouted, "Hyman!" He wore an agonized look.

"What is it, Reuben?"

"Something terrible has happened. A catastrophe!"

Fear drained the blood from my face. "Is it Nadia? Is she ill? Has she been hurt?"

"It is worse than that!"

"Worse? Not . . . not dead?"

He shook his head impatiently. "I might almost wish her in her grave," he cried, and then added the conventional "God forbid." He sank to a chair, and his head dropped down so that his beard covered his entire chest. "That such a thing should happen to me," he moaned.

"Tell me," I said. "What has happened?"

He gave me a folded sheet of paper. "Read it," he said. "You will understand everything."

My trembling fingers unfolded the note, and I read:

"Dearest Father: If Hyman Brijalnik had proposed marriage when you were only a cobbler I should have been the happiest woman in the world. I should have known that he wanted me because he loved me. But Brijalnik's reputation is widespread. He will marry no woman except for money, and I will not consider myself an 'investment.' Today I have gone away with Viktor Levinsky to be married. He, at least, loved me when I was poor.

"Please forgive your disobedient daughter,

Nadia."

* * *

My father packed some tobacco into his pipe reflectively. "That," he said, "is what happened when I determined to break my vow and marry for love."

"And what is the rest of the story?" I asked.

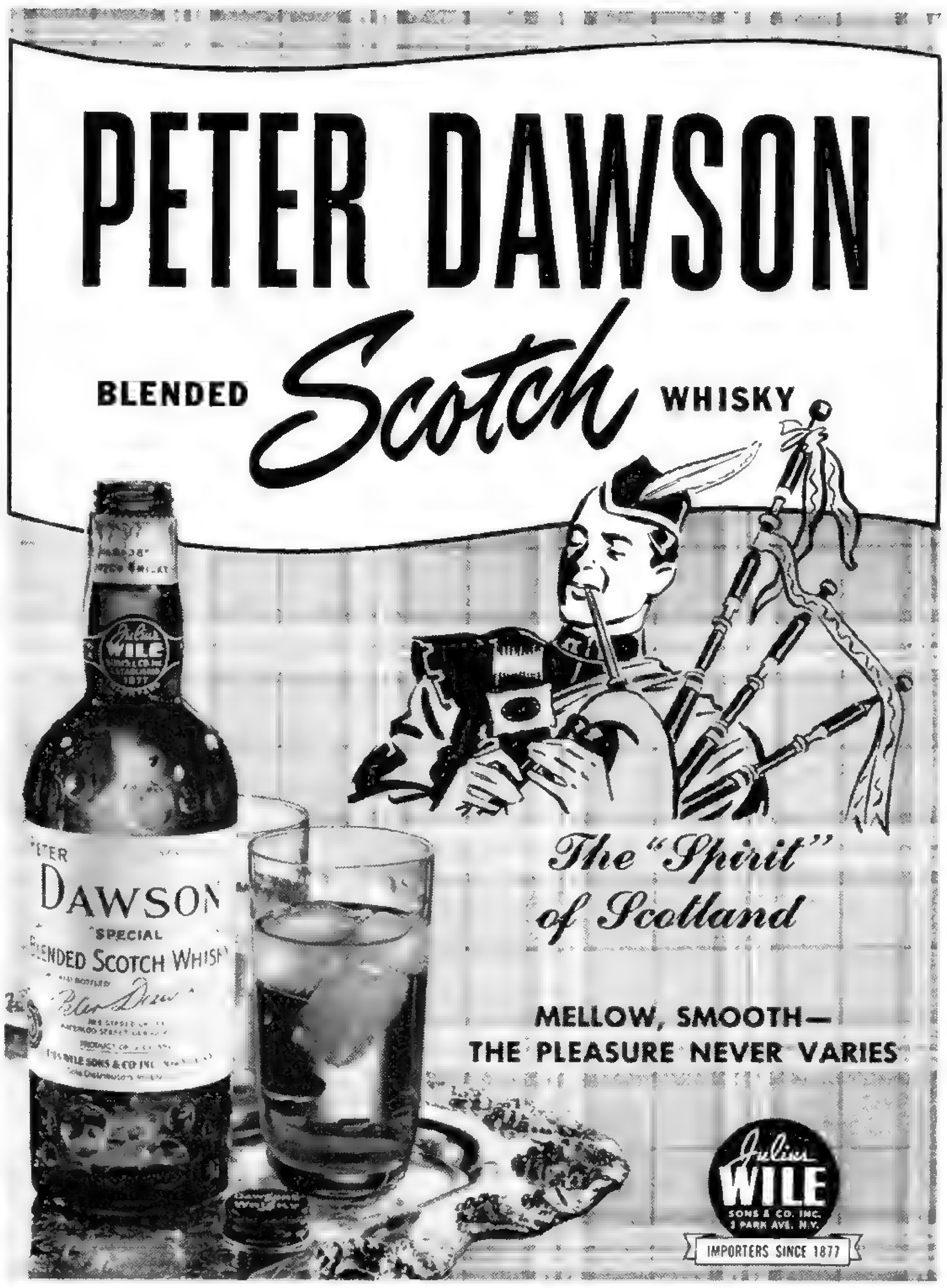
"There is no more."

"But obviously you married," I point out. "Or else . . . "

"Ah yes," said my father, sucking at his pipe. "You want the end of the story too. Well, if you must know, I married the lumber heiress of Kiev, who is now your beloved mother."

He was silent for a moment, watching the smoke ascend to the ceiling.

And then, as if to himself, "And I strongly suspect that except for the first month or so, it made very little difference." ⧻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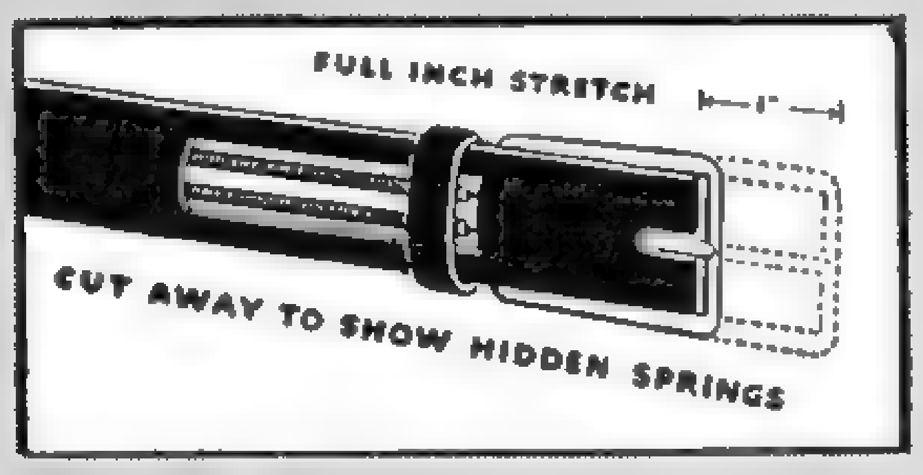
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The Captain Takes a Trip

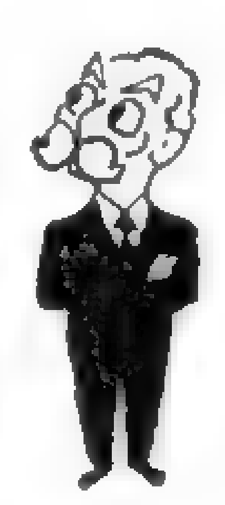
Continued from page 94

time on her husband's right eye.

Early in August a *fiacre* stopped outside the flower-covered gate of the pension. The houseman put the baggage up on the box. Karl embraced his wife and mother-in-law, kissed his children. Then he climbed up into the carriage and whispered to the driver:

To the *Stefania!*

In those days the *Stefania* was the most elegant hotel in the city of Abbazia; it stood in the center of the shore district, with a proud marble façade of four storeys. It was only a five minutes' trip by *fiacre* from the little pension. That's where Karl was going to spend his vacation.



With Joe Louis in our Army everybody feels safer—particularly the fighters who won't have to challenge him.

The door man of the *Stefania* took his baggage down from the box; the clerk wrote his name into the guest book, took a key down from the hook, and sent a bellhop to show him his room. Upstairs the chambermaid unpacked his suitcases and put his things into the drawers. During this time Karl stood outside on the balcony, inhaling the salty, vanilla-scented air. Across the *Giardino Publico* he could see the bay. He sighed deeply and happily:

"I'd be mad to take a train trip when I can stay in this gorgeous place!"

Because his plan had been simply to stay in Abbazia. He worshipped the place with all his faithful heart. He was so much in love with it that existence outside of Abbazia was almost unthinkable to him. And if the family should find out about his hiding place? Well, what of it? There would be no end of mirth!

However, the whole affair worked out better than he had imagined. He didn't go on a trip, and still he was far away from home. In his little pension, room and board cost six crowns a day. In the *Stefania* he was paying eighteen crowns a day for the seaside room with balcony. In his district a glass of beer cost ten *groschen;* here you had to pay thirty for the same glass. Down his way there were free little dressing cabins on the seashore; here it cost one crown to get inside the Angiolnia Beach. It was a terrific distance which separated him from his old haunts; it was almost like living in another dimension in the same space. He never saw a familiar face in these surroundings. He became a stranger in his home town; he could carry on just like any other summer guest who had come to bask in the Adriatic sun from some far-away cold climate.

He made good use of the splendid opportunity. He danced, flirted, went on boat excursions, drank champagne, played baccarat in the Casino. Since he did not hear from home, he didn't send any messages either.

After a week, however, he began to feel restless again. What if the family had got mad at him? Then he quieted down? Those who love each other are connected by fine, invisible cables. Karl felt that his family had understood what he was asking of them and were trying to cater to his whim.

Still he wanted to be sure:

"I know a place," he said casually to one of his new acquaintances "where you get the biggest lobsters in town!" And right away he organized a little party to try out the cuisine of his own pension.

With his party he arrived in his own home as if he were a total stranger. He sought out the best table and asked for the menu. The waiters pretended not to know him. His wife came to the table to welcome the guests in the best hostelry tradition. As a matter of fact it was she to whom Karl paid the check when the company was ready to leave. The woman took the money, said her thank-you addressing as "Captain" the bronzed, well-dressed gentleman who was making violent love to his pretty neighbor as he waited for the change.

After three weeks Karl was homesick enough to say farewell to the *Stefania* without remorse.

He wired home: "Arrive tonight." After a five minutes' drive his *fiacre* arrived in front of the flower-covered gate. The whole family were standing outside on the street to welcome him. Karl leaped down from the carriage, kissed his children and distributed among them the gifts which he had bought in the bazaar next door to the *Stefania.*

Around eleven o'clock in the evening, when the couple was finally alone in the mansard bedroom, from the window of which one could see the hazy contours of the Monte Maggiore, the man gratefully stroked his wife's smooth, round face:

"Thanks, my sweet, for co-operating with me so beautifully!"

"When you love someone, such things are very easy!" tenderly answered the fat Emilia.

"There is only one thing that's puzzling me," said the man, thinking aloud. "When I brought those people here for dinner, why did you call me Captain?"

"Because I've got it figured out, darling, that if you hadn't left the Uhlans in the lurch for me, you would be at least a captain by now!" answered the woman; and gingerly, so as not to inconvenience him, with the hundred-and-forty-pound weight of her pleasant, warm body she sat on her husband's lap. ⧻

Bluffing at Bridge

Continued from page 69

the dummy and a shower of delight with it. The spectacle of that dummy, with a heart lead through it, was worth all the bad sets I had suffered in three or four months.

And what followed was worth twice as much.

I put up the king which brought out the ace which was ruffed. I played over to the ace of spades, got rid of my two diamonds on the queen and jack of hearts, which was perfectly safe since the queen was the only outstanding trump and it was high. Then I made the enemy a present of the ace of clubs and the high trump, thus making the doggone bid with an overtrick.

East got up and put on his hat and walked away. I haven't seen him since then, and sometimes I worry about him, for as he went out the door he was muttering, "No man objects to losing at bridge, but to sit at the same table with anybody fool enough to bid four spades on that hand and lucky enough to make five. . ."

That was a noble incident in my bridge career. Naturally you can't always expect your partner to hold the kind of hand my partner held. But I figure my partner might at least hold a good hand once in a while to compensate for the way he bids and plays.

As I have pointed out, there have been many such bids that had nothing noble about them, either when they were made or when the points were all marked down. But this one wiped out the sting of a dozen such losses.

I recall another flurry into the realm of the fantastic that has given me much to gloat over. We were so far behind that anything might happen. It did.

I dealt and again sat South, since nobody objected. I picked up the stack of junk shown in the South hand below:

North
S—Kxxx
H—AKxxxx
D—Ax
C—x

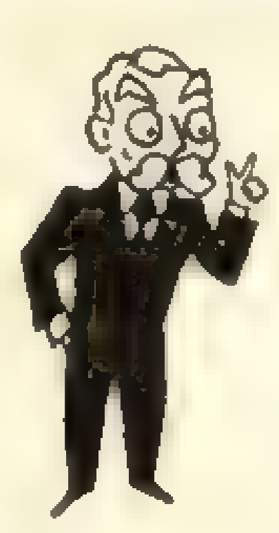
West	East
S—QJxx	S—Axxxx
H—none	H—xxx
D—Jxxxxx	D—KQxx
C—AJx	C—K

South
S—none
H—QJ10x
D—x
C—Qxxxxxxx

After a casual glance at my hand I opened with three clubs, in spite of the then current rule that to open with three in a minor suit you must have the top honors. West passed and my partner bid three hearts. East passed and I bid six hearts, on the theory that if my partner couldn't make it, he had no business bidding at all.

East opened the ace of spades and began abusing me for foolish bidding as I put down the hearts and clubs and the diamond. It always seems odd to me that people will berate you for making a bid which they expect to set. But when East started looking for Spades and couldn't find any, he stopped talking. My partner ruffed the spade ace and led a club. The rest of the tricks were in the bag—at least, we put them in the bag. If there was any way to defeat the contract, East and West never discovered it.

There are plenty of bridge players who might have opened three clubs on the hand. I am not proud of that bid at all. It's the six-heart bid that strikes my fancy. A man might even go back over the hand carefully and justify the six-heart bid. But I hope nobody does it. I love to feel that it was a pure venture into the unknown—and one that paid off nicely.



Dim Dolly wants to know if it's her patriotic duty to start conserving bridge rubbers.

The interesting part of the hand to me is that six spades could have been made by the opponents. At least, it could have been made against the kind of defense my partner would have put up. You ought to play with my partner some day—on second thought, you'd better play against him.

I even derive a certain fiendish satisfaction from some screwball bids that have been set and set badly. For many is the time when a careful check afterward will reveal that I saved a thousand or so points by such a bid. I never fail to remind the opponents of this, which is another reason why I am extremely popular as a bridge player.

One such hand sticks in my crop, quite pleasantly, at the moment, and I reproduce it here in order to gloat over it a bit more. On this hand I sat North, my partner being a gentleman from South Carolina who flatly refused to occupy that position.

The hand follows:

North
S—xx
H—xxxxxxx
D—xxx
C—x

West	East
S—AJx	S—Kxxxx
H—Q	H—AK
D—AKQxx	D—Jxxx
C—xxxx	C—AK

South
S—Qxx
H—Jxx
D—x
C—QJxxxx

You will note upon careful examination that I held what is known in the profession as a yarborough. It wasn't the first yarborough I had held, yet it seemed to me to be quite a nice hand because it had only one club in it. I guess it was the one club which got the better of me.

The gentleman on my right, West, dealt and bid one diamond. This was a change from one heart or one spade, but I knew the spade bid would come after I passed. The opponents had been reversing the usual procedure at this sitting. Instead of opening a spade, they were opening a diamond and then bidding a spade, probably in the hope of confusing us.

Well, I didn't pass. I knew East for a malicious sort of fellow who could think of nothing more satisfying than setting somebody. What particularly delighted him was to hold the high cards in your trump suit and then double. Evidently he held them. At least I didn't.

So I decided to bid just high enough to get doubled. I bid three hearts and East doubled. Thus the bidding ended.

Well, I went down, of course. I lost every trick it was possible to lose, I guess, going down for a penalty of five hundred. But the hand, and particularly my bidding was an outstanding success. The vulnerable opponents had an iron clad cinch for six spades or seven diamonds, and could have made seven spades by finessing for the queen.

Certainly a small slam would have been bid, except for East's malicious yearning to see me squirm while he took the high trumps.

What irritated the enemy on this hand wasn't so much the points they lost. It was my bidding. They claimed that it was even dishonest and against the rules to bid three hearts holding no honor cards. Perhaps it is. I wouldn't know. But I do know that if that is dishonesty, there are times when it will give a person a certain degree of mild satisfaction.

Incidentally we won the rubber, which didn't make East and West feel any better.

Now I am not advising you to set out on a course of wild bidding on hands that are doomed, on the face of things, to meet a sudden and disastrous fate. Such bidding would soon take the interest out of bridge, at least for your partner.

I am merely pointing out that there are times when a thing can go just so far and then it not only ceases to be entertaining but it becomes a downright nuisance.

In times like that almost any kind of a diversion is likely to enliven the proceedings. When the diversion, in the form of a fantastic bid, pays off—then, brother, you've been through a real experience in bridge. You've got something sweet you can look back on. ⌗

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A Regular Feller

Continued from page 93

slight polish and confidence that comes from success in publicly-recognized athletics.

After shooting for some time at the traps, with Lu Russell now and then giving him a coaching tip, at which Feller would nod alertly and then proceed to try out the suggestion, we tramped back toward the splendid house his strike-out ball had built. On the way we passed over the sacred turf where as a boy his father had groomed him, and it was somehow, if you could feel it, a bit like passing over what you knew was a battle field in times past. A million fathers have so helped their sons in boyhood, dreaming of future big league fame for their offspring. But here it happened. That was the difference.

Out here Bob is entirely free from all the assumed polish that he has to wear in the cities. He has to be careful there—what he says to newspaper men, or anyone else; how he acts. He is always on display. There he is the great pitcher. Here he is just another twenty-three-year-old Iowa farm boy, enjoying his hunting, his games, his tricks, his friends, his family, and the possessions he has won with his unusual talent.

Probably the window panes of no home in Iowa have been so spotted by pressed noses as this ten-room dwelling Bob Feller has built. A fiend for those inflated bladders that juggle plates, spoons with hinges to spill their contents, flashlight bulbs exploding in light sockets, itching powders and smoke bombs in cars, it is reasonable to expect Bob's house to be rife with gadgets. He has electric eyes opening doors, mechanical garbage disposers, electric refrigerator, dishwasher, exhaust fan; in the dining room with its ornate crystal chandelier there are musical chimes and foot-pressure switches underneath the table with which Mrs. Feller summons the maid. Air-conditioning, oil heat, automatic pumps, hot water storage tanks in the green-tiled basement are things that naturally appeal to Bob.

He spent a lot of time selecting the knotty pine paneling of his recreation room, where he spends most of his spare time indoors. Here he enjoys playing table tennis, billiards, or Chinese checkers. Here he entertains his friends, listens to the radio, or records the voices of his neighbors and visitors. Here he keeps his guns, hunting clothes and golf clubs.

He got a kick out of showing us around the house, telling about his copper gutters, the asbestos-cement shingles on the roof, the casement windows with double glass, roll screens, automatic lifting control, and Venetian blinds. His own room occupies the second floor east wing where he has a bed chamber, a green-tiled bath and a big cedar-lined storage room.

But he is just as proud of the room he built for his thirteen-year-old sister Marguerite, with a built-in writing desk equipped with an automatic light and all the knicknacks and comforts that would delight a girl much older. Bob really put as much attention in it as he would have for a sweetheart. In fact, he always calls Marguerite his "best girl."

Most people don't realize it, but women are a real problem for a famous young sport hero like Feller. It's the publicity and notoriety that hurt. Feller is always being linked with some pretty girl—usually for publicity purposes: a night club hostess, a basketball tournament queen . . . any pretty girl the newspapers want to get into print on the strength of the young pitcher's fame. Three years ago when the Indians had an off day in Washington, Bob went golfing with Miss Betty Jensen, daughter of the Iowa congressman from Exira. Someone asked them to pose for a picture, and they were accommodating. A few days later papers all over the country were printing the picture with a caption implying the impending announcement of their engagement.

So you can see why it means so much to him to be at home, off guard, natural, himself.

After inspecting all of the luxurious but still "homey" place, we went to the game room and sat around talking sports—the high spots of Feller's gloriously romantic career. How when he was only eight years old his father made deliberate plans for just exactly this future. First there was a target on a tree at which to throw, on odd moments when his father was too busy with his farming work to serve as his catcher. There was a home plate imbedded in the floor of the barn where the boy pitched on bad days. Later his dad organized and managed the Oakviews, and built the ball park in the pasture for the express purpose of giving the boy further seasoning. At the age of fourteen Bob was pitching for the Valley Junction American Legion Junior team, at the same time handling the hurling duties for the Oakviews and the Van Meter High School nine. Already he was setting strikeout records. One game he breezed 23.

In the Summer of 1935 he pitched for the Farmers' Union Club of Des Moines. They became the state amateur champions, winning 25, losing four as Feller fanned 310 and gave only 41 hits. This team went to the national amateur tournament at Dayton, Ohio, where they lost out 1 to 0 as Feller fanned 18 and allowed only one hit. On the way to Dayton, Feller and his father drove; while the rest of the team came by bus. The car would speed on ahead, and then pretty soon the bus would catch up with them—Feller and his father out warming up in the parkway by the side of the road. This happened several times in the course of the journey.

This, it seems to me, is the keynote to Feller's entire career—continuous and persistent practice aiming toward a predetermined objective. That is not unusual, very interesting or remarkable. The strange part of Feller's career is that he attained the objective so remarkably by these commonplace methods.

Bob is thoroughly consistent in all his methods—even his warm-up, as he explained that day we were talking in his game room. Take his long slow warm-up before the game. That certainly isn't for the purpose of showing off before the patrons. In all things he is naturally unhurried and deliberate. In a game he takes more time between pitches than the average slab artist. He won't make a delivery until he has dried off his hands carefully, wiped off the ball, and set himself comfortably on the mound.

"I've found I can't pitch well unless my legs, as well as my arm, are warm," he told me, in reply to my question why he always threw so many balls during his warm-up. "You've got to get your legs loosened up as well as your arm. That's why I take so much time between pitches. This thing of slamming the ball back and forth in the bull pen without throwing at a target may warm up your arm, but not your legs."

There is method, and intelligent direction in everything he does.

I asked him who was toughest to pitch to in the league. "They're all tough," he replied with a grin. Then he settled on Ted Williams, Roger Cramer, Taft Wright and Joe DiMaggio. Williams hit .444 against Bob in 1941, but didn't get a single homer. On the other hand, oddly enough, Bob reminded that Ted got only four hits off Johnny Niggeling, the Brown's knuckle-baller—all of them for the circuit!

"You can't throw a fast ball to Williams," Bob said, "and expect to get away with it. At least I can't. And I can't fool him with curves or soft stuff either."

Then he added: "DiMaggio's the same way. He'll hit anything. You just don't fool him."

But at the same time, you get the impression from Bob's intentness on such a subject when talking serious baseball safely among real friends that all the time he's figuring on it, looking forward to surmounting some other barrier to greater greatness.

Just how he has habitually learned to rate himself like that is illustrated by the story Billy Sulli-

Recently Mars was only twenty-eight million miles away . . . which is closer than some of the answers given on quiz programs.

If Censorship Had Been in Effect

"—Well, I'll be switched!
The hay ain't pitched!
Git up Napoleon, it looks like (censored)"
"—and the antelope play.
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not (guess what?) all day."
"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come (maybe perfect, maybe terrible, maybe so-so) days."

van, his first roommate on the Cleveland club, tells. Billy came into the room in Washington early one evening and found Feller, then a rank rookie, sound asleep. On the writing desk beside him were a number of baseballs he had been autographing.

"Darned if the kid hadn't been practicing autographing." Billy told about it afterward. "He just knew he was going to be famous some day, and he was going to be ready to play the part . . . even to the autographing."

That persistent pursuit not of happiness but of complete perfection was demonstrated again and again in Feller's career. C. C. Slapnicka, until recently general manager of the Indians, signed Feller on a tip from a Des Moines umpire. There are almost as many "discoverers" of Feller as there are baseball fans in Iowa; but more about that later. At spring training camp the next year, Slapnicka happened to go by the ball park one day after the other players had finished their more or less perfunctory workout. A lone figure was still out on the diamond practicing sliding into third base.

"Why the overtime, Feller?" Slapnicka asked, strolling out onto the field. "Don't you know that practice is over, young man?"

"Yes, but it's like this, Mr. Slapnicka," Feller replied. "I don't get any time to practice sliding during the regular workout. And I figure if I learn how to slide well, there are bound to be times when one run may win a game for us; and being safe or out at third may make all the difference."

Back to the "discovery." Billy Evans, general manager of the Cleveland club at the time Feller was signed, says Pat Donohue, a minor league umpire from Des Moines, gave him the tip. John McMahon, another Des Moines umpire, also claims to be the first to call the Cleveland club's attention to the young pitcher. At any rate it was McMahon who rode to the Feller farm with Slapnicka, then a scout for the Indians, to get the names of the player and his father on a contract.

Billy Evans' version is that he helped Donohue, a former catcher with the Athletics and Red Sox, obtain an umpiring job. Donohue progressed so rapidly that he was selected to work the Little World Series between Columbus and Buffalo, but due to circumstances that were entirely outside Billy Evans' control, Donohue lost that chance. Nevertheless he was grateful and promised Evans he'd repay him some day. Some years later, Evans received the following letter from the umpire:

Dear Bill:

I have been umpiring the amateur and semipro teams here and last week I worked a game in which a youngster named Bob Feller struck out 15 men and allowed two hits. He is the best looking kid in the rough I have ever seen.

Evans modestly says: "I claim no credit for the discovery of Feller. He was practically thrust upon me. Feller was touted as a second Walter Johnson. Of course, we in the baseball business get hundreds of such recommendations, and almost always they are false alarms. But I believe all such tips should be investigated. The follow-up on the Feller tip certainly has paid dividends."

In the middle of the Summer of 1936, Bob got his first chance against big league opposition. It was an exhibition game with the St. Louis Cardinals. He worked three innings with such effectiveness that the ball writers immediately tabbed him a "phenom." In September of the same year he broke the big league strikeout record by whiffing 17 Philadelphia Athletics. He was seventeen then. Two years later he fanned eighteen Detroit Tigers for a new high-water mark in strike-out pitching.

When Feller enlisted in the Navy, he gave up not only an annual income of $50,000, including his salary and the money he got from other activities, but also his chance to break Walter Johnson's record of striking out 200 or more batters for seven straight seasons. Feller fanned over 200 for the past four years and had his eye on the "Big Train's" record.

During the latter part of the 1941 season, Feller took lessons in flying. He has always liked aviation and decided to learn to handle a plane. "None of us want to fight," he told me that day in his game room as we were nonchalantly discussing his future. "We have all been taught to hate war here in America. We know its horrors from moving pictures and books and articles. But if they attack us, we're all in it together. I'll be glad to be in a branch that is likely to see some action." ⵌ

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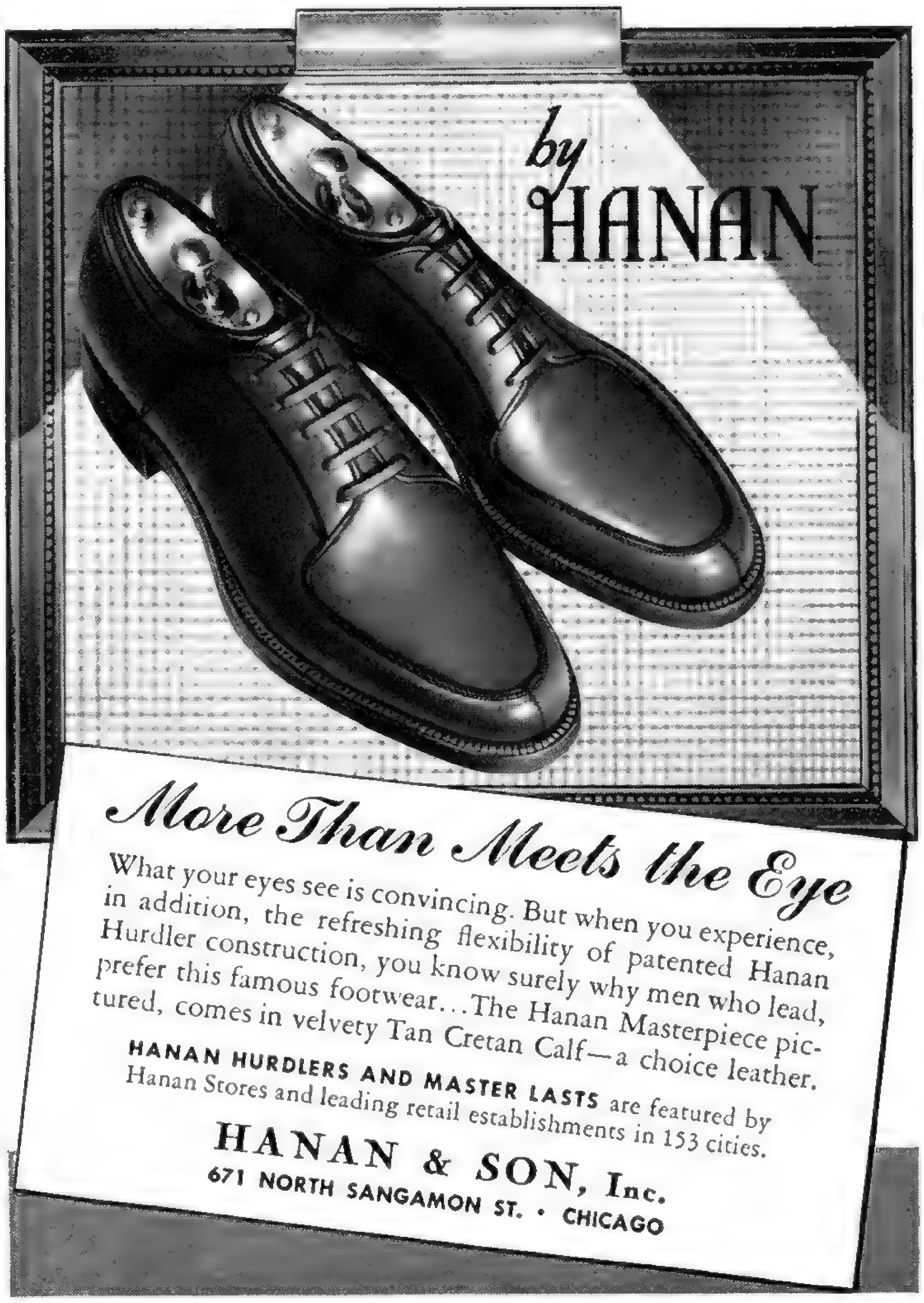

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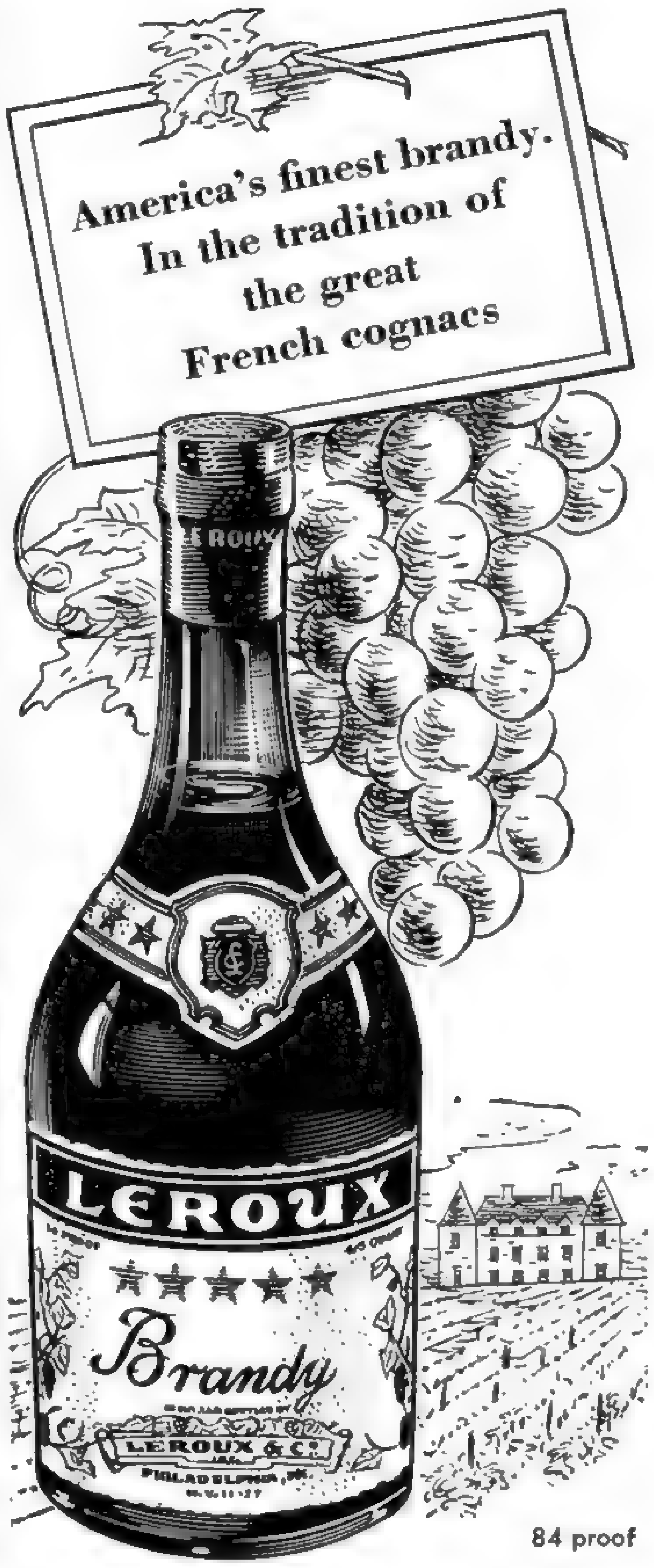
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Look for the Drapestitch tag on all the ties you buy. If you can't find it, write us.

Dimple Tie Corp., 50 East 42nd St., N.Y.C.

You Don't Wind a Sundial

Continued from page 73

francs, to get the thing started. George and I figured that we could watch how Masterson did it, and then we could set up the rest of them ourselves.

Now if you're going to get anywhere in the business world, I've always found, you got to be something of a showman. That's where my carnival background came in handy, though George Kett always said that my brown derby I wear when I give my spiel, scares the customers when it doesn't make them laugh so hard they don't hear what I'm saying.

The house Bob Allen lived in, out in Paea, belonged to young Kraik, the bathroom fixtures scion, who'd built it and lived in it a little while, and then moved away. It was a show place, all veneered bamboo and carved toa and miro, and with a high pandanus roof. It was much more South Sea Islandy to look at than any native's house ever was.

I'd caused word to be passed around by way of what we call here the coconut radio, which guys in the States would call the grapevine, and we had a good crowd for the First Installation.

We made a kind of party of it by having Bob Allen's cook make *poepoe*, a Tahitian pudding the natives are crazy about, for which the yard boy was going to make coconut cream. Naturally the yard boy was late, and when the party assembled he had only just started to cut a *purau* limb and sharpen it at both ends and stick it into the ground, to use it for husking the coconuts on. Then Masterson, who was imperious as all-get-out, insisted on confiscating this ö, as it's called, to hang his plumb line on; and the boy had to hack out another one.

Freshmen will be eligible for varsity football at many colleges next fall, including Harvard. Can a green frosh learn that accent in a brief month?

I made a spiel explaining what a sundial was and how it worked and especially how you never had to wind it up or oil it. They probably didn't understand much of this, but nobody minded. Then Masterson went into his act.

I'll give him credit, he did a good job of it. All in white on that lovely terrace, framed against a fruit-salad sunset, with flowers on either side, he fussed around with trowel and file and plummet and plumb line and spirit level and a ship's chronometer and three separate compasses. We'd constructed a very tasteful pedestal out of chunks of coral, and he supervised the setting of the plate in fast-drying cement, and then covered sheets of paper with figures and finally filed down the style to where he wanted it. After that we all shook hands all around and served the *poepoe*.

George and I felt pretty good about the whole thing, which had gone over big, and we got five orders right then and there, at one hundred francs apiece. The next day we began to get more.

The only trouble was we hadn't been able to dope out how Masterson did it. We didn't know how much was really important and how much was just put on for the benefit of the audience. So next day when we were all set to drive out to Paea and install the second one, we had to go to Masterson again. He was back, in the Concorde, and with fifty francs to spend he wasn't anxious to move. We couldn't budge him until the day after that, and even then he wouldn't consent to do the act over again until we agreed to pay him another fifty francs. We explained that this time he wouldn't have to go through all the hocus-pocus, but he got sore and said that that hadn't been hocus-pocus at all but every bit of it real work.

Well, we took him out to the districts with us and installed four sundials that day, without serving *poepoe*. And we paid him 200 francs. And still we couldn't figure out how he did it, not even George, who's an engineer.

For two days after that we tried to set up the sundials ourselves, or at least George did. But no go. They just wouldn't keep the right time; and because we'd given a guarantee with each one we had to tear them all out again and go looking for Masterson.

He wasn't so easy to find this time. With 200 francs to spend he wasn't confining himself to a single bar. And when we did locate him he was more arrogant than ever. Not one sou would he knock off! Fifty francs each time!

Well, the Tahitians went simply goofy over sundials, and every native who amounted to anything wanted one in front of his hut even if he had to go to a Chinaman for a 100-franc advance against his next crop of vanilla. Orders came in so fast we couldn't keep track of them.

And we were going broke.

You see, we didn't dare raise the price above 100 francs. Even during a vanilla boom that's a lot of jack for a native. And we'd doped it all out carefully, as we always do, and we'd figured that after paying for the dials in the first place; and after paying for the bill of lading, and the commission, and the freight, and the customs duty; and then the cement, and the gasoline for going back and forth—after all this it was costing us exactly 43 francs a sundial. Add to that 50 francs for

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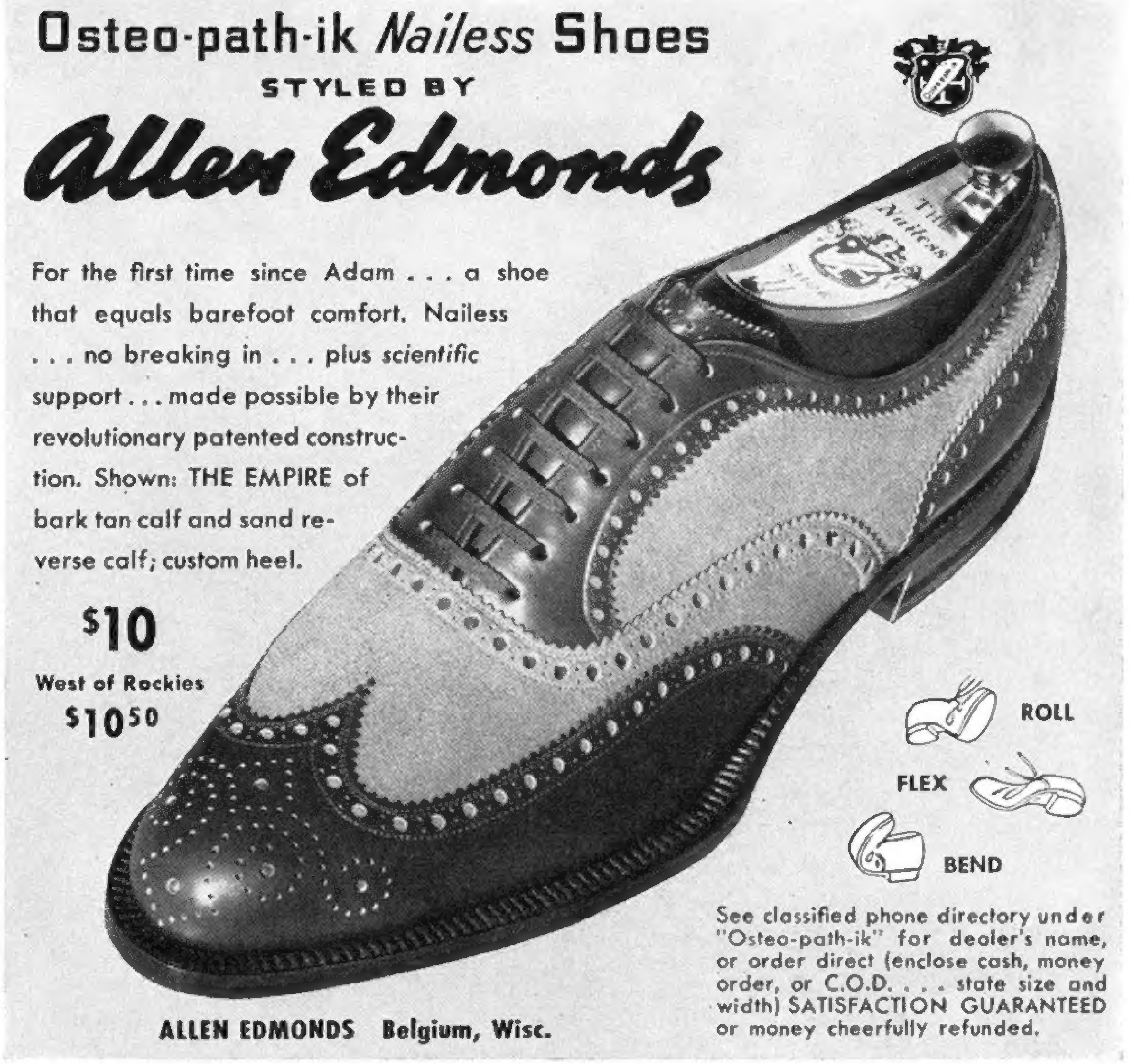

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Information, Please! On Sports?

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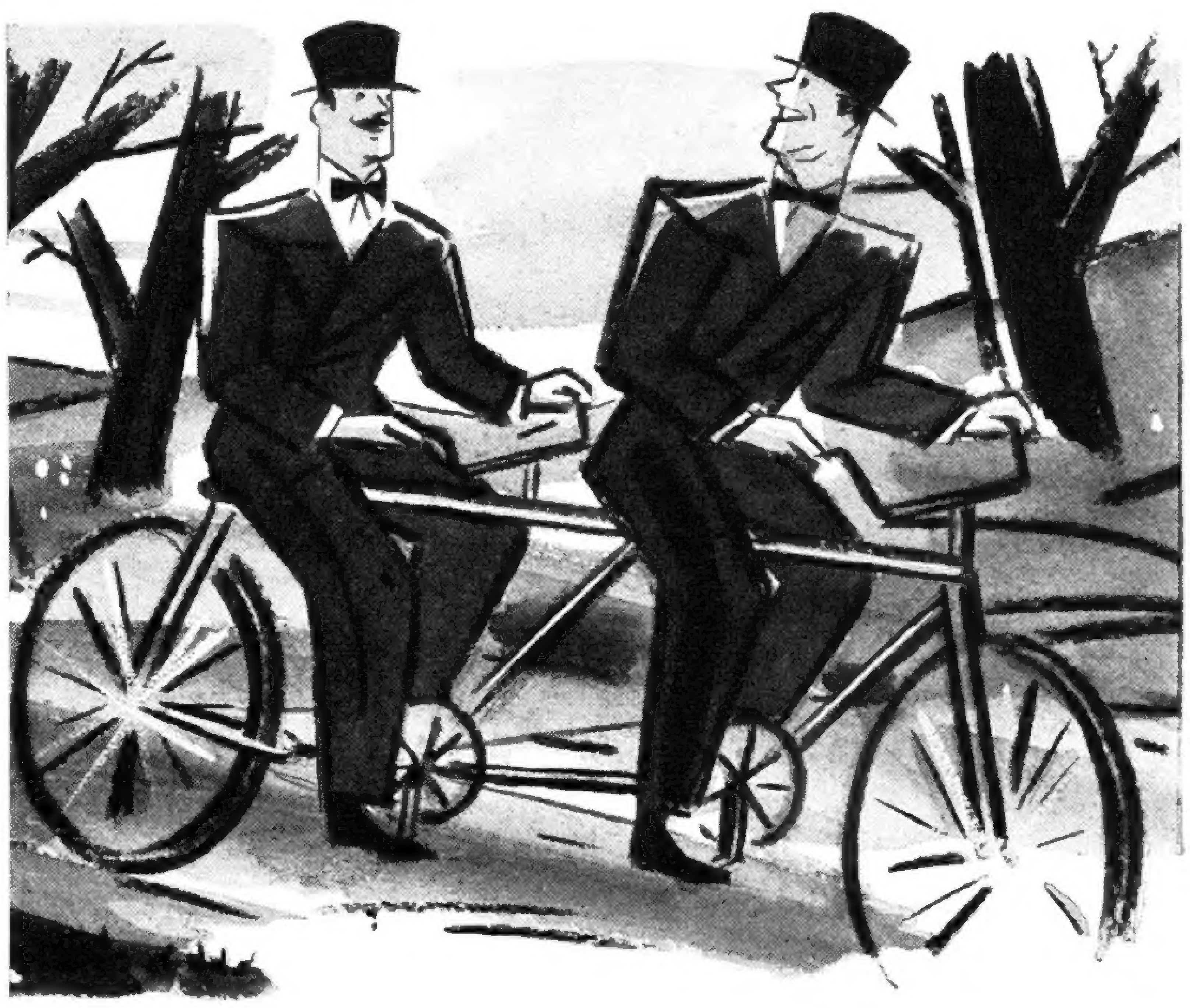
Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Jaro Fabry



"Remember . . . if I get there before you, I win the Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve"

The safest bet for better Old Fashioneds is Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the happy faculty of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its unique "soft" flavor is an added delight. By all odds, make your next Old Fashioned with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

You Don't Wind a Sundial

Continued from pages 73-181

the dirty lousy gnomonist, and that left us only 7 francs a shot.

Then Masterson got temperamental on us. He was an artist, he practically said, and mustn't be rushed in his work. There were days when he wouldn't work at all. *He* was having the time of his life. We weren't.

And the orders came in faster than ever.

Then Bob Allen came to our rescue with a kick that at first made us think that everything was worse than ever.

"Hey!" he yelled, coming up to us in town one day. "That sundial you sold me is haywire! Last night I took the chronometer out of the boat and brought it out to Paea, and this morning it said eight-twenty and your lousy sundial said nine-fifty-five! Then I went down the road and looked at the one Teraitua bought—and *it* said a quarter to seven!"

When we heard this we hopped right into Bob Allen's car and had him drive us out to his house. Sure enough, he was right! His dial said five past one. Teraitua's, a little ways down the road, said five to ten. And the next one along the line said two-seventeen, and the next eleven sharp.

Back to Papeete we went as fast as we could go, and we toured the cafés until we found Masterson, and did we give him hell!

He came right back at us. Nobody was going to tell him that he didn't understand gnomonics!

"You're a liar!" shouted George, who sometimes loses his temper. "You don't know any more about gnomonics than I do!"

I thought Masterson would burst, he was so mad.

"You see here!" he yelped. "I put those sundials in right and nobody can say I didn't! I know more about sundials than any man living."

HOSPITAL
PLASTER CAST
DEPT.
Wilton

"Come out and look at them and see for yourself," I said.

"I will," he said. "Yes! I certainly will! Yes!"

So he did; and I guess he could hardly believe his eyes. He ran up and down the road from one to the other, not even waiting for us to drive him. First he was sore, then he was all balled up, and then he began to look scared.

"Yes. They — uh — They need regulating. Yes. But I can do that. And I'll tell you what I'll do: Just so that no one can possibly say anything that might denegate my professional reputation, I'll do the regulating free. Yes. I'll not charge you a sou."

He was scared of something: he was downright pale, and when his hands trembled it wasn't because he needed a drink, though I guess maybe he did at that.

This was at Teraitua's house, and Teraitua himself was there, all grin, not looking the least bit sore about the sundial he'd bought running at least an hour and twenty minutes slow. In fact he invited us to stay and have something to eat. His wife had made *poepoe*, he said, and was just about to make coconut cream to put on it.

"No, no!" cried Masterson. "If I'm going to regulate this dial I insist upon doing it now. And alone! Yes."

There was something funny about the way he acted, something panicky. He had seen something I hadn't seen, or had guessed it.

"Where's your *ó*?" I asked Teraitua.

"My vahine, she make *miti haári*, eh? You stay eat, eh?"

Just then his wife came up and began to husk a coconut.

And with that action George's troubles and mine dissolved, and Masterson resigned just half a second before we could open our mouths to fire him. The money we'd already paid him, 700 francs, we wrote down to experience, and we had installed all the rest of the 500-odd dials ourselves by the end of the following week, without any concern with gnomonics and at a net profit of 57 francs apiece. We did offer to pay back Bob Allen, he being the only purchaser who had ever thought of using his purchase to tell the time by; but he said let it go; he said his yard boy would only have pestered him to buy one anyway, once he'd seen how handy they were for husking coconuts.

Because the natives had seen that right away. A sundial is much better than an ordinary *ö*, which wears out right away. Husking nuts on the sundial style of course bends it to one side or the other, which throws everything out of kilter. But the natives never were interested in that angle. They never did think of the things as timepieces.

The only thing I'm sorry about is that we didn't think to save one for ourselves. My watch used to be absolutely accurate, back in the States, but down here it always seems to either run fast or slow, or sometimes not run at all. Which is the same way with George's. And the result is, we never do know what time it is. It makes a man nervous not to know what time it is. It does us, anyway. ⧺

"I wouldn't mind if he just ran away with my wife . . . But he stole my Weldon Pajamas"

How can you blame him for making off with those Weldon pajamas. Maybe—and it's very likely—he never saw such good-looking pajamas before. Maybe he never dreamed pajamas could be so comfortable. Maybe those 14 custom-tailoring features had even more appeal for him than your wife. So cheer up . . . you can always buy more of your favorite pajamas at your nearest Weldon dealer's. Priced upwards from $2.50.

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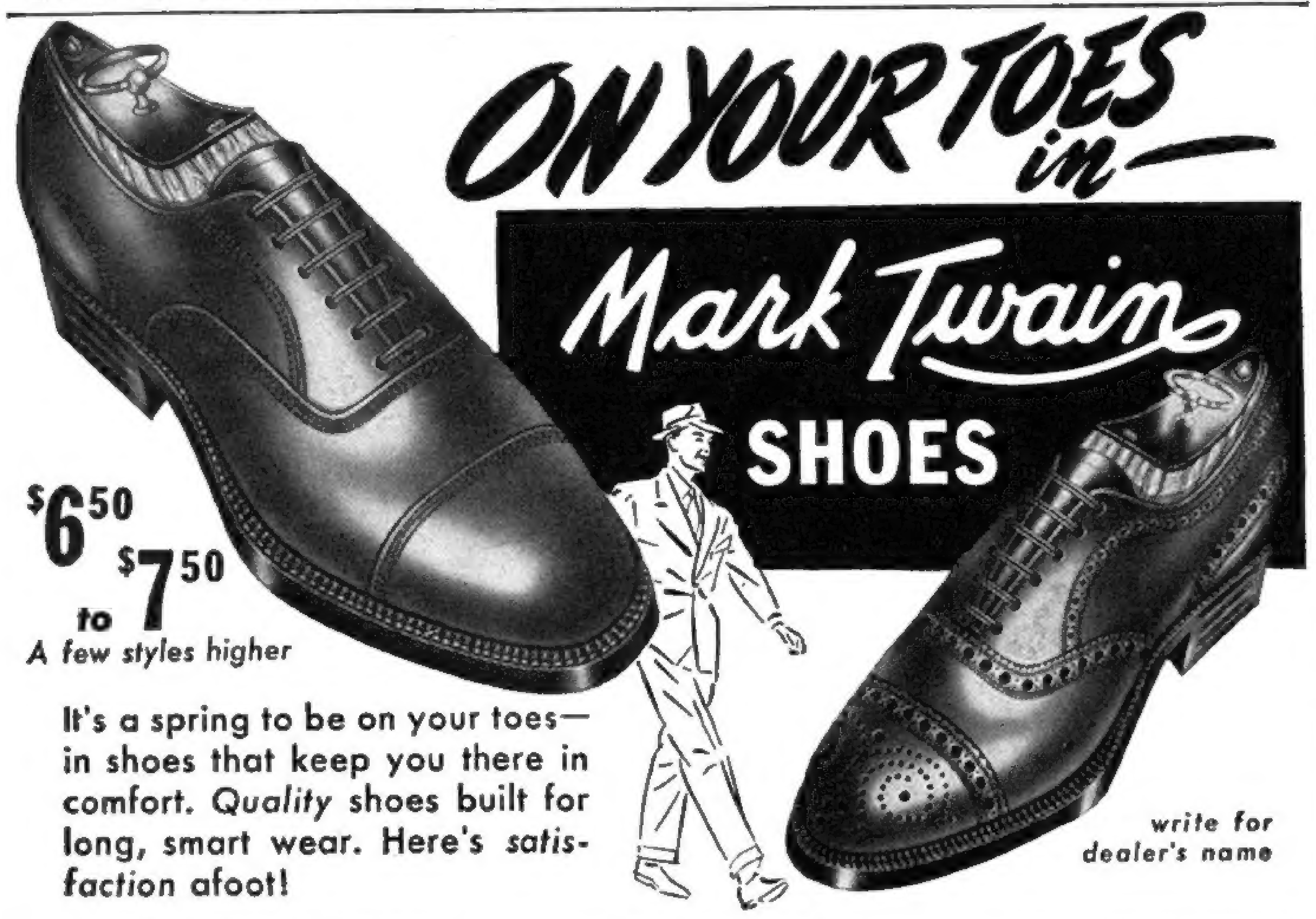

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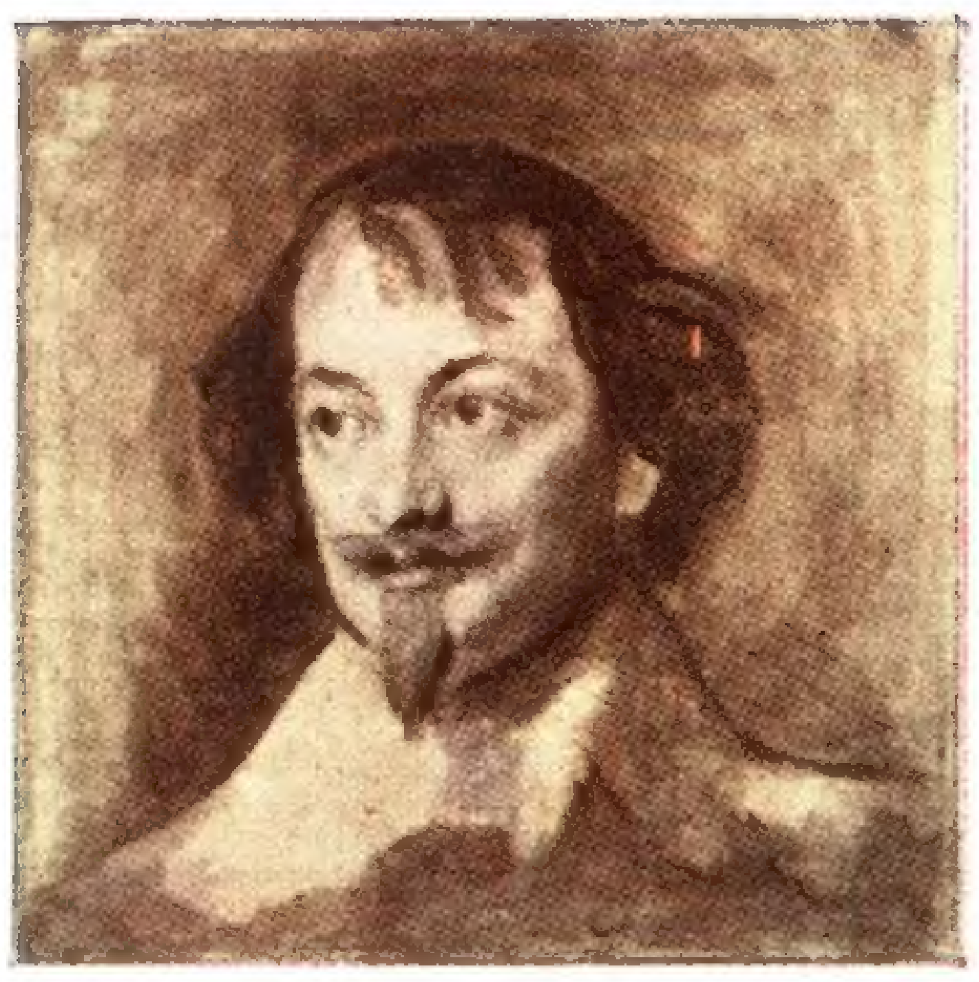
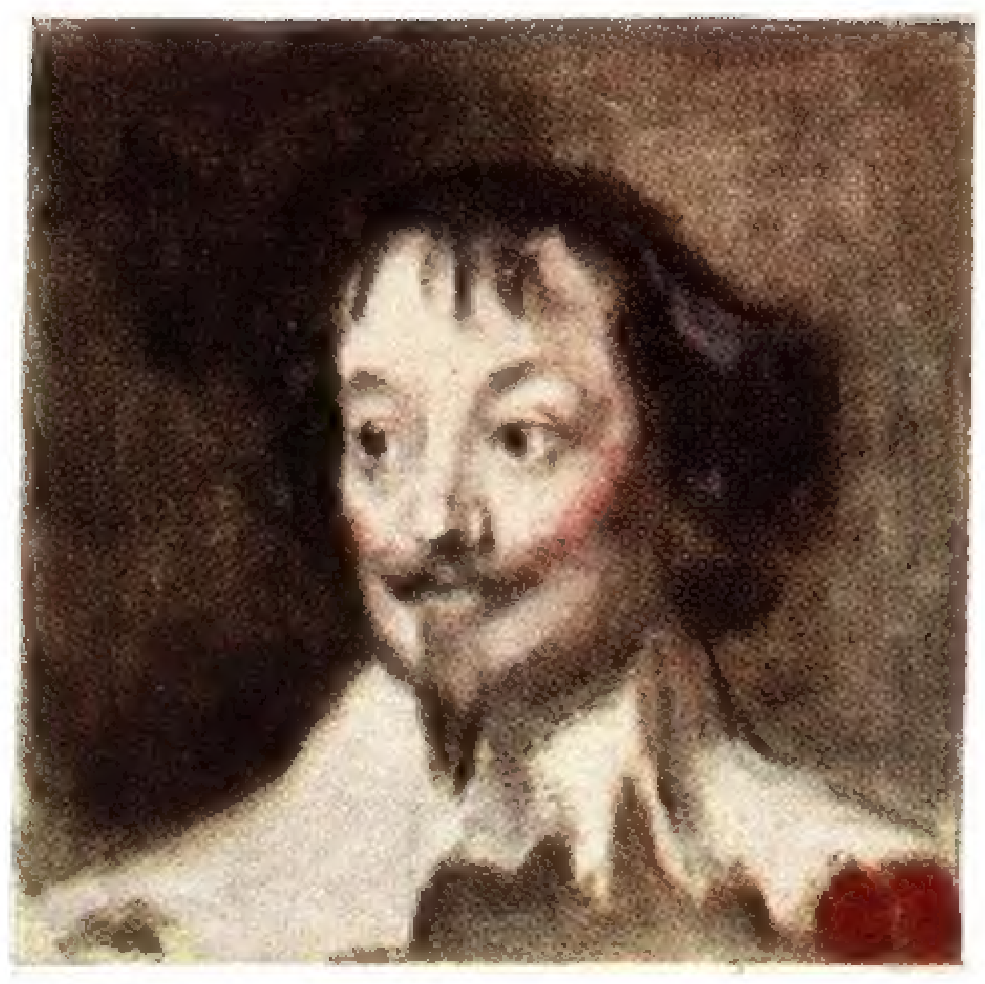
write for dealer's name

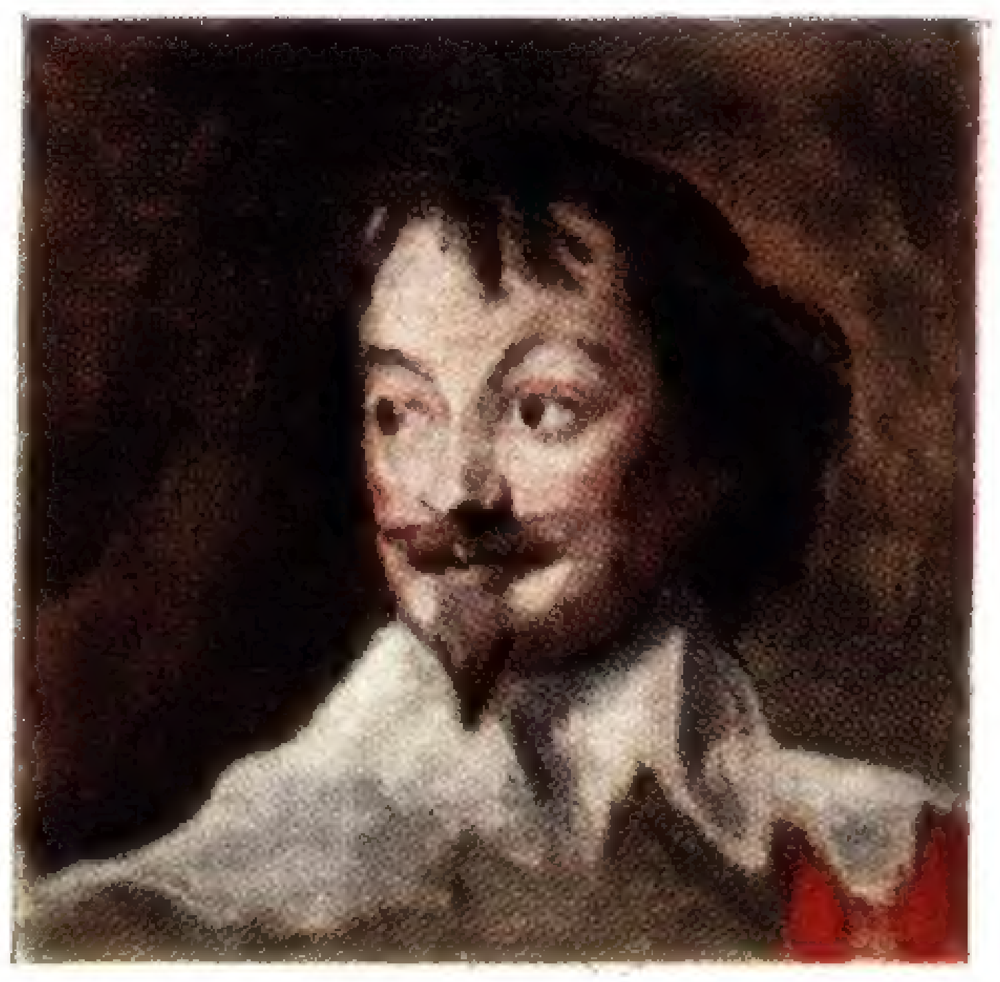
MORSE & ROGERS Branch, International Shoe Co., Inc. NEW YORK



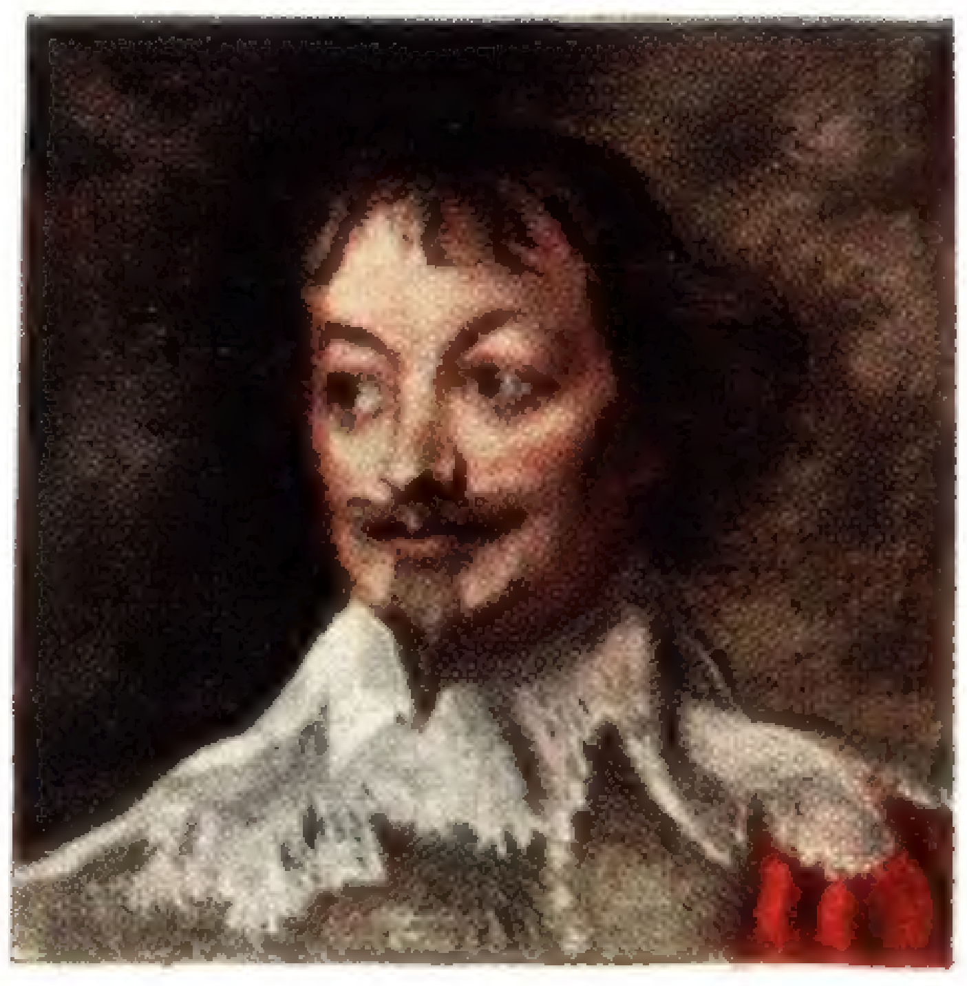
STEP 1. *The composition is first outlined with umber and white oil paint on a toned canvas.*



STEP 2. *Larger masses and forms are tonally intensified and color values are mildly introduced.*



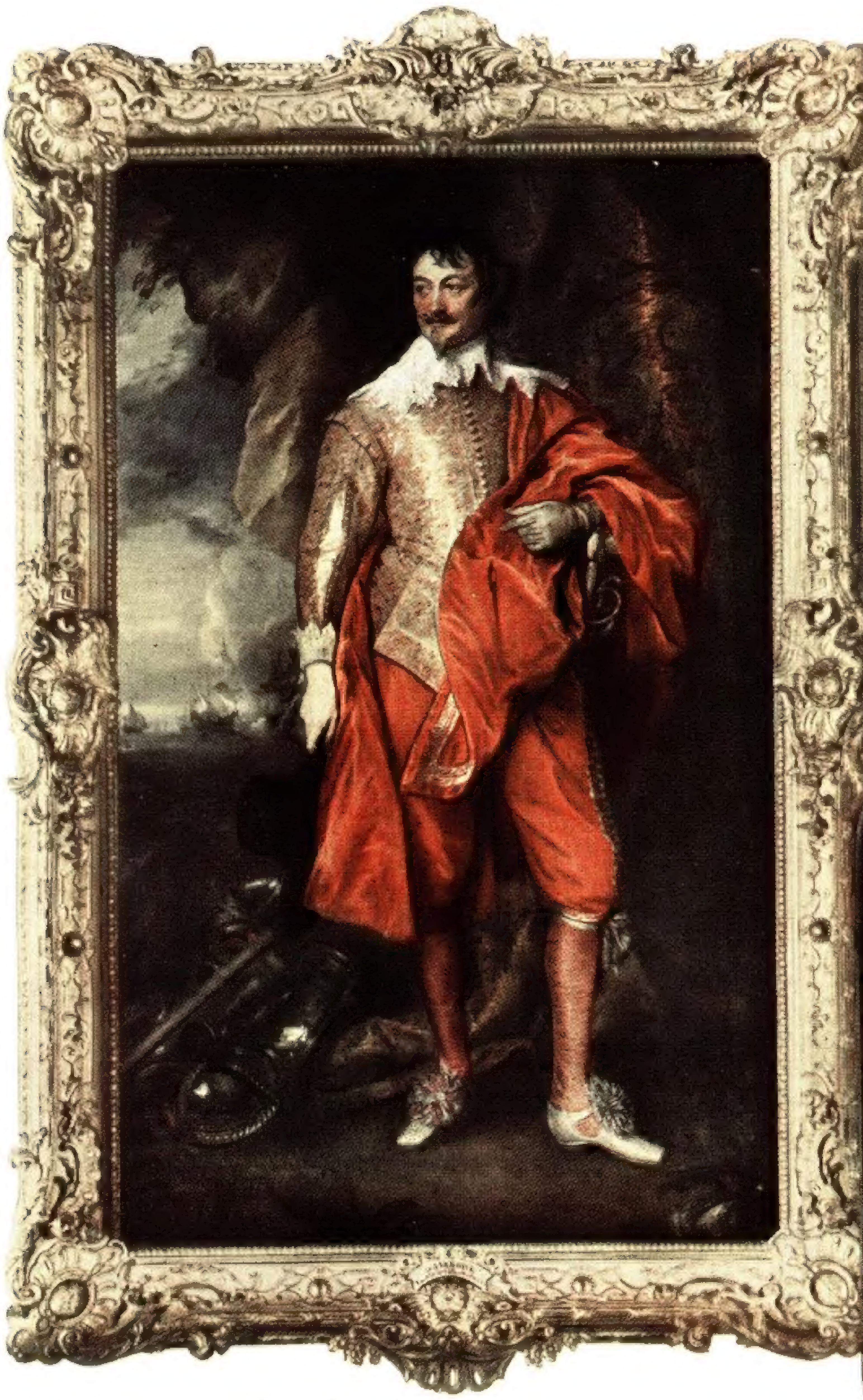
STEP 3. *Beginning of application of color in free, direct manner. Character of sitter begins to evolve.*



STEP 4. *Details are introduced and colors blended to bring painting to state preceding varnishing.*

DISCOVERED IN A PRICELESS VAN DYCK

— the secret of this whiskey's priceless flavor!



COURTESY OF THE BACHE COLLECTION, NEW YORK.

Acclaimed in his own lifetime, Antwerp's master of the palette became Painter-in-Ordinary to Charles I of England . . . completing this portrait of Robert Rich, the Earl of Warwick, in 1632. How Van Dyck built up his masterpiece to perfection by skilful *blending* is analyzed for you here by Robert Philipp, noted contemporary artist.

Van Dyck's unsurpassed *blending* of his pigments discloses the secret of another masterpiece—Fine Arts Whiskey. By *blending* distinguished whiskies—each at its prime; each 5 years old—thus is perfection achieved. Rare flavor . . . rich aroma and velvety smoothness are matchlessly *blended* into this one great whiskey!

FINE ARTS
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OLD

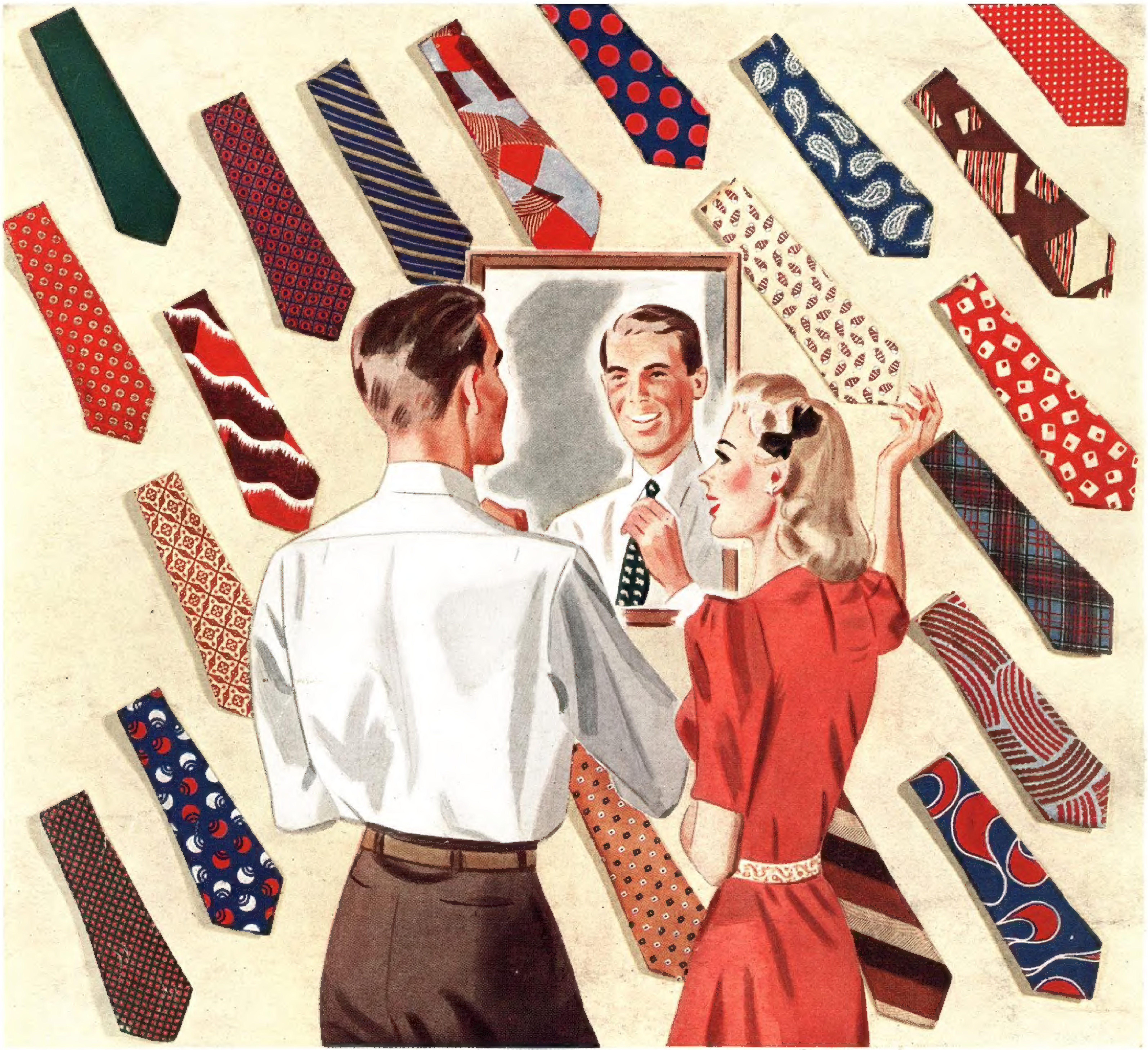
FINE ARTS

A Blend of
Straight
Whiskies

Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

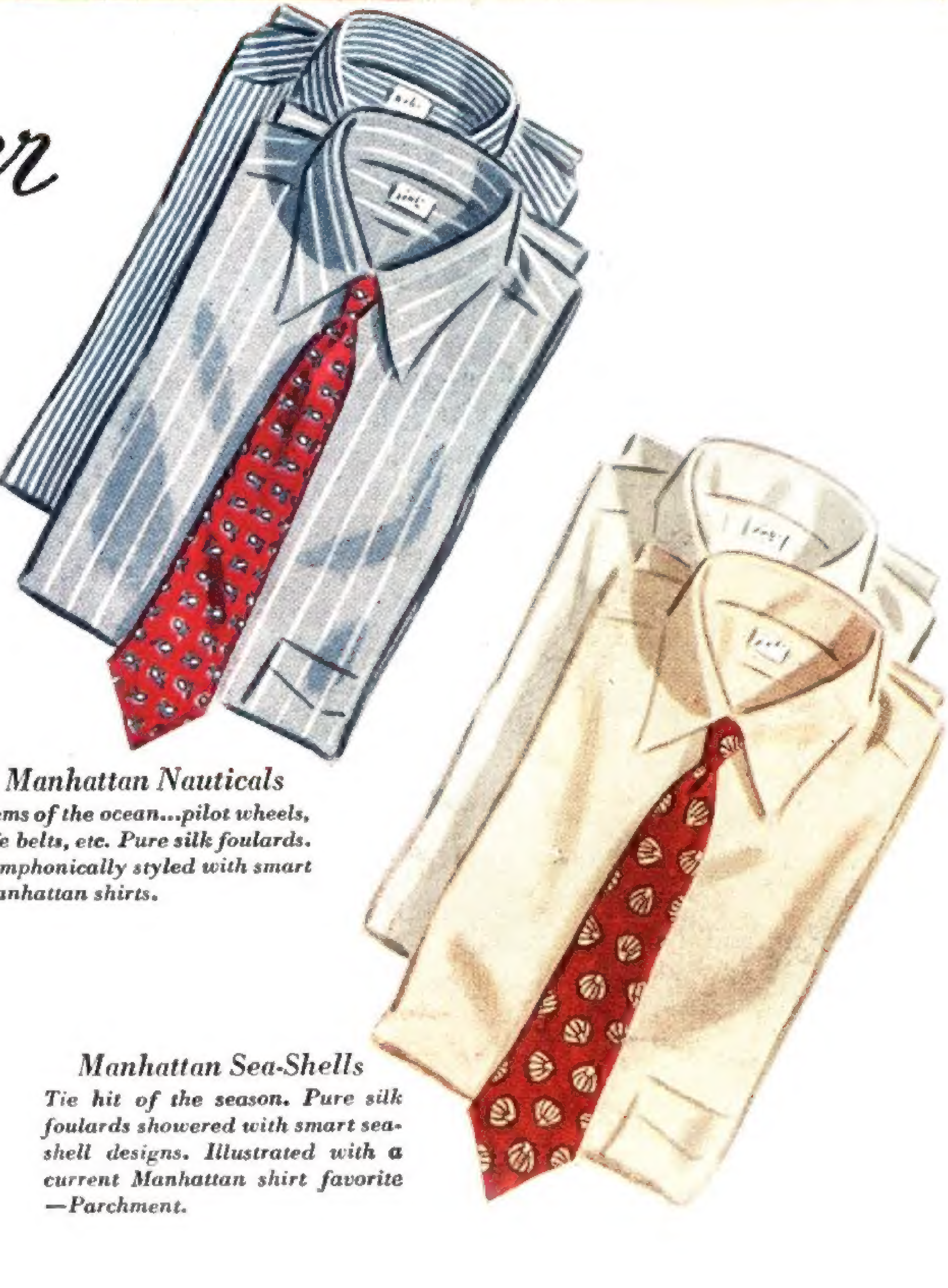
Copr. 1941, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD — 90 PROOF



Ties as a shirtmaker sees them . . .

Ties are made to be worn with shirts! Manhattan—long famous for shirts—now offers ties as a shirtmaker sees them . . . ties that complement shirts, and blend with the rest of a man's clothes. Manhattan ties hold their shape and stay smart—top-flight craftsmen produced them from choice fabrics. The Manhattan ties shown here are a few of hundreds of thoughtfully conceived new patterns and colors. Stop guessing whether a tie is tasteful or correct. Choose *any* Manhattan and you're bound to be right.



Manhattan Nauticals
Gems of the ocean...pilot wheels, life belts, etc. Pure silk foulards. Symphonically styled with smart Manhattan shirts.

Manhattan Sea-Shells
Tie hit of the season. Pure silk foulards showered with smart seashell designs. Illustrated with a current Manhattan shirt favorite —Parchment.

Manhattan

TIES AND SHIRTS